

NORTH OF SINGAPORE

Books by Carveth Wells

PANAMEXICO

BERMUDA IN THREE COLOURS

KAPOOT (RUSSIA)

EXPLORING THE WORLD WITH CARVETH WELLS
ADVENTURE

IN COLDEST AFRICA

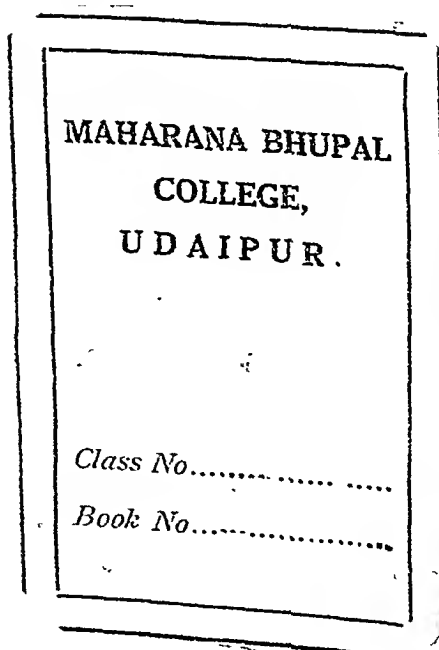
LET'S DO THE MEDITERRANEAN

THE JUNGLEMAN AND HIS ANIMALS

SIX YEARS IN THE MALAY JUNGLE

THE FIELD ENGINEER'S HANDBOOK

AROUND THE WORLD WITH BOBBY AND BETTY

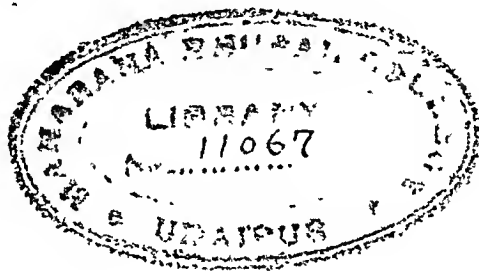


NORTH OF SINGAPORE

By

CARVETH WELLS

Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society



WITH 73 ILLUSTRATIONS

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To
THEODORE HUBBACK

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PREFACE

MORE than twenty years have passed since I sailed to the United States from Singapore. Six long years in the jungle of the Malay Peninsula, surveying a railroad for the British Government, had ruined my health. I came to the United States to die. Stranded and without funds, I obtained a job as a shipyard labourer in Portland, Oregon, where an accident to my hand changed the whole course of my life. With only seven dollars in my pocket and my arm in a sling, I strolled into a meeting of the Oregon Audubon Society and disputed the statement of the speaker of the evening that the American thrush was a robin. Challenged to take the platform, I proceeded to regale the audience with stories of the Malay jungle. Nobody believed them.

A few days later, the director of the Society apologized to me, saying that they had checked my stories and found them correct. At his insistence I took up lecturing professionally and quickly learned that it was more profitable to talk about engineering than to practise it. As I travelled about the country, I also learned that while my audiences enjoyed my stories of the Malay jungle, they regarded them as entertaining fiction rather than facts of natural history. This was particularly the case when I stated that in Malaya I had seen fish climb a tree and deliberately wink its eye. Unhappily, I gained the reputation of being a second Baron Munchausen, and it was not until the late Doctor Frederick

Lucas, Director of the American Museum of Natural History, wrote the preface to my book, *Six Years in the Malay Jungle*, that I was able to secure a publisher.

In addition to Doctor Lucas, I counted among my friends Doctor Holland of the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh, and Doctor Gordon of the University Museum, Philadelphia. These eminent scientists and others who might be classed as members of the good old school to which Darwin, Wallace and Huxley belonged, urged me to continue my style of presenting information in a popular manner and to disregard the criticism of some of the younger crowd who loved to display their knowledge of Latin. Doctor Gordon happened to be very much interested in the excavations at Ur of the Chaldees and the possibility of unearthing traces of Abraham. In order to get the public interested in an archæological subject that might be regarded as dry as dust, he called his lecture: "Bringing Up Father." It always drew a crowd.

And so, for many years, I have been leading expeditions to various parts of the world, in search of truth that is stranger than fiction. In Central Africa, in the middle of August on the Equator, I experienced blizzards and snowstorms. I found that big-game hunting in Africa was a pastime for Boy Scouts. In Arctic Lapland I suffered from heat and mosquitoes. I even photographed the lemmings marching to the sea in search of the fabulous Lost Continent of Atlantis.

But no matter on what subject I lectured, I never seemed able to live down the perfectly true stories I told about the Malay Jungle, especially the one about the fish that could climb a tree. One day my wife said: "Carveth, we've got to go to the Malay jungle and bring back proof that you are not such a liar as some

people seem to think." It's a simple matter to travel from one end of Malaya to the other by means of excellent railways and motor roads, but once you go into the jungle any distance, boats and elephants are often necessary in addition to native carriers and various essential supplies of food and medicine. I had given up hope of returning to the Malay Peninsula, and I had become used to being regarded as a teller of tall stories. But suddenly I too was filled with eagerness to return to the scene of my six years in the Malay jungle. The opportunity for an expedition came in the summer of 1939, and I did not fail to seize it. *North of Singapore* is the story of that expedition.

For the material we were able to gather in Japan, especially the photographs of the Hairy Ainus in Hokkaido, we wish to thank the Japanese Board of Tourist Industry, without whose co-operation and efficient arrangements we could not have succeeded. To Mr. L. M. Smart, C.B.E., general manager of the Federated Malay States Railways; R. H. A. Jeff, chief engineer; W. A. Griffin, assistant traffic manager; Captain H. A. Anderson, and particularly T. R. Hubback, to whom this book is dedicated, we are deeply grateful. We are also much indebted to His Highness the Tungku Mahkota of Johore for giving us introductions to the Sultans of each of the Malay States. We attribute the success of our colour motion pictures to the untiring efforts of Mr. George McCarthy, Shanghai representative of the American President Lines, who arranged for special refrigerating facilities on the three American liners upon which we travelled.

One of the most important requirements of an author is a place with peace and quiet for his creative work. For this I wish to thank Mrs. A. Barton Hepburn, who lent me her beautiful home in Ridgefield, Connecticut.

Finally I want to thank my wife and fellow explorer, Zetta, who not only took many of the photographs in this book, but collaborated in its writing.

CARVETH WELLS.

"ALTNACRAIG," RIDGEFIELD, CONNECTICUT,

August 31st, 1940.

CHAPTER I

JAPANESE ADVENTURE

YOU look as if you were going somewhere!" remarked a New York traffic cop as we waited for the light. Our old Buick, which had already carried us over seventy thousand miles, was piled high with all kinds of paraphernalia for our expedition. "We're on our way to Singapore!" I grinned. "We're trying to catch a ship in San Francisco." It was quite evident that the policeman didn't believe me.

For twenty years I had waited for an opportunity to revisit the Malay jungle, but I must admit that I had practically given up hope of ever making another expedition. My last had been to Panama and Mexico in 1935, but since that time war crisis had followed so close on war crisis that it seemed utterly impossible to organize an expedition. But by dogged persistence and ceaseless telephoning my wife eventually interested several organizations, and we started out under the auspices of the National Travel Club and the Geographic Society of Chicago. With her usual foresight she arranged to have sums of money sent ahead to different ports of call, such as Tokyo and Singapore, thus providing an incentive to keep going, but I could not help comparing her system with that of coaxing along a donkey by means of a carrot held in front of his nose.

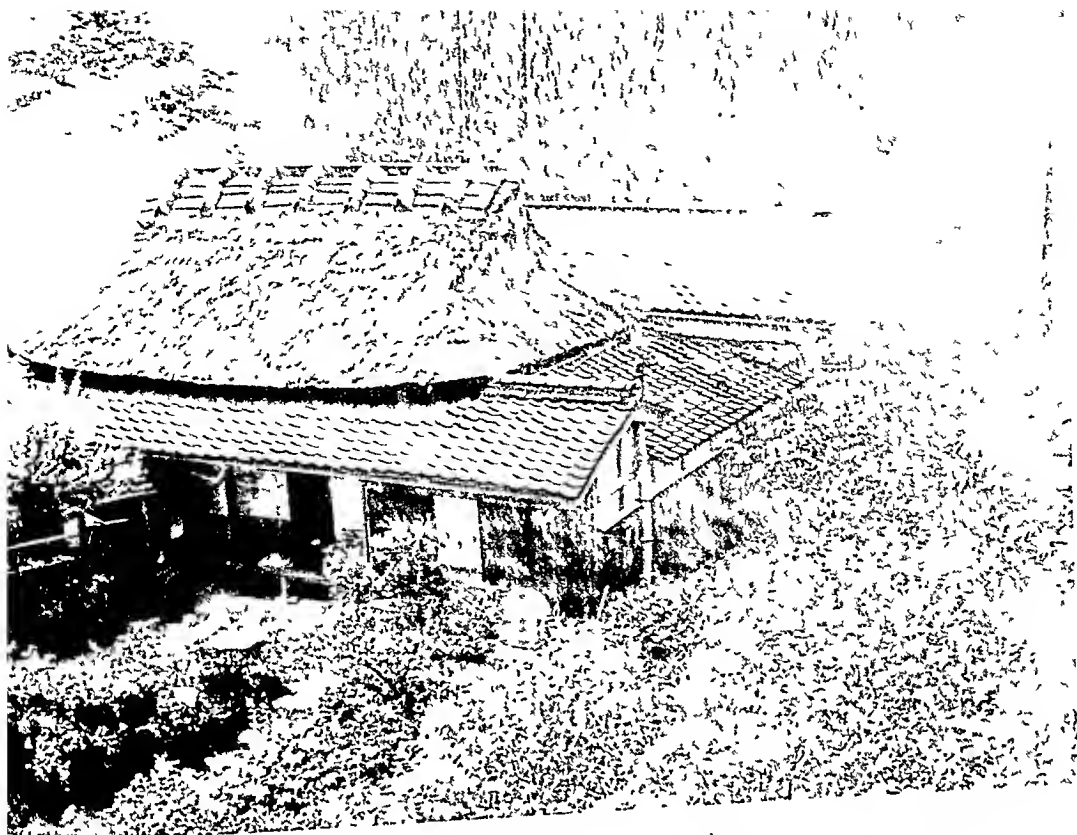
We left New York on June 28th and rolled into San

Francisco on the morning of July 5th. It had been very hot in New York, but in California people were wearing fur coats; the weather was cold, damp and foggy. When I drove the car into a garage, I did not say that I had no intention of coming back for it, and I have often wondered what the garage man thought when he received a letter from me six months later, informing him that I had kept on going around the world and requesting him to hand the car over to a friend who would drive it back to New York.

We sailed on the *Asama Maru* on July 10th with a full cargo of scrap iron, lead, rubber and other munitions of war destined for use against the Chinese. The scrap iron had been compressed into bales the size of a cotton bale, the rubber was in the form of old tyres. To judge from the remarks of the men who were loading the ship it was apparent that this supplying of war materials to Japan was by no means popular.

The *Asama Maru* is one of the finest liners in the Japanese mercantile marine, but we felt as if we were on a small pleasure boat as we passed beneath the bridge that now spans the Golden Gate. The last time I had sailed through the Golden Gate was in 1918, when such a gigantic undertaking as this, the largest suspension bridge in the world, had been merely a matter of speculation and dreaming. But here it was completed, and I began to wonder what other changes I would find as I made my way around the world after a lapse of more than twenty years.

When we entered our stateroom, instead of finding it piled high with baggage and packages, everything was neatly stowed away. An immense basket of fruit and other California delicacies was on the table and, spread on each bed, was a freshly laundered cotton kimono.



In Japan houses hug the ground—like this

Japanese girls who dress Western style are called
"Mogas" for their trouble

But old fashioned girls stick to the
old fashioned dress





Male Ainus.



Ainu woman.

The Hairy Ainus (pronounced I-knew) are the aboriginals of Japan. Nothing pleases them much as a bear skull on a pole, like those in the background.



At the door, conspicuously placed, were two new pairs of Japanese grass slippers.

Our steward must have been on the look-out for our coming, because he was waiting for us, smiling and bowing, smiling and bowing, audibly drawing in his breath through his teeth and saying : "*Konnichi wa !*" (Good afternoon.) "What time you take bath?" Until I travelled in Japan, I used to think that the cleanest and most polite people in the world were the Swedes, but, compared with the Japanese, not only in personal cleanliness, but also in manners, the Swedes are almost barbarians. If this be true, then where do we Americans stand, with our world-famous bathroom fixtures? We fill our baths with hot water, sit in them, soap and scrub ourselves until the water shows how badly we needed it. Then we get out, dry ourselves and consider ourselves clean. Swedes do the same thing except that they engage a girl to scrub their backs while they sit in the soapy water. No Japanese would dream of soaping himself inside the bath or soaking himself in dirty water. The universal way of taking a bath in Japan, whether publicly or in the privacy of a small bathroom, is to scrub oneself thoroughly outside the bath and rinse off every trace of soap before entering the tub of clean hot water. Japanese bath water is as clean after use as it was before.

As for politeness, the Japanese have developed special muscles as a result of their habit of repeatedly bowing to one another. Both men and women, boys and girls, when they meet, bow until their bodies form a right angle. Common courtesy demands that the younger person continue to bow until the older person stops. This necessitates standing almost side by side but still facing, so the younger person can watch when the older one finally stands erect. Three bows is the least per-

missible number, and it is not unusual to see people bowing six or seven times.

The Japanese never enter a room without first removing their outdoor shoes and either wearing slippers or walking about in their socks or bare feet. They love personal comfort and lose no time in discarding their outdoor clothes, whether Western or Japanese, and donning clean kimonos. Our steward showed his pleasure when we removed our shoes and clothes and put on the kimonos he had prepared for us. For the next two months a great proportion of our time was devoted to dressing and undressing, bowing and bathing.

"Have you any rawndry (laundry)?" the steward enquired.

After a lifetime of travelling, I had become suspicious of ship's laundries. I had visions of my clothes being ruined or badly washed at sky-high prices. I also remembered many ships that had no laundry at all; the only washing that could be done was by some sailor who made extra pocket money by turning one's clothes a dirty brown colour.

"Our rawndry very good," urged the steward, as he handed me a printed list with prices marked in Japanese and American money. In America I usually pay thirty cents for a dress shirt and could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw that only three cents was charged. Handkerchiefs were only one cent; a complete white duck suit was washed and pressed for thirty cents. There was a twelve-hour dry cleaning service at about one quarter the cost of similar articles in America. With such conveniences, it was not surprising to find that the passengers got out their best clothes, and life on board ship became as gay and smart as at Palm Beach.

Most of the passengers were Japanese and these were divided into those who habitually wore Western clothing

and those who still dressed in Japanese style. Among the latter was Miss Dorothy Akki Tsukimoto, who, as Miss Japan, had brought to the New York World's Fair the sacred flame of friendship. She was a very pretty girl, twenty-three years old, the daughter of a wealthy Japanese whose business was vitamins. Traveling with her as a chaperone was a Japanese of the old school, who had been brought up after the manner of the majority of Japanese women, without any particular attention to the vitamin content of her food. She also had been accustomed since babyhood to sitting on her feet with her legs doubled up beneath her. Most Japanese women are "pigeon-toed" as a result of sitting on their doubled-up legs.

One afternoon, when Miss Japan appeared in a striking kimono, my wife asked if she might accompany her to her stateroom and learn the proper way to dress in Japanese style. There she discovered that Miss Japan wore several kimonos, one on top of the other, and that she not only had very beautiful legs, but showed no sign of being "pigeon-toed." She was five feet, four inches in height, which is remarkable for a Japanese woman. The chaperone told my wife that when her daughter was a small baby Miss Japan's mother had determined to bring her up on Western food, with special attention to vitamins. She never allowed the child to sit on her feet, but taught her to use chairs. The result was an increase of several inches in height and complete absence of "pigeon-toe." This was accomplished in one generation and, in all probability, when the day comes for the emancipation of Japanese women, their average height will show a similar increase.

The mixture of Oriental and Western habits was well illustrated when we had dinner. Menus were not only printed in Japanese and English, but there were two

entirely different menus. If Japanese food was chosen the waiter removed all knives, forks and spoons and substituted chop-sticks. I estimated that about half the passengers were eating in Western style, although, of course, all were seated at tables. For the extremely conservative there was a special Japanese dining-room where they could sit on the floor and be really comfortable.

At first glance we thought we were the only Americans in the main dining-room, but suddenly we noticed a gentleman, sitting alone, whose face seemed familiar. Recognition was mutual. It was Dale Carnegie, on his way to the Orient, presumably to tell the Japanese how to "Win Friends and Influence People." Gradually others drifted in, but I doubt whether there were more than a dozen Americans in the first class, although we discovered others travelling second, where, as usual, they seemed to be having a gayer time than we.

Apparently there was not a tourist on the boat. Everyone was travelling on business. One couple, with a pretty little girl, were on their way to Tientsin where they were in private business. They had lived in China for many years, but left no doubt that they were pro-Japanese. Tientsin was then going through the "stripping and slapping" stage, but when I asked these Tientsin residents whether they were not afraid of returning there, they laughed. "Certainly not!" they said. "We would rather do business with the Japanese than the Chinese." Then referring to the invasion of China by Japan they remarked with considerable energy:

"You talk about safety. For the first time in many years, North China is safe. No matter what you may think about Japanese aggression you must admit that, wherever the Japanese penetrate, they bring with them law and order."

When I repeated this conversation to the missionaries in the second class they simply blew up :

"Law and order!" they scoffed. "If you call organized raping parties law and order, then we agree with you. The massacres of Genghis Khan are nothing to those perpetrated on the defenceless Chinese by the Japanese."

It was evident that there were two diametrically opposed opinions of the Japanese, and the easiest way to start an argument that developed into a row was to discuss the war in China.

"We have no quarrel with the Chinese people," remarked a Japanese who was wearing in the lapel of his coat the emblem of the Rotary Club. "We admit that we owe our national culture to the Chinese. We admit that we have borrowed from China's ancient civilization in order to build our own. We are the true friends of the Chinese people, but the enemy of Chiang Kai-shek and his Communist followers."

"Good Lord!" I remarked in amazement. "I thought Chiang Kai-shek was the national hero of the Chinese people."

A sneer came over the face of the Japanese as he said feelingly : "That is Communist propaganda. Fifty per cent of the power and authority of the Chinese Government is in the hands of the Communists. Ninety per cent of China's four hundred millions are unbelievably poor and are suffering great want. All they desire is peace, law and order, so that they can reap the fruits of their labours instead of being pillaged by the Communist war lords."

"Is Chiang Kai-shek a Communist?" I enquired. The Japanese smiled.

"He says he is a Christian. He used to fight the Communists. He was then a true national hero and

Japan was content to watch his progress." The Japanese eyes flashed as he continued: "But he has become China's greatest enemy since he was captured by the Communists. He sold out to save his own neck. He is completely in the hands of Russia. Japan cannot allow a sovietized China on her borders!"

"In other words," I said, "do you mean that Japan is not fighting against China but against Communism?"

"Exactly," replied the Japanese. "Japan is trying to do in Asia what Germany is attempting in Europe; to stamp out Bolshevism."

This conversation took place in July, 1939, when Hitler was proclaiming himself to the world as the greatest enemy of Communism. It was evident that, on this account particularly, the Japanese were great admirers of Germany. As for Russia, I took particular pains to find out the feelings of the Japanese towards them and invariably they were fear, distrust and hatred. None of the Japanese to whom I talked could understand why the United States supported China. One Japanese even asked whether America was becoming a communistic nation herself.

The general attitude of the Japanese with respect to the United States was that of hurt surprise that their action in China had not been thoroughly approved.

Repeatedly they would remind me of the action of Commodore Perry, who in 1854 had anchored an American fleet within ten miles of Tokyo and by forcing her to open her ports to the Western World had started the Americanization of Japan. Until then, which is within the lifetime of many people alive to-day, no Japanese could leave Japan nor might any foreigner land in Japan. Since that time, Japan has copied everything she needed from the Western World, especially America.

Her army worships at the shrine of Germany and her navy at that of England.

With the exception of her enormous match industry, which she copied from Sweden, most of her commercial development has been patterned after that of the United States. Baseball is Japan's national game, but the most amazing thing of all, in my opinion, is the fact that Japanese young people can be heard humming American folk songs like "Old Black Joe" and "Suwanee River."

It has been said that if you scratch a Russian you will find a Tartar. But although outwardly the Japanese copy Americans when it comes to hustle and bustle, the fact remains that if you scratch one, you will find that the Americanism is only skin deep.

Why Americans do not admire them and praise them for being such adept pupils, the Japanese cannot understand.

As we sailed across the Pacific, I frequently got into conversation with Japanese passengers, and no matter what we talked about, sooner or later the Japanese would say: "Why is it that you Americans hate us and love the Chinese?"

Life on board a Japanese liner is different from that on any other. Instead of playing games like shuffle-board and deck tennis, the Japanese employ their time by studying water-colour painting, making pottery, arranging flowers, reading good books and enjoying good conversation. Long tables are placed on deck, at which people sit and paint or draw. Pencils, brushes, paints and paper are all provided. The deck steward is often a skilled instructor. It was astonishing to observe the artistic skill of most of the Japanese. For pottery-making everything was provided, from clay and numerous glazes to modern electric furnaces in which our efforts were baked before our eyes on the deck of the ship.

Elaborate garden parties were given on deck. Imagine the deck completely transformed into a Japanese garden, into which you enter through a lattice gate covered with pink rambler roses. Trees covered with cherry blossoms that look almost real form an avenue along which promenade the passengers dressed in garden frocks or gorgeous kimonos. Even the deck is covered with artificial grass and, to complete the illusion and hide the masts and rigging, a canvas sky has been provided. Walking among the passengers in full uniform are the captain and other officers.

Early in the voyage, in order to introduce foreigners to Japanese food, a sukiyaki party was arranged. Suki-yaki is a Japanese national dish, just as roast beef and Yorkshire pudding is English, or Southern fried chicken is American. A sukiyaki party, however, is unique because the preparation of the food takes place before the diners and actually upon the dining-table, in the centre of which is placed an electric stove and a large frying-pan. Surrounding the frying-pan are numerous plates on which are artistically arranged the various raw foods which constitute sukiyaki. The most important are thin slices of tender raw beefsteak. Next in order of importance are slices of onions, chopped mushrooms, various sliced Japanese vegetables, strips of bean-curd and various seasonings. Two liquids are essential to a real sukiyaki party, namely, soya bean sauce and sake. Sake is a rice wine which to Westerners is only mildly intoxicating, if at all, but to Japanese is as powerful as the kick of a Missouri mule.

All the ingredients having been prepared and set around the hot stove, the guests take their places at the table, usually four people to one table. One person is elected to be cook while the others watch with watering mouths and poised chopsticks, ready to help themselves

when the word is given. After the pan is greased with suet or butter, a little soya bean sauce is poured in, to which is added a sprinkle of castor sugar and some sake, just enough to cover the bottom of the pan with gravy. To this is added lots of sliced onions, various sliced vegetables (but never potatoes) and strips of bean-curd. For several minutes this mixture sizzles, bubbles and squeaks until it begins to brown. The strips of beef are added and fried brown on both sides, although, as a rule, the smell of the food is so appetizing that most Japanese (and eventually Americans who ordinarily prefer their meat well done) help themselves to the meat while it is still very rare or even raw.

Each person helps himself directly from the frying-pan, so that the food is always piping hot. To cool it off before eating, the diner is provided with a small bowl containing a beaten-up raw egg into which each mouthful is dipped. Each person is also given a bowl of clear soup and a lacquer box of plain boiled rice. As the effect of the soya bean sauce is to promote thirst, this is assuaged by beer or sake, the latter being served warm in small china bottles. As the meal proceeds, more and more ingredients are piled into the frying-pan, the gravy and the contents get richer and richer, and the diners eat more and more. Sukiyaki looks indigestible, but it proves to be very easy to digest and is quite the most popular Japanese food for Westerners.

Time passes very quickly on a Japanese liner. We scarcely seemed to have sailed before we arrived in Honolulu. Twenty years had passed since I had been there and I naturally expected to find many changes, but never expected to see, in the very centre of the harbour and on the waterfront, an enormous incinerator with several tall stacks belching forth clouds of evil-smelling smoke. Such was our welcome to the Hawaiian

Islands. But the colours of the sea and the abundance of bright flowers and blossoming trees were as beautiful as they were in those dear days when Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini were merely paperhanger, gangster and newspaper editor respectively.

We landed in Honolulu soon after breakfast. On our way into town I saw a motor car race out of a side street, collide with a smaller car which it overturned completely, then continue gaily on its way without stopping. I rushed to the car which was on its roof and helped out its two passengers, who were apparently none the worse for their adventure. But in the excitement of the collision, not one of us had thought of noting the licence number of the other car.

Having told thousands of people about Honolulu's wonderful aquarium, I went to see it and I wished I hadn't. Why such an attraction should be so neglected by those in authority I cannot understand. The Honolulu aquarium used to be crowded with people looking at swarms of wonderful tropical fish, but when I was there in July, 1939, the building was empty, the tanks looked neglected and the fish regarded me with mournful eyes.

Hailing a passing taxi I asked the driver what there was to see. He wanted to drive me past the house of Doris Duke, but ended by taking me to see a hula hula dance, performed by a group of Hawaiian girls whose show proved very tame after those to which I had been accustomed in American night clubs. I discovered that the mistress of the dancing school of which the girls were members was watching them. When she left, I asked two of the girls to give us a more lively exhibition. Whereupon they let themselves go and demonstrated that there was good reason for the popularity of the hula in night clubs.

When the *Asama Maru* sailed that evening, a crowd of Japanese came to bid farewell to a Japanese clergyman and his wife who had been given a trip to Japan as a present from their parishioners. Both were American citizens and neither could speak Japanese. The Japanese are by far the largest national group in the Hawaiian Islands, but I was assured by several teachers in the public schools that the loyalty of the Japanese population was unquestioned. As for the Hawaiians themselves, their numbers have dropped from 200,000 at the time of their discovery by Captain Cook in 1778 to about 20,000. It is an interesting fact that while pure Hawaiians are dying out, the mixed Hawaiians show remarkable fertility. The death rate among pure Hawaiians and the birth rate among mixed Hawaiians are the highest among all races.

As the passengers came on board I noticed that many of them were carrying cases of lemons. I was told that lemons were selling in Japan at a dollar apiece. In California, when we sailed, lemons were so plentiful that they were being used on the fields as fertilizer; yet our cargo consisted of scrap iron, lead and old rubber tyres, all of which were to be used to destroy the lives of human beings. When we arrived in Japan we found that a lemonade cost much more than a whisky and soda.

Four days after leaving Honolulu we crossed the International Date Line and lost a day out of our lives. It was Tuesday, July 18th, when we crossed the line, but the next day was Thursday, July 20th. The event was celebrated by a splendid display of fireworks and a Japanese play staged by a company of actors who were working as stewards. Both costumes and scenery were excellent and, to judge from the reaction of the audience, so was the acting. After the play, the audience sang patriotic songs and I noticed the amazing changes that

have taken place in the last twenty years. The most popular patriotic songs in Japan to-day are typically Western in melody and rhythm; easy to learn and thrilling to hear.

An instance of the remarkable service on a Japanese liner occurred when we were awakened in the middle of the night by a terrific storm. At breakfast time the sea was getting rougher and passengers were becoming alarmed. Then an officer placed a notice on the board, announcing that we were skirting the edge of a typhoon, but adding that, while the typhoon was headed for China, we were headed for Japan. A map was posted showing exactly the ship's position and the position and course of the typhoon. As time went on and the typhoon proceeded on its course while we continued on ours, the sea became less and less disturbed. Finally, a notice was posted that a calm night could be expected and there would be a farewell dance and dinner that evening.

In all my travels at sea, except on this Japanese liner, I have never been able to secure reliable information concerning the weather and the prospects of the voyage. British and American captains seem to regard the weather either as a great mystery or as something to be belittled. A storm that turns most people inside out is just a "blow"; a hurricane is a "fresh" wind and the most violent tempest is recorded in the captain's log as "disturbed sea."

On July 24th at 4 a.m., when we went on deck to catch the first glimpse of Japan, the deck steward approached and said with a bow: "Very sorry, must not take photograph. Fortified area." So far as we could tell, the nearest land must have been at least twenty miles away.

A large map of Japan was pinned on the bulletin

board on which the various fortified areas were clearly marked. Judging from this, it looked as if photography was going to be impossible anywhere in Japan. I could not help thinking of the Japanese I had seen in every part of the world snapping photographs of everything they saw. I remembered the calm way in which a party of Japanese were taking photographs in the Panama Canal Zone in 1935. I thought of the parties of Japanese sailors I had met in the Malay Peninsula twenty years ago, all armed with cameras. I should say that, of all races in the world, the Japanese are the most photographically minded. But Japan is the most difficult place on earth nowadays in which to take photographs.

As we approached land, one of the Japanese passengers pointed out the statue that has been erected to Commodore Perry. He informed me that parties of Japanese school children make pilgrimages to this statue of the great American who started their grandparents on the road to a New Order in Asia.

A notice was next posted to inform us that each person would be permitted to take ashore fifty cigarettes and two hundred yen. Neither my wife nor I smokes, but the two-hundred-yen allowance was important because the yen I had purchased from a bank in America were considerably cheaper than those in Japan. I was congratulating myself on having about four hundred yen between us when I was informed that the allowance applied only to men. Women are apparently not "persons" in the eyes of the Japanese. Theirs is a man's country. Japanese women who have never been outside Japan are apparently happy in their servitude to men, but the lot of the travelled Japanese woman is a most unhappy one.

If you ask two foreign men their opinion of Japan,

you will get two entirely different answers, although both may have lived in the country for the same length of time and in equally good positions. The married man will usually have plenty to criticize, but the bachelor will invariably tell you that Japan is wonderful. The bachelor in Japan is so accustomed to being waited upon by women that he will not even pour out his own beer. Thousands of Japanese girls are professional beer pourers. They spend their lives opening bottles, filling glasses and flattering the drinkers.

Before the ship arrived at Yokohama, a tug-load of newspaper reporters came aboard looking for Dale Carnegie. Several approached me for inside information, and I was amused to discover that they all thought he was the Carnegie who gave away public libraries. I did not enlighten them. By the time he arrived in Tokyo, all Japan was talking about the great American who made friends and influenced people. Newsreel cameras took thousands of feet of him as he landed. Microphones were thrust under his nose for a few words on how to stop the "incident" in China. By the way, the Japanese never refer to the war in China, merely to the "incident."

To his great joy, Dale noticed that every bookshop displayed his book in the window. Huge piles of *How to Win Friends and Influence People* cluttered up the aisles of the stores. There were so many copies printed in Japanese that they lost count of the number. The Japanese edition was not individually numbered as in America.

"That's funny, Carveth," Dale said to me. "I didn't even know there was a Japanese edition."

But his visions of royalties faded when he found that no one had asked permission to reprint the book. Apparently the Japanese have the right to print any

American book they like, without permission, thanks to Commodore Perry.

"And to think they erected a monument to such a man," growled Dale.

Yokohama looked nothing like the city I had visited in 1918. With the exception of three old-fashioned rickshas pulled by equally old-fashioned men, corresponding to the three horse-drawn cabs that are to be seen near Central Park in New York City, rickshas had vanished. In 1918 I had been accosted by a tout who whisked me off to a tea-house where three prettily dressed geisha girls had served tea, played tinkly tunes on a Japanese stringed instrument and sang in English an old song called "Chong Kina," while I reclined uncomfortably on the floor. In 1939 the cry was: "Taxi, Taxi!" Everyone seemed to be in a hurry to go somewhere. Compared with 1918, there was nothing picturesque about Yokohama except the kimonos of the women, and at least half of these wore European dress.

A group of well-dressed Japanese awaited us at the dock with a new Buick, in which they swept us off to luncheon at the new Grand Hotel. As we approached the hotel I saw a great crowd of women marching in a column with banners flying. Most wore very severe kimonos with a white band diagonally across the chest. Printed on the band were Japanese characters. Several captive balloons carried long streamers on which the same message appeared. Stretched across the streets were other printed banners. Telegraph poles were similarly decorated. The nearer we approached to the hotel, the denser became the crowd. We saw that a great demonstration was being held in a public park close by. As I alighted from the car I happened to notice a poster in English on one of the telegraph poles: "Kick the British Out of Asia." By the time luncheon

was over the park was jammed with men, women and children, waving Japanese flags and roaring cheers as they listened to an excited orator.

"You people don't seem to like the British," I remarked to the Japanese next to me. He smiled as he drew in his breath with a hiss. "Very sorry. All these people belong to Japanese Patriotic Society. English must recognize New Order in Asia. Very sorry."

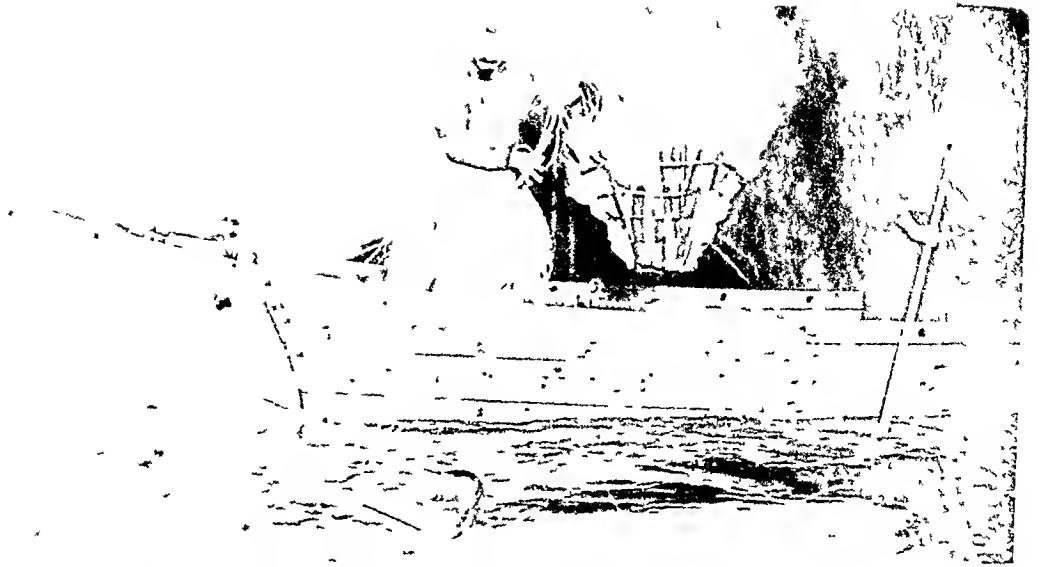
"What about Americans?" I enquired.

"Japanese people like Americans. Very sorry, Americans don't understand Japanese people."

Soon we heard the ringing shouts of the crowd as they sang one of Japan's modern patriotic songs. I think these new songs, sung by thousands of people, made more impression on me than anything else in Japan. We heard them everywhere. On station platforms where groups of these same women with bands across their chests were saying good-bye to a soldier on his way to the front or greeting a returning hero; in restaurants where the guests would join the singing; in theatres and in music shops—we heard the same tunes everywhere from one end of Japan to the other.

This was nothing like the Japan I had known. Now there was electricity in the air, and I had a feeling that I was sitting on top of a boiler that might burst at any minute.

When we took the train from Yokohama to Tokyo, I was amazed to see the commuters. The scene might have been in the Pennsylvania Station of New York City during the rush hour. Porters were shouting, bells ringing, loudspeakers squawking, as train after train either stopped at the station or rushed madly through it. When we entered our coach I noticed several ladies give up their seats to men and, by the time the train started, all the men were seated. Several women were standing in the aisle.



Japanese fishermen dressed in medieval fashion



The fishermen use cormorants as nets. A string around the bird's neck prevents it from swallowing its catch.

Naturally the bird protests violently at giving over the fish.





Japanese girls dive for Japanese oysters—which sometimes contain pearls, such as the one the author holds in his hand.



This fellow is called the "Japanese Carnera" and loves it. Zetta is five foot four.



Our Korean interpreter could interpret best when he had his top hat and his fan.

Standing in the aisle near me was a Japanese woman holding by the hand a child about three years old. In addition to the baby, she had several bundles. I was wondering how she would manage when she reached her destination, when the train began to slow down. Seizing the child by one arm, she deftly swung him over her shoulder and landed him on her back. Without releasing his arm, she bound him there, picked up her bundles and alighted from the train. No one offered to help her nor did she ask for help.

"I've simply got to take a photo of a woman carrying her baby on her back," I remarked to one of our Japanese companions.

"Very sorry," he replied with a frown. "Photo of baby on woman's back is forbidden."

Astonished, I said: "What on earth is the objection? It's charming and picturesque." He answered quite seriously and with decision: "Monkeys carry babies on backs. Photo makes Japanese woman look like monkey. Very sorry. You must not take photo."

I knew the old Chinese legend that the Japanese were the result of Chinese emigrants intermarrying with monkeys, but I never thought they were so sensitive about it.

As the train flew along, I noticed that there seemed to be one endless city all the way from Yokohama to Tokyo. In many respects it made me think of London. Upon arrival in Tokyo, we were met by another group of well-dressed Japanese officials, all of whom ceremoniously presented us with their personal visiting cards. Fortunately, I had a few of my own cards with me, but when I saw how important this exchange of cards is in Japan, I ordered five hundred with my name printed in Japanese characters. They lasted about two weeks and I had to order more. The lowliest Japanese official

expects you to exchange cards with him and, as only a few of their cards are printed in English as well as Japanese, I got them all mixed up and could not distinguish between the card of a taxi-driver and that of a bank president.

Tokyo was unrecognizable because I remembered the city as it was before the great earthquake of 1923. As rebuilt, it might be any great Western metropolis, with splendid wide boulevards and magnificent public buildings, all of which are surprisingly low on account of the law which forbids any building high enough for its occupant to look down upon the Emperor when he is in his palace.

One way not to learn much about Japan and Japanese customs is to stay at the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo. It is run in the most modern Western style. Built by the same architect who designed the famous Mission Inn in California, the Imperial is one of the very few buildings that withstood the earthquake. Its architecture is as amazing as its solidity. No one seems to know whether it is Aztec, Mayan or Egyptian; perhaps it is a mixture of all three, but of one thing there is no mistake: it is the hottest place on earth in August.

In the lobby of the Imperial, seated at tables and never standing around, you can see representatives of all the nations of the earth. The only ones who deliberately seemed to want recognition were some swash-buckling Nazis who wore upon their arms the inevitable swastika. Just before and after meal-times the lobby was always crowded, but as there was supposed to be a microphone concealed beneath every-table and in other unexpected places there was little conversation. Only in Russia had I experienced this need for being on constant guard for fear of secret police.

We were fortunate to have assigned to us for the period

of our stay in Japan one of the best guides in the country. He was really an official in the Japanese Tourist Bureau, not merely a professional guide. Having travelled extensively in America and Europe, he spoke excellent English and understood American customs. His name was Yagi. He had a delightful sense of humour.

The evening we reached the hotel a paper package was handed to me. I was amused to find in it an old pair of white duck trousers which I had thrown in the waste-paper basket on the boat because they had a hole in the seat. "You see how honest the Japanese people are," remarked Yagi.

A few days afterwards, checking out of the hotel, I placed the old trousers on top of a cupboard and managed to get away without them. But just as I was settling myself into the taxi which was to take me to the station, a pretty little Japanese maid came flying down the hotel steps with my trousers folded neatly over her arm. I thanked her, but purposely forgot them as I got out of the taxi. The driver drew my attention to them and again I had to carry them. Yagi told me once more what honest people the Japanese were.

A week later when we were in Nikko I hid the trousers under the mattress, but before I reached the station on leaving Nikko the hotel porter rushed up with them on his arm. I carried those trousers with me hundreds of miles to the far north of Japan. There I marooned them under a mat in a Japanese inn on the island of Hokkaido. It was so hot that evening that Yagi left his coat hanging in the bedroom of the inn when he came to our room for dinner. Suddenly he remembered it and returned to his bedroom for it. In a few minutes he returned looking very much upset. "Some thief has stolen my wallet with all my money and railroad passes," he cried furiously. "I don't mind

losing the money, it is the loss of the passes that matters. I also lose my face," he added miserably.

Hokkaido did not seem to be such an honest place after all, for, not only did Yagi lose his wallet, but I managed also to get rid of my trousers. A month later, after travelling through Korea and Manchukuo to Peking and back to Japan, we found two packages awaiting us at the hotel. The one for Yagi contained his wallet, plus his railroad passes, but minus his money. The thief had evidently realized that the loss of the passes would cause his victim serious loss of face and, to prevent that, had returned them. They were, of course, of no value to anyone but Yagi. The package for me contained my trousers. I eventually got rid of them by throwing them into the Yellow Sea in the midst of a raging typhoon.

CHAPTER 2

AMONG THE HAIRY AINUS

JAPAN in the summer of 1939 appeared to be sailing on the crest of a wave of prosperity and patriotism. Hotel accommodations and sleeping-car and steamer reservations had to be made weeks in advance, especially if the traveller intended to visit Manchukuo and North China. Theatres were jammed to capacity, pleasure resorts that would correspond in America to Coney Island, Easthampton, Long Island, or Stockbridge, Mass., were crowded with the corresponding classes of people.

In July, 1939, it was not the war with China that was worrying the Japanese people so much as the war between Soviet Russia and Manchukuo. Not once did I hear the war in China referred to as anything but an "incident," but the word "war" was repeatedly used in reference to Russia. Whether it was true or not I cannot say, but the Japanese to whom I talked assured me that Japan had not at that time despatched any of her best troops to China. These, they claimed, were being held in readiness for the war with Russia. It was not unusual to read headlines in the Japanese papers reporting air battles between Japanese and Russian forces in which hundreds of aeroplanes took part. I remember an account of sixty Russian planes brought down in one engagement with the loss of only one Japanese plane.

I asked a Japanese official to explain. He said: "Ever since the great purge in the Russian army, in

which hundreds of officers were executed, many Russian aviators deliberately fly into Manchukuo and take the chance of being shot down and killed rather than remain in Russia. Many of these planes alight in safety and the Russians are treated well by the Japanese and given good jobs in such positions as customs inspectors."

The whole violent Chinese-Japanese controversy—and there is much to be argued on both sides—was best summed up for us by the wife of an American naval officer who had spent many years in Far Eastern stations. "We like the Chinese, but we don't admire them," she said. "We admire the Japanese, but we don't like them."

Fortunately for us, at the time when we were in Tokyo, Japan was doing her utmost to improve her relations with the United States, and I had no difficulty in obtaining permission to travel to the far north of the Archipelago in order to study those extraordinary aboriginals, the Hairy Ainus. One morning the Yagi knocked at our door and announced with satisfaction: "I have made the arrangements. You can go to Hokkaido."

The Japanese Tourist Bureau is the most efficient organization of its kind in the world. Unlike the somewhat similar organization in Russia, known as Intourist, the Japanese Tourist Bureau arranges for you to visit the places you yourself desire to see. Intourist takes care that the traveller goes only to places the Russian Government wishes him to see. However, "making the arrangements" is a most important part of the service rendered by the Japanese Bureau. Once they are made, it is best to adhere to them, because the slightest change in one's itinerary seems to fill them with dismay.

The island of Hokkaido is an important military area

in Japan, being within less than one hour's flying time from the Soviet port of Vladivostok. At first, our request to go to Hokkaido was frowned upon, because Japan was in the throes of a spy scare, and the Japanese could not understand why anyone should want to see their benighted aboriginals. Nor could they understand how any foreigner could possibly want to explore an important fortified area without being interested in the fortifications. However, I managed to assure them that my only interest was in the Hairy Ainus, and promised that I would not touch my camera except when photographing them. As a concession to the Tourist Bureau who were naturally eager for me to see the most beautiful part of Japan, I agreed to spend a couple of days at Nikko, their most famous national park.

Just as sightseeing in Europe is apt to become extremely boring when one is shown too many churches and museums, so in Japan is there danger of having one's pleasure marred by being almost forced to see innumerable shrines and temples. But just as there is only one St. Peter's (Rome) and one St. Mark's (Venice), so is the Toshogu Shrine at Nikko unique in all the world. At least ten million dollars were spent in building this magnificent memorial to Ieyasu, the founder of the Tokugawa Shogunate. Ieyasu died in 1616. The shrine was commenced in 1623 and completed in 1636. At least fifteen thousand of the most highly skilled craftsmen in Japan were employed in its construction, which is of richly carved wood. Over six acres of pure gold leaf was used in its decoration and, since it has been kept in constant repair, it looks to-day as dazzlingly beautiful as it did three hundred years ago.

The approach to Nikkō by road is unforgettable because the roads are lined with cryptomeria trees which

were planted when the shrine was built. These magnificent avenues of Japanese cedars stretch for twenty miles into the countryside and, while many of the trees are well over one hundred feet high, other cryptomeria trees of similar age are to be seen growing in pots and only about twelve inches high.

I watched numbers of Japanese approach the shrine to pray. First they stood and clapped their hands. This is said to be to attract the attention of the Deity. Then having said their prayers, they threw money into the shrine and departed.

It was during our stay in Nikko that we had a personal experience of the sacred awe with which the Japanese regard their Emperor and the Crown Prince. One afternoon when we were driving from the hotel towards the town of Nikko a policeman suddenly stopped us and spoke to the chauffeur. After a few words with the policeman, our guide and general adviser, Yagi, said: "We must get out of the car and stand beside the road. The Crown Prince is about to drive through the town."

I had observed already that the streets were lined with crowds of people standing three or four deep, just as a similar crowd in America would have collected to watch the President go by. In front of the people was a single line of military police standing a few paces apart.

Not a sound was heard except the singing of birds and the music of the river that rushes through Nikko and under the celebrated Sacred Bridge. It seemed so uncanny to see so many people standing in absolute silence that I asked Yagi to explain. Before he could do so, the policeman in front of us turned sharply and evidently said what was the equivalent in Japanese of "Shut up!" Still it hadn't dawned upon me that this crowd had not turned out to see their Crown Prince.

Not at all. They had come out of their houses and were standing with downcast eyes to show their deep respect for the son of the Emperor.

After standing in silence for ten minutes, I was about to show my impatience by making a facetious remark when the policeman gave an order in Japanese. I could not understand it, but that was unnecessary because everyone, including Yagi and the policeman himself, removed his hat and stared straight at the ground. I began to think. If everyone, including the police, were looking at the ground, then no one would see me if I stole a peep at His Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Japan. It probably seems ridiculous to the reader that a grown-up American should stand as I did, with thousands of others in an open park, and not dare to lift his head, but somehow I did not dare. But I raised my eyebrows higher than they have ever been raised before, and managed to see what was going on.

In front of me was a wide street lined on both sides with Japanese men, women and children, all, including the policemen, staring intently at the ground. Across a valley, less than a quarter of a mile away, there was a road cut in the side of the mountain. Along this road came a procession of large shining automobiles. In the lead was a black open touring car in which was sitting upright and alone a Japanese general, glittering with medals and looking rather fiercely from side to side as if to catch someone who was daring to peep. Next came four maroon-coloured closed cars, whose occupants were completely concealed. The last car was another black open touring car, its sole occupant a little boy about six years old, dressed in a brilliant blue uniform and looking very conspicuous as he bobbed around in the middle of the spacious back seat. The cars passed and went out of sight in two minutes. Not a sound had

escaped from the crowd, and, so far as I knew, I was the only person who looked. After a few more minutes, the policeman smiled and allowed us to replace our hats and proceed.

"Was that the Crown Prince in the rear car?" I asked Yagi.

Yagi was horrified. "Did you look?"

"Of course I did," I replied. "No one else looked, so no one could have seen me do it."

Satisfied that this was true, Yagi asked what I had seen. After I had given him a detailed description, which he seemed to enjoy, he said he doubted very much if I had seen the Crown Prince at all. In his opinion, the real Crown Prince was concealed in one of the maroon-coloured cars and the little boy in the last car was probably a double. If a crowd of several thousand people show such respect for the little son of the Emperor, it can be appreciated with what esteem the Japanese regard the Emperor himself.

In many ways Nikko National Park reminded me of our own Yellowstone, combining in one area a great variety of natural wonders, such as waterfalls, hot springs and even a hot lake in which there were quantities of fine fish. But they have one magic hot spring in Nikko that beats anything in Yellowstone. The custodian of the spring keeps on hand a supply of ordinary fresh eggs. At first I thought we were going to cook our eggs in the hot spring and then be expected to exclaim: "How marvellous!" But the extraordinary thing about this spring is that, although boiling, the water cooks only the yolk of the egg and leaves the white uncooked. I tried several eggs, leaving them in the water for fifteen minutes, yet, when opened, the white ran out liquid while the yolk was as hard as any other hard-boiled egg ever was.

One of the best ways to study the Japanese people at close quarters is to take a long journey, such as the one we took by train from Nikko to Aomori, thence by steamer to Hakodate on the island of Hokkaido, and by train again to Sapporo. On this journey, which takes about twenty-four hours, you can watch the people eat, sleep, dress, undress, feed the baby, entertain the young children and do a multitude of other things that constitute a continuous source of wonder and entertainment.

We boarded the train at eleven thirty in the morning, but having no reserved seats, had to stand for an hour until a party of young men got off with their smart new leather golf bags bulging with a great variety of golf clubs of many strange shapes and sizes. Before she could obtain one of the vacant seats, my wife was forestalled by Japanese military officers on their way to the Russian front. Each officer—and there were many of them—carried a long two-handed sword. These Japanese swords are said to be as sharp as a razor. With one blow they can cut a man in two before he knows anything about it. The men wore high top boots and spurs. Some of them had black moustaches, a very unusual sight in Japan except among the military.

Their attitude towards women, including my wife, was so overbearing and insulting that it was difficult to keep one's temper under control. One of the officers happened to be in a seat intended to accommodate two; so I told my wife to sit down. When she did the soldier glared at her as if he would like to slap her face. But her rest did not last long, because another officer came through the carriage looking for a seat and, seeing my wife in one, stopped beside her and indicated to her to rise. Rather than have any trouble at such an early stage in our travels, she gave up her seat.

Eventually our invaluable Yagi managed to secure seats for us and then we settled down to watch the fun. As our train dashed through local stations, the station-master and whatever porters were on hand stood stiffly to attention until the train had passed through. About once an hour the train would stop at a station to deposit and pick up passengers. Loudspeakers blared instructions to passengers; newspaper boys rushed up and down the platform; ice-cream vendors did a brisk business with excellent ice cream in wooden boxes in each of which there was a wooden spoon. Complete luncheons, including soup, rice, pickles, seaweed, fish and some kind of sweet were selling in attractive wooden boxes, divided into partitions, for only twelve cents in American money. Fifteen cents American would buy a full-course meal in the dining car, if you bought the food that the Japanese eat. Usually one had no choice, for in this northern part of Japan tourists are rare. Crowds would gather around the train window to look at us, and, to show how little the people of Northern Japan know about the Chinese, I will relate an incident which took place in Hokkaido.

My wife and I were sitting at the open window of our carriage when several Japanese men came up and looked at us curiously, then addressed us in Japanese. "They want to know if you are Chinese!" laughed Yagi. Evidently these Japanese were what we used to call "hayseeds" in America. When Yagi told them we were Americans, they did not seem to understand what he meant.

From the train window the scenery of Japan, in the complete absence of meadows or pastures, is quite unlike that of any other country. Every piece of land that is capable of cultivation is used for some kind of crop. Thousands of acres are devoted entirely to mulberry

trees, but instead of trees, as we understand the word, these are cuttings only a few feet high, the leaves of which are fed to silkworms. For miles we passed through nothing but rice fields, and I cannot remember seeing a solitary piece of waste ground. Even in the cities, spaces that would be used as parking lots in America were cultivated with rice. Every now and then the train would skirt the sea and we could see that the fishing population were as industrious as their brethren on land. One great disappointment, as regards scenery, was to find sea beaches composed of black volcanic sand, thus making brilliant colour of the water impossible.

It was an extremely hot journey. By mid-afternoon most of the men had removed their trousers and were sitting in their baggy shorts; many of the women had young babies in their arms, and these were helping themselves freely to refreshment. Instead of sitting still and gradually becoming covered with dust and cinders, as so often happens in such trains in America, the Japanese were continually cleaning off the windows and seats with paper handkerchiefs. Then they would produce small towels and wipe their faces and necks. Probably once an hour they would retire to the wash-room and emerge looking very pleased with themselves.

But the most amusing sight was to watch the people in the dining car. Opposite us was a woman with a baby about a year old. She ordered a regular table d'hôte dinner and, when it arrived, she loosened her kimono, took out one breast, deposited it carefully on the table in front of her and offered it to the baby who was sitting in her lap. In between drinks, she fed the baby seaweed and pickles, tea, horseradish and rice. The baby loved everything.

The dining car on a Japanese train is in constant use.

In between regular meal-times it is crowded with beer-drinkers. Bottles are twice the size of the ordinary beer bottle in America, probably holding at least one quart. Empty bottles are lined up like soldiers on the floor beside the customer. Bills are not submitted until the customer's thirst is satisfied, and then the waitress counts the bottles. I frequently saw as many as nine bottles per customer, but I rarely saw a Japanese intoxicated except when drinking sake. Then intoxication, to a greater or lesser degree, seems the general rule. Beer-drinking in Japan has been raised almost to the level of an art, just as it used to be in Germany before the first World War. Elaborate beer halls are found all over Japan, in which nothing but beer is served. The pouring is done by specially selected, and usually pretty, Japanese girls, who earn their living from tips. In many instances the tips amount to far more than the bill.

As the train sped north, the proportion of people in Western clothes greatly diminished. The countryside was still intensively cultivated. Not a cow was to be seen, but this does not mean that the farmers do not keep cows. The Japanese cow is condemned to a life spent entirely indoors. Generations of cows have never grazed. They live in cowsheds that are probably the cleanest in the world.

As darkness fell, the conductor walked through the train and drew all the blinds. "We are passing through a fortified area," explained Yagi. Later on the lights in the carriages were extinguished. After a more or less exciting conversation between the conductor and Yagi, we learned that an air raid was in progress and for the rest of the night we travelled in total darkness. There being no danger of any light escaping from our carriage, I raised the blind and saw that the whole countryside was blacked out. Occasionally we could

distinguish a farm-house with a dim light-shaded so that it fell on the floor. Every railway station shrouded in a dim blue light; nevertheless, we could discern the upright figures of the station-master and his porters standing at salute.

At thirty minutes past midnight we arrived at the seaport town of Aomori and for the first time we saw evidence of war.

"You must remain in your carriage," Yagi warned, while the rest of the passengers alighted.

We were very tired after the long journey from Nikko, and the prospect of remaining in a dark carriage when everyone else had alighted did not appeal to us. We rebelled and, much to Yagi's embarrassment, walked on to the platform, where we found ourselves surrounded by wounded soldiers lying on stretchers. Nurses were passing among the men, attending to their wants, while they waited for stretcher-bearers to remove them from the station. Within ten minutes there was no trace of a wounded soldier; it was obvious why an attempt had been made to keep us in our carriage.

A group of Japanese who had come to meet us presented their cards and began to lead the way to the end of the platform which was plainly in the opposite direction from the steamer upon which we were to embark. The vessel was drawn up alongside the wharf and the rest of the train passengers were already going aboard. Once again we rebelled and, instead of following our guides, followed the passengers and soon were rewarded by a sight that few foreigners have ever witnessed. Thus far, Zetta had kept a diary of our experiences and I cannot do better than quote from her account, which was written within a few minutes of the events:

Our stateroom on the steamer was unbearably hot. Both portholes were not only closed but boarded up and covered by

curtains. Yagi explained that this was absolutely necessary because of Russian air raids, but he assured us that, as soon as the boat started, the electric fans would be turned on. It was so hot and stifling that we went out on deck to get some air. We were standing close to the gangplank when we saw the most amazing sight. Apparently all the passengers were aboard because the wharf was deserted and, except for us, there were no people on deck.

Suddenly about a dozen soldiers marched up the gangplank. They were fully armed, carrying flags and walking very slowly and stiffly. Behind them in single file came more soldiers, but these were not armed. Around the neck of each man, and suspended in front by means of white gauze, were three white boxes. Each box, about nine inches square and six inches deep, beautifully done up in snow white gauze, contained the ashes of a soldier who had been killed at the front. I counted twenty-two soldiers, each carrying three white boxes. Behind them came more soldiers carrying trays upon which were the personal belongings of the men whose ashes were being brought back to their native land. I noticed several pipes, cigarette cases, leather holsters, framed photographs and other articles. Following these soldiers came about twenty women dressed in kimonos with white aprons and across their chests diagonal bands on which were Japanese inscriptions. Some had fresh flowers, but most of them were carrying sprays of artificial flowers made of silver or gold gauze. As they came on board, a group of Japanese came out on deck to receive them. Yagi explained that these were the relatives of the dead soldiers, but you would never have known it. There was no weeping or other demonstration of grief, but everyone, including ourselves, bowed deeply and remained bowed until the procession had passed.

I have witnessed important military funerals in several countries, but this was the most impressive. It was obvious from the faces of the relatives that they were suffering deeply from the loss of their loved ones, but their dignity and control was remarkable. The expression on the faces of the soldiers who carried the ashes told a heart-breaking story.

As we walked around the deserted deck, we saw, through a window of the saloon, the sixty-six white boxes surrounded by banks of flowers and guarded by soldiers while the relatives

sat by. No one spoke, no one wept. They just remained in silence.

Soon after leaving port we observed that the harbour lights, which had been lit for a few moments in order to guide us out, were extinguished. The sea was calm. The only noise was the thud of the propeller until it was interrupted by the drone of aeroplanes. But we were evidently being convoyed, because by the moonlight we saw a vessel lay down a smoke screen between us and the Russian mainland. Sleep was impossible. I sincerely hope that I shall never be so close to Russia again as I was on that trip to the land of the Hairy Ainus.

It is about a five-hour journey from Aomori to Hakodate on the island of Hokkaido. It was about five o'clock in the morning when we arrived. The harbour was filled with shipping, chiefly steam trawlers whose decks and riggings were covered with brown fishing nets stretched out to dry.

Before anyone was permitted to land, the soldiers carrying the ashes of their comrades went ashore, where they were received by a large band of patriotic women. One of the boxes evidently contained the ashes of an officer who lived in Hakodate, because it was separated from the rest and honoured by a special procession, which passed by our window as we waited for the train to carry us still farther north. First came a soldier bearing an enormous Japanese flag, followed by a Shinto priest carrying a large photograph of the officer. Behind him came a soldier with the gauze-covered urn containing the ashes. Then came the officer's wife, carrying on her back a tiny baby and leading two little children, one with each hand. Behind them walked an aged couple, the parents of the dead man. The procession was followed by a number of friends and

organized parties of patriotic women with banners. We watched the faces of the people closely, and the only one who was actually crying was the old mother, down whose cheeks tears were rolling.

The death in action of a Japanese soldier is not an occasion for grief, but joy, because he goes directly to heaven where he is received as a god. Once a year the Emperor of Japan, who in Japanese eyes is himself a god, attends a special shrine where he welcomes the spirits of the military dead, who are henceforth enshrined as gods themselves. It is this belief in the god-like character of their Emperor and in their own prospects of becoming gods that makes the Japanese soldiers so formidable in battle. Death is welcomed. Suicide for the sake of honour is a national trait. It is not inconceivable that, in a naval battle, Japanese aviators will fly their aerial torpedoes straight at enemy vessels without any attempt to escape. I have heard prominent Japanese discuss the possibility of Japan's committing national suicide by fighting against hopeless odds rather than conclude a dishonourable peace.

One of the first surprises in the island of Hokkaido was a solitary cow tethered to a stake close to the sea-shore, where it was grazing on a tiny patch of grass. Altogether we saw about four such cows during a seven-hour train journey from Hakodate to Sapporo.

Sapporo, where we arrived at noon, is a town of 200,000 people. It is laid out in blocks and streets like a modern American city and boasts a fine botanical garden and the University of Hokkaido. One of the first things I noticed that made Sapporo different from other Japanese towns was the presence of men with large black beards that made me think of members of the House of David. We saw only two or three such men. They were obviously not Japanese. Yagi informed us

that they were Ainus who had come into town to buy provisions.

Having experienced the luxuries of staying at the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo and the magnificent Kanaya Hotel in Nikko, we decided to try our luck here by staying at a Japanese inn. As our automobile drew up in front of the inn, four Japanese girls greeted us by kneeling in a row and bowing. They helped us take off our shoes and, having placed on our feet clean grass slippers, led the way over highly polished wooden floors to our rooms.

Before entering our suite, the maids removed our grass slippers and showed us into a delightfully cool room, the floor of which was covered with grass mats sewn neatly together and covering the whole floor. These mats are all the same size and are standard all over Japan. This enables a person to describe the size of a room according to the number of mats required to cover the floor. In the middle of the floor was a table, not more than six inches high, surrounded by small cushions covered with white linen.

One end of the room was raised a few inches above the rest of the floor. Here sat a Buddha on a little stand with a beautiful scroll on the wall behind it. Upon the scroll, or *kakemono*, was painted a scene of mountains, a rushing river and a bridge. This portion of the room is sacred and reserved for flowers or any beautiful object and must never be desecrated by such things as suitcases. Over the entrance to our room was a long picture on which was inscribed in Japanese characters: "Honour God; Love Mankind." Except for the small table and an equally low writing table on which there was a basket containing writing materials, there was no other furniture.

The walls of the room appeared to be made of frosted

glass which, on closer examination, proved to be tissue paper stretched as tight as a drum. Without the slightest effort, the whole side of the room could be slid away, exposing a verandah opening on to a garden. By sliding away the opposite side of the room we could enter our bedroom, but there was no sign of a bed. Against one side of the room was a dressing-table, minus legs, and not more than three inches above the floor level.

We were so tired after our long journey that we asked for our beds. Whereupon, a manservant entered the room and produced eight silk-covered mattresses, each about three inches thick. These he made into two piles, each containing four mattresses. Underneath the top mattress was a white cotton sheet upon which we reclined, using the top mattress as a cover. There was no pillow, only a small wooden rest which is supposed to be placed under the back of the neck. By adding all the cushions which were supposed to be used as seats, we managed to improvise pillows and sleep soundly until four o'clock, when we were awakened by the bath maid, who conducted us to the bathroom.

Japanese inns have one huge bathtub that looks more like a swimming pool than a bath. In this all the guests bathe together in water unbearably hot for Westerners. Knowing this, we had ascertained when the room would be unoccupied so that we could be sure of privacy. However, we still had to wait fifteen minutes while the attendant cooled off the water sufficiently for us to be able to use it.

Then we sat on little wooden stools, soaped and scrubbed ourselves, took a shower, then sat down in the tub with hot water up to our shoulders. Zetta was congratulating me on having arranged for such a nice private bath when we noticed a face framed in a round

peep-hole cut in the bathroom door. The object of this peep-hole is not to observe those who are bathing, but to see if there is any room left in the communal tub. The sight of me dashing nakedly towards the door frightened the intruder away, and, after I had covered the hole with a small towel, we finished our bath without further interruption.

"But how do we dry?" asked Zetta, as she discovered we had no towels. Having done some bathroom peeping myself in Nikko, I was able to demonstrate, more or less, how the Japanese dry themselves by wiping off excess water with a small cloth and wringing it out in between wipes.

To our dismay, we discovered that the kimonos which we had worn when we entered the anteroom of the bath had disappeared. I opened the door and shouted: "*Neisan*," which means "maid." I did not know how to call a man and, in any case, in view of the fact that we were having a mixed bathing party, the coming of a woman to my aid was no worse than a man would have been to Zetta's. Almost immediately a little Japanese maid appeared as if from nowhere, bringing our kimonos. She bowed low, handed me the garments and retired. Nakedness means nothing to the Japanese. Yagi explained: "We see, but we do not notice."

Dinner that night was served in our room by two pretty waitresses who squatted beside us throughout the meal, helping us to food and pouring out our beer. In the anteroom of our suite, night and day, there was a kettle of boiling water, heated by a charcoal fire. This was not only for making tea at any time, but also for shaving water.

The wash-room arrangements in Japanese inns are more embarrassing than the bathing room. In the

latter there are definite hours for baths, but the wash-room is used at all times of the day and night by both sexes. Every morning we would waken to the sound of the Japanese national anthem, which is the name given by us to the amazing noise of Japanese men washing their teeth before breakfast. In this inn, the wash-room had twelve highly polished brass basins under twelve taps. The room was as crowded in the early morning as the smoking-room of an American Pullman car would be at the same hour, but, instead of one diminutive bowl, there were twelve. For some reason the Japanese not only brush their teeth vigorously, but splutter and gargle up and down the chromatic scale while they are doing it.

In Sapporo we had our first experience with the Japanese secret police. It will be remembered that when we applied for permission to visit Hokkaido, we were discouraged on account of the district's being an important fortified area in which photography was forbidden. After I had convinced the authorities that my object was solely to secure pictures of the Ainus and promised not to use my camera for any other purpose, permission had been granted. It never occurred to me that taking a photograph of Zetta sitting before her dressing-table in the privacy of her bedroom would be forbidden. She looked so strange sitting on the floor in front of a mirror that I set up my tripod and took a time exposure of her. I sent the roll of film to be developed by the local photographer and it must have been examined by the local police.

In Russia, where we had had a somewhat similar experience as a result of taking harmless photographs, I had been arrested and marched off for examination by the local commandant. In Japan, the procedure was different. One evening when we returned to the inn,

the manageress informed us that the chief of the local secret police had left his card and enquired if it would be convenient for him to call upon us at five o'clock that afternoon. It was already past five and the policeman was waiting for us. He was in plain clothes and rather tall for a Japanese. As we could not speak Japanese, he instructed Yagi to act as interpreter. Having smiled and bowed several times, he drew in his breath with a hiss and commenced his interrogation :

"Why have you come to Hokkaido?" was the first question.

"To take pictures of the Ainus," I replied.

This answer evidently caused quite a disturbance in the mind of the policeman. He began talking to Yagi with considerable animation.

Resuming his questioning, he asked : "If you have come to take pictures of the Ainus, why do you remain in Sapporo? Why do you not go to the home of the Ainus in Shiraoi?"

"That is exactly where we are going," I replied. "But we are anxious to see your beautiful botanical garden here in Sapporo."

The policeman smiled in a way that made me uncomfortable. Suddenly his manner changed and he snapped: "Why have you opened your camera and taken photographs from this hotel?"

"I haven't," I protested, having forgotten about the picture of Zetta in her bedroom. The policeman produced the roll of film on which there were several photos of scenery in Nikko and the one of Zetta doing her toilet Japanese style. I was very much embarrassed, for it was evident that someone had seen my camera on its tripod and had reported that I was taking pictures out of the window. Fortunately, I was able to identify the scenic pictures and show the policeman the actual

bedroom in which I had used the camera. At this point, Yagi was called to the telephone and we were left alone with the policeman.

"What do you think of the Chinese incident?" he enquired in perfect English. When we told him that we knew nothing about it, but would be very glad to learn so that we could tell our friends in America, this policeman, who had been questioning us so laboriously through an interpreter, started to deliver us a lecture on the perfidy of Chiang Kai-shek, the danger of Communism and the necessity for Japan and the United States being friends.

Yagi was just as surprised as we were when we later informed him that his interpretation had been quite unnecessary; but from then onwards we were guarded in our conversation.

The next day we took the train to Shiraoi, a small village on the south coast of Hokkaido. From here we walked to the largest community of Hairy Ainus (pronounced I-knew) on the island. These extraordinary people are remnants of those who inhabited the Japanese Islands during the Stone Age. In no way do they resemble Mongolians. They are said to belong to an old Proto-Nordic race which was once far more widely spread throughout Northern Asia.

The Ainus are moderately short people; the men averaging five feet five inches in height and the women only five feet. Instead of the oblique almond-shaped eyes of Mongolians, they have large round eyes with no sign of obliqueness. In colour their eyes are brown or very dark brown.

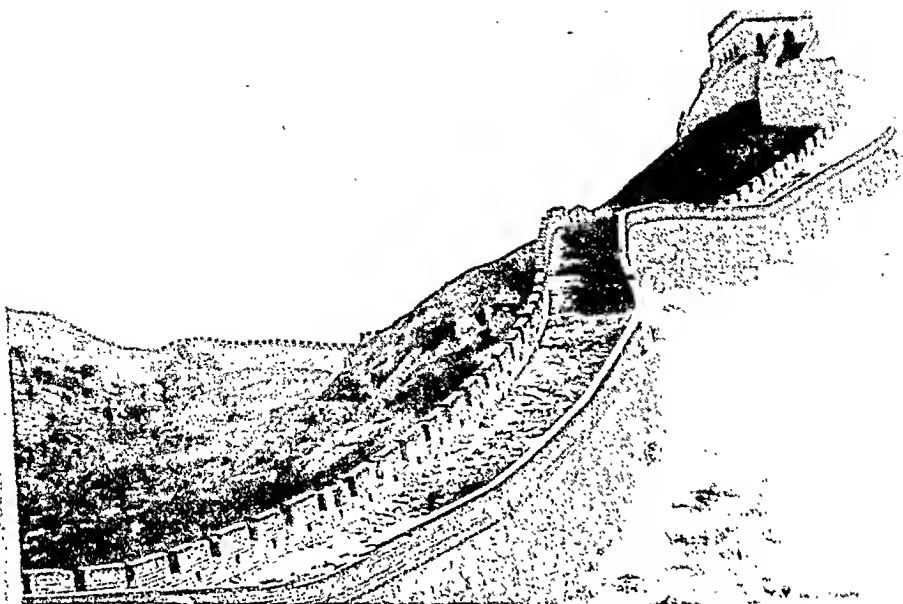
The colour of their skin (when washed) is white. Even as little children their bodies are covered with soft hair; but only the men develop the fine beards which characterize them and make them so utterly different



This mural expresses the harmony of five races—Manchu, Japanese, Chinese, Korean, and Mongol.

Despite its placid appearance, Mukden is the most thriving city in Manchukuo. When there, be sure to stay at the Yamato Hotel, in the corner.



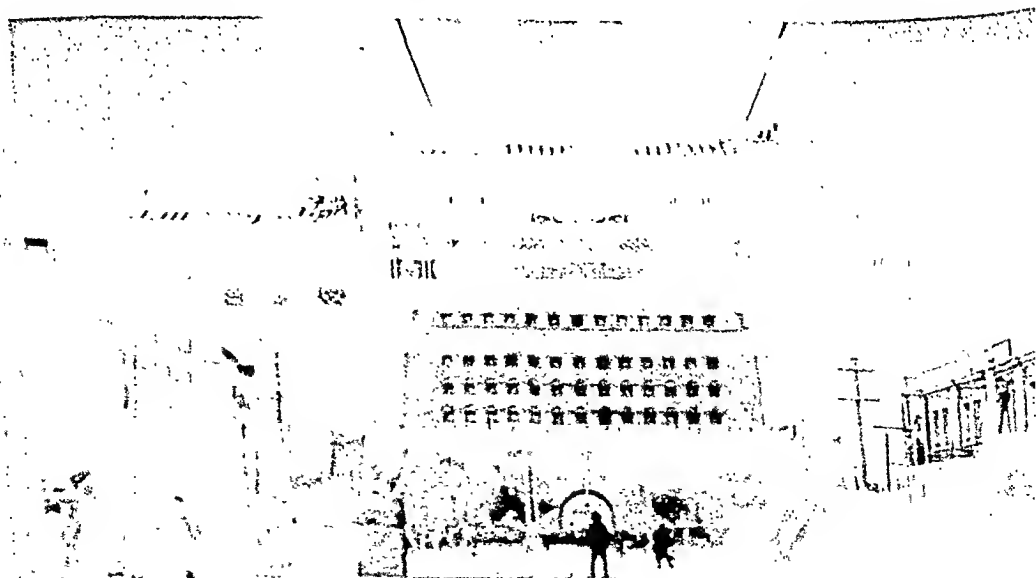


No book on China is complete without a picture of the Great Wall. Here's ours.



Burial mounds in China look like haystacks.

Peking still looks the way you think China should look, and it's fascinating.



from the Japanese. The young men have black or brown beards often over a foot long, while the old men have even longer white beards that make them look very much like Santa Claus. As for the women, though their faces are quite smooth, they tattoo upon their upper lips large blue moustaches with upturned ends.

Both men and women wear striking costumes, decorated with appliqué work. They live in large grass huts which are built in a topsy-turvy fashion. The first part of the house to be built is the roof, which is constructed on the ground and carefully thatched in that convenient position.

The corner posts are then erected and upon them the finished roof is lifted. The rest of the house can then be completed in comfort, regardless of rain and sun. No chimney is built, but the smoke from the open fire filters through the roof and eaves. One part of the house is set apart as a shrine and decorated with willow shavings. These willow shavings play an important part in Ainu ritual. The men wear them in the form of crowns upon their heads. Poles decorated with tufts of shavings are erected in various places both inside and outside the house, as offerings to the gods.

Outside the east end of every house there is always a cluster of these poles bearing tufts of shavings; also a number of poles with forked ends in which are wedged the skulls of bears which have been sacrificed. This is the most sacred place and corresponds to a temple. The ground near the poles is usually kept clean and covered with white sand. Only men are allowed to worship, although a woman is occasionally allowed to substitute for a man. In such a case, the woman starts her prayer by explaining to the gods that she is there as a substitute.

While the Ainus worship different animals and trees, they particularly reverence the bear, which they catch

as a cub and rear until it is two or even three years old. If the cub is a very young one, it is even suckled at the breast of an Ainu woman, who rears it with her own child until it becomes too strong and rough. The bear is then placed in a wooden cage that is raised on posts about two feet from the ground. Here the bear lives in very cramped quarters until the time comes for its sacrifice, which is usually between the age of two and three years. During the whole of its captivity the bear is treated with the greatest care and respect. Plenty of good food and unlimited attention are lavished upon the animal, but the cruel manner of its death is in striking contrast to its life.

When the day of sacrifice comes, the bear is led to the "temple," securely held by means of ropes around its neck and middle. It is then made to walk and prance about in front of the decorated poles and the skulls of its predecessors. Eventually it is baited to more lively action by shooting at it blunt-headed arrows which do not penetrate the animal, but merely goad it to fury. The angrier the bear becomes, and the wilder its struggles, the greater is the excitement and joy of the Ainus.

Formerly the bear was then strangled to death by means of two strong poles placed one on top and the other beneath its neck. Nowadays this is forbidden by the Japanese, and the bear is slaughtered with a knife. The Ainus then drink its warm blood and smear it all over their long beards. After drinking the warm blood, a great bear feast takes place and the skull of the bear is then placed on a pole in the "temple."

At other times, the Ainus are extremely careful to keep their beards out of their food and drink, by means of wooden moustache lifters about nine inches long.

The status of Ainu women is probably a relic of the

Stone Age. All their time is devoted to housekeeping and simple agriculture. Formerly the men devoted the whole of their time to hunting and providing the meat portion of the Ainu diet. But with the coming of Japanese civilization and its tempting luxuries, from radios to rice, the men hire themselves out as labourers in order to buy the innumerable things without which they used to have a much happier existence.

Every year is leap year in Ainu land, although both men and women have the privilege of proposing. If a man proposes to a woman, then she goes to live with him near his family and is practically adopted by them. If a woman proposes to a man, the reverse takes place ; but in no case does the woman ever take the name of her husband. She retains her own name, but, before she has a child, she is referred to as "So-and-so's wife." When she has a child, she is then referred to as "the mother of So-and-so."

When a baby is born, the father considers himself very ill and not the mother. She is expected to go about her business as usual while he remains huddled up beside the fire, moaning and feeling very sorry for himself. As for the baby, it is placed in a cradle ; but the moment it cries, it is hoisted up to the ceiling of the hut and allowed to stay there until it stops. Ainu babies soon learn not to cry.

There are no class distinctions among the Ainus, but they are by no means communal in their lives. Those who acquire more wealth than others are allowed to keep it ; but socially, the poor man is as good as the rich. The Ainus bury their dead far away in the mountains and do their utmost to forget about them as soon as possible, especially if the dead person happens to be an old woman. Like many other races, the Ainus fear old women because they believe they have the power of

bewitching people. For this reason they burn the house of an old woman when she dies, so that her ghost cannot return to its old home.

Except upon the occasion of a funeral or the sacrifice of a bear, Ainus do not believe in washing themselves or anything else. The index finger is called, in Ainu language: "Itangi kem ashikipet." (The finger for licking the cup.) Before using a cup which has been used before, they wipe it out with the index finger, which they then lick. There are never any dishes to be washed in an Ainu household.

When we entered the Ainu village, we were greeted by an old man who carried at his side a long two-handed sword and approached us stroking his beard. He was followed by a very masculine-looking woman with a bright blue moustache, who greeted us by drawing her hand across her nose as if she were wiping it, and uttering a sound like "whoop!" Soon we were surrounded by men, women and children plus a few snarling dogs. As one of the men could speak Japanese, Yagi had no difficulty in explaining our errand and obtaining their consent to being photographed. They were all extremely dignified and self-conscious before the camera.

When we entered their houses we noticed that they contained quite a large number of round lacquered boxes, piled one on top of the other. These were said to contain their family heirlooms, but I failed completely to discover what these heirlooms could be.

One of the women was amusing herself by playing upon a jew's-harp. She consented to sell me the harp, and when I examined it I found that it was exactly the same as the jew's-harps used in the Malay Peninsula by the most primitive people. The instrument was made entirely of bamboo and vibrated by jerking a string.

The interiors of the houses were full of smoke, very dirty and almost dark. Just the opposite of Japanese houses.

While walking around the village, I distinctly felt an earth tremor, which reminded me vividly that we were close to a volcano. In fact, we spent the night at a place called Noboribetsu, built on the very edge of an enormous crater, four hundred feet deep and over a mile in circumference.

Streams of boiling water were running down the mountain-side, and the whole region was bubbling with hot springs which have been diverted into the excellent hotels that have made Noboribetsu a famous spa. The public bathroom in our hotel at Noboribetsu would probably put to shame the most elaborate baths of the Romans. Circular in shape and covered by a beautiful glass roof, the room, which must have been seventy or eighty feet wide, was made of different coloured marbles and surrounded by marble columns. In the centre was a large circular pool surrounded by about six smaller circular pools, each containing water of different temperatures, colours and smells, according to the chemicals they contained. From the side of the room, spouting from gargoyles, were jets of water. Some were unbearably hot, others icy cold.

At least thirty people were taking baths when I entered, stark naked, carrying in my hand a towel no bigger than an ordinary face cloth and trying to appear completely nonchalant. Several married couples were sitting on their little stools soaping themselves, while others were standing beneath the gargoyles enjoying the splashing water which fell on them from a height of about twenty feet. On account of the colour of their bodies, Japanese do not show their reaction either to hot or cold water, but as for me, I entered the bathroom as white as a lily and left it as red as a lobster.

Among the bathers was an American missionary who had become quite blasé with regard to human nakedness, but he told me that when he first arrived in Japan and discovered that everyone in the house where he was lodging took baths together, he used to sneak into the wash-room with a sponge and snatch "a lick and a promise" bath in privacy. One day his host took him to one side and said : " Young man, everyone is talking about you. You haven't had a bath for over a week."

" But in America men do not take baths with women," explained the missionary in confusion.

" Oh ! is that the reason ? " exclaimed the Japanese. " Of course we Japanese don't think much of women either, but we don't mind bathing with them."

CHAPTER 3

DIVING BIRDS AND DIVING GIRLS

ONE of the most interesting sights in Japan is the cormorant fishing at Gifu, a town situated on the banks of the Nagara River, about two hundred and fifty miles from Tokyo. Although the city's main industry is the manufacture of paper lanterns and umbrellas, it has become world famous on account of the method adopted by the local fishermen for catching a special kind of fish known as *ayu*. We arrived at Gifu at luncheon time and were served *ayu*, which appear to be a species of smelt about five inches in length. The fact that the fish had already been swallowed once by the bird that caught it only seemed to add to its delicious flavour.

A cormorant is a sea bird, not quite so large as a goose, with glossy black feathers and a rather snake-like neck. It is widely distributed throughout the world and lives by diving for fish. It is so easy to tame and train that for centuries it has been used for fishing by various races, including the English. In olden days the Master of the Cormorants was an important officer of the English Royal household, but here, since the invention of the trawler, the practice of cormorant fishing has died out.

In Japan the Master of Cormorants is still an officer in the household of the Emperor. The royal fishermen at Gifu still wear their medieval fishing togs and maintain all the ceremonial customs which have been handed

down to them through many generations. Any night between May 11th and October 15th, provided there is no brilliant moonlight, the long boats of the cormorant fishermen can be seen gliding swiftly down the Nagara River. Standing in the bow of each boat is the master fisherman, who holds in his hands twelve fishing lines to the end of each of which is attached a cormorant. Beside the master stands the fireman, whose job is to keep a fire burning brightly in a metal basket which hangs over and ahead of the boat, thus not only attracting the fish, but illuminating the water in which the cormorants are working. Amidships is an assistant fisherman who handles four more cormorants. In the stern is the steersman.

Every morning the birds are placed in baskets and transported upstream so that when night falls the boats can drift downstream while the birds swim ahead diving, gorging themselves on fish, being hauled out by the master, who forces them to disgorge their catch, and then being thrown back into the river to gorge themselves once more. The secret of keeping the cormorants busy is to make sure they are always hungry. This is accomplished by tying a string around the bird's neck, not tight enough to prevent it from swallowing small fish, but too tight to allow any fish worth catching to slip down into its stomach. The bird instinctively catches the largest fish it can, and only occasionally is a small one swallowed.

The job of the master fisherman is by no means an easy one, for he not only has to prevent the birds from becoming entangled in their lines, but he must know the moment a cormorant is loaded with fish and haul it out before it drowns. The birds often load themselves with so many fish that only their heads are visible above water. An ordinary catch for one cormorant is one

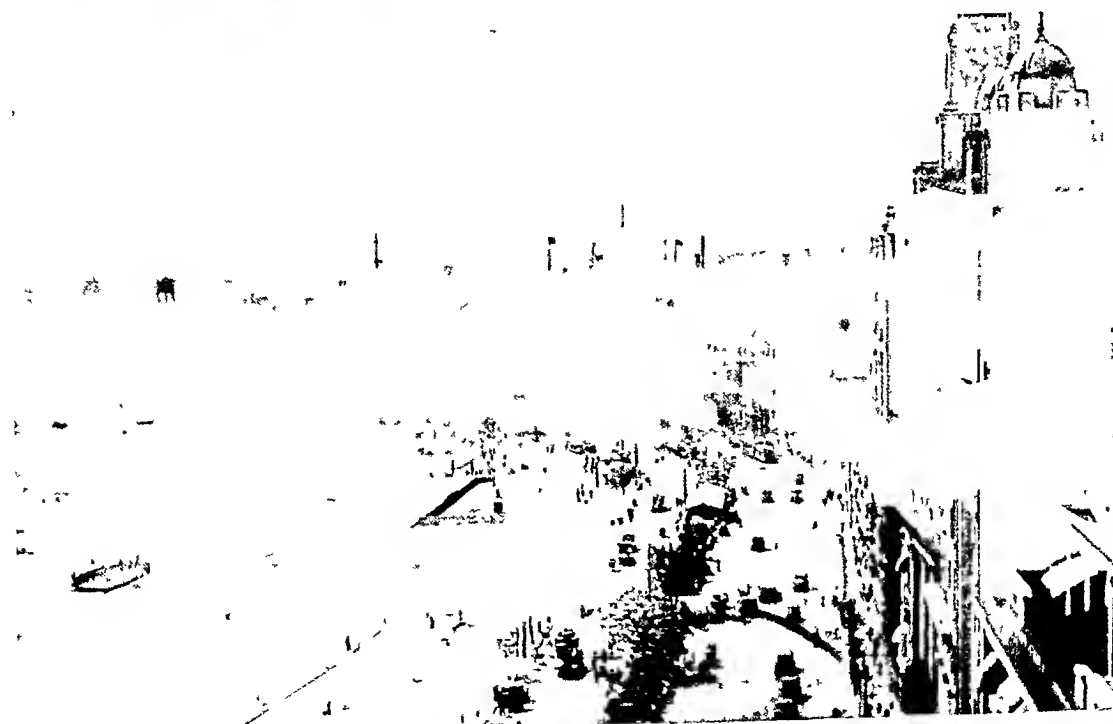


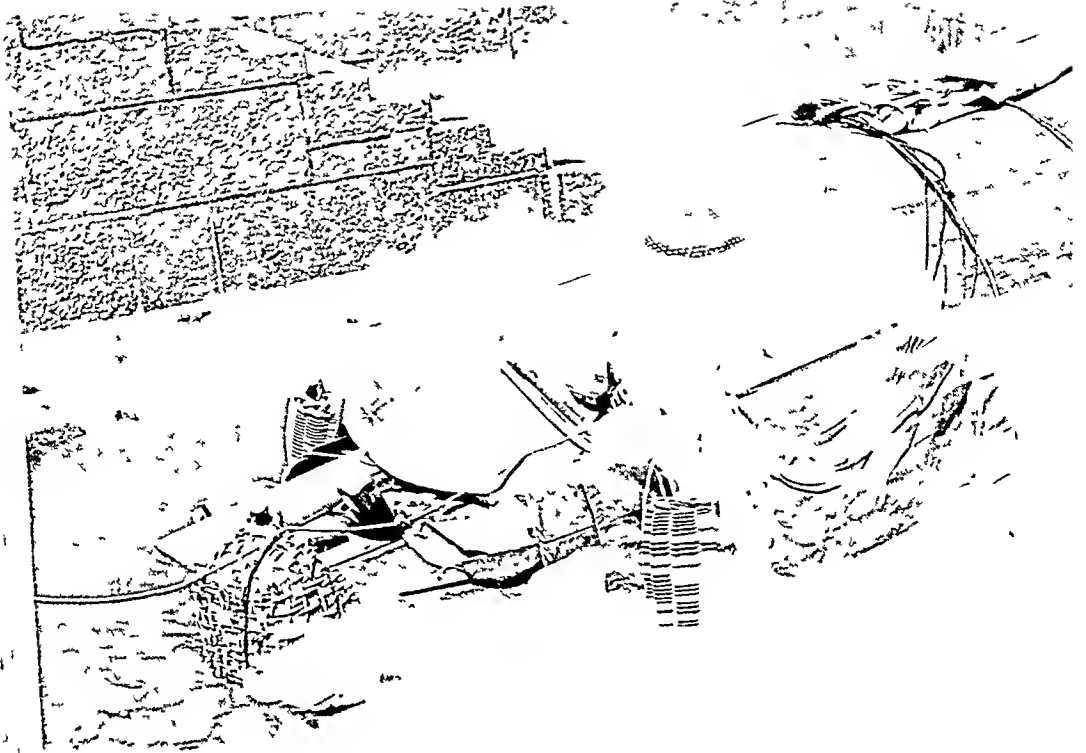
Shanghai looks like Chicago from a distance.



Chinese girls work as hard at glamour as their Western sisters.

The Shanghai Bund at Nanking Road is far too busy to bother about preserving its old China atmosphere.





Millions of Chinese have no choice but to spend their entire lives on boats like these
 But living on a boat does not deter them from raising chickens and other animals usually
 associated with the land



hundred and fifty fish an hour and, as the downstream drift usually lasts three hours, with sixteen cormorants fishing, the boats generally arrive at Gifu with a full load.

The evening we reached Gifu we rented a boat and joined hundreds of others which had been hired by sightseers and were lined along the route down which the fishing boats would drift. Every boat was decorated with coloured paper lanterns and many of them carried musicians and gaily-dressed geishas. Vendors of fireworks went from boat to boat, selling coloured fires and Roman candles ; when the fishing boats arrived they travelled down an avenue of coloured lights.

In order to secure motion pictures of this method of fishing, I had to call upon the chief of the master fishermen and arrange to do some fishing by day. He introduced me to his chief cormorant, "Ichi," a wise old bird, privileged to sit in the bow of the boat. *Ichi* is Japanese for the number 1 ; *ni* is 2 ; *san* is 3 ; and so on, a different number being used for each of the sixteen birds. Each bird knows its name and its place in the boat, and woe betide any young cormorant that dares to forget its place ! The result is the most violent squawking and complaining. *Ichi* sat in the bow, while the other birds sat alternately left and right, along both sides of the boat. When it was time to start fishing, it was *Ichi's* privilege to be placed in the water last and to be taken out first. *Ichi* was also the first bird to be fed and the last to be put to bed in the baskets in which the cormorants live when not working.

Before the fishing commenced the master fisherman very gently sharpened the beak of each bird with a knife. He then tied a string around its neck and placed a sort of harness under its wings so that when lifting it out of the water, heavy with fish, its weight was carried

on its wings and not on its throat. Every detail was carefully thought out. The birds seemed to understand exactly what was expected of them and made no attempt to dive off the boat of their own accord.

When all was ready, including the fire, which was useless in broad daylight, the boat started down the river with the cormorants lined up and ready for work. One by one the master fisherman lowered them into the river, where they immediately started diving and swimming under water in the same direction the boat was moving, so that when they finally emerged with a fish they were in their proper places about six feet ahead of the boat. In spite of the daylight, the birds caught a considerable number of fish, which they were forced to surrender by the master, who gently squeezed their throats.

The following day we travelled to Toba, a small town on the sea only a few miles south of Gifu, where hundreds of Japanese girls earn their living by diving for oysters. Each oyster is destined to be opened with great care and have placed in its liver a tiny piece of flesh cut from the fringe of another oyster. The oysters are then placed in baskets and suspended in the sea from wooden frames. There they remain for at least seven years, recovering from the operation on their livers and protecting themselves from irritation by covering the tiny bit of foreign matter with nacre, thus making a pearl. The size of this pearl can be regulated to some degree by the time the oyster is left in its basket prison. There is no way of controlling the shape, but the colour of the pearls is affected by the colour of the water in which the oysters live. This process of creating a real pearl by deliberate design was the invention of Mr. Kokichi Mikimoto, who to-day ranks among the topmost inventors of Japan.

Jewellers like to belittle the so-called "cultured"

pearl and pretend that it is imitation, but, as a matter of fact, the only difference between a cultured pearl and one found by accident in a wandering oyster, is the difference between an accidental and a planned baby. Mikimoto's invention threw the jewellery business into a panic, especially when he succeeded in selling a string of his cultured pearls to one of the leading dealers in London for a fabulous sum of real money. There was no wish to defraud the jeweller, merely a desire to prove that even the most famous jewellers can be deceived when they try to distinguish between these planned and accidental babies. Having sold the necklace to the jeweller, Mikimoto informed him that he had produced the pearls by forcing some oysters to work for him. The jeweller sued Mikimoto for fraud, but lost his case when the English courts decided there was no difference between a pearl which an oyster had chosen to make for itself and a pearl which the oyster had made for someone else. The full account of this famous lawsuit is posted in Mikimoto's museum at Toba.

But those who possess a string of so-called cultured pearls must not jump to the conclusion that they necessarily possess a string of real pearls. I myself bought such a string for Zetta in New York. I paid sixty dollars. One of the first things I did when I arrived at Toba was to ask one of Mikimoto's jewellers to test the string. With a sharp knife he scraped off the pearly surface and exposed a glass bead underneath. Then, turning to one of the Japanese diving girls, he asked her to bring a basket of oysters. We were asked to choose six. The shells were opened and the oysters cut open. Shining more brightly than it does when worn dry was a pearl, embedded in the flesh of each oyster. The pearls were of different sizes and colours, but beautifully round and not misshapen.

The sight of dozens of girls seated before large trays of these lovely pearls was one of the most thrilling imaginable. Some idea of the number of pearls produced by Mikimoto can be had when it is known that, after the first fifty years of production, he held a grand religious service for the repose of the souls of 150,000,000 pearl oysters which had been sacrificed on the altar of beauty.

The most extraordinary exhibit of pearls in the United States is in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, where a replica of George Washington's home at Mount Vernon, composed entirely of cultured pearls and mother-of-pearl, is on display.

One of the most interesting towns in Japan is Kyoto, the ancient capital and centre of her civilization for over a thousand years, although the things that interested me were not those I was supposed to be interested in. With the exception of Nikko, which I shall always remember, both for its natural beauty and the exquisite workmanship of the dazzling shrine, the hundreds of other Japanese shrines, temples and palaces made me tired. This was especially true of Kyoto, where I was enticed into the Imperial Palace and shown innumerable huge buildings, all of which were bare and made me think of red-painted Swedish barns. Perhaps I was not in a receptive mood, because I had been obliged to walk miles over loose gravel in the blazing sun. The main difference between Japanese palaces and those of European potentates is that the former are empty and devoid of furniture while the latter are cluttered up with the collections of centuries. Both make me tired.

If only you can escape from the local Japanese authorities and go exploring on your own account, you will find in Kyoto all kinds of fascinating things, from gold-fish farms to cloisonné factories.

The first goldfish is said to have been imported from China in 1520 when it was merely an olive coloured fish with scales that showed a bronze hue. By persistent breeding and inbreeding, the Japanese have produced an amazing variety of fish, some of which are valued at hundreds of dollars apiece. The most remarkable goldfish in the aquariums of America cannot compare with the extraordinary specimens I saw in the backyard of a goldfish fancier in Kyoto. The yard was about the size of a tennis court and divided into rectangular tanks about three feet square and quite shallow. The tanks could be sheltered from the hot sun by means of cloth shades. Some of them contained about twenty fish, all alike. Others contained only one fish. In none were the fish of mixed varieties. The most valuable fish scarcely resembled fish, but looked more like bright coloured flowers that wobbled about when disturbed.

One of the most difficult things to see in Japan is the interior of an ordinary house. Even though a traveller may have Japanese friends, he finds that, instead of being invited into his friend's home, he is entertained at a restaurant. It is unusual to meet the wife and family of a Japanese. This is probably because Japanese women are kept in the background by their husbands.

The tendency in Japan to-day is for those who can afford it to divide their houses into two distinct sections, the one Japanese and the other Western. In the former, the rooms are practically devoid of furniture and the floors covered with matting; in the latter, there are carpets on the floors and the rooms are furnished as if an interior decorator had deliberately chosen the most dreadful examples of Grand Rapids furniture possible to find.

I was invited to see such a house in Kyoto. It belonged to a Japanese nobleman who was spending the

summer in the Japanese Alps. (Incidentally, title-loving people may be interested to know that Japan has five ranks of nobility—Prince, Marquis, Count, Viscount and Baron. At present Japan has nineteen Princes, forty-six Marquises, one hundred and thirteen Counts, three hundred and ninety-seven Viscounts, and four hundred and forty-three Barons.)

When I entered the house I was received by two maids dressed in kimonos which were exactly alike and were probably a kind of uniform. They bowed me into the Western section, which had the feeling of being brand new and rarely used. It was hot and stuffy, an example of how not to live. Through the glass windows I could see a lovely garden, but, even when I opened the french windows, the room remained apart and quite distinct from the garden without.

On entering the Japanese section, which looked on to the same garden, the effect was entirely different. Instead of opening windows, the maid slid the whole side of the room away, so that it vanished into a recess. The grass lawn came up to the floor level and the room appeared to be a part of the garden.

To be able to walk from one's dining-room on to a lawn or even to step on a rock and watch hundreds of bright coloured carp swim past is delightful. But the garden is a most important part of every Japanese home, whether it is the elaborate garden of a nobleman, with manicured trees and lacquered bridges, or the tiny back-yard of the most humble labourer. Japanese back-yards are never full of rubbish, as they so often are in Western countries. They are invariably filled with flowers and trees. Frequently, even the trees are growing in pots, for when there is not room for a full-size tree, a dwarfed one takes its place.

Screens are not used in Japan because they are not

necessary. House flies breed only in exposed filth. Japan learned that years before our sanitary engineers got rid of the flies in Panamá by collecting and covering all garbage and manure.

I was informed that the owner of the house I visited was many times a millionaire, but he did not possess a yacht or even an automobile. The vulgar display of wealth is frowned upon by the Japanese, but that does not mean that they hoard their wealth in banks and bonds. Instead of spending a fortune in furnishing a room with priceless rugs, old masters and Louis Quatorze furniture, the Japanese buys a matchless piece of jade or perhaps a lovely vase. Most of the year, his treasure is hidden, but on special occasions he invites a few of his friends, whose artistic appreciation deserves it, and together they sit for hours looking at the treasure and discussing its merits.

If only the Japanese would confine themselves to making pearls, gardening and raising goldfish, the prospects of peace in the world would be enormously enhanced. But, unfortunately, the Japanese are not only able to copy nature and produce a pearl, but they seem to be able to copy everything else with equal success. Wherever I went in Japan, I found American products copied so accurately it would have been impossible to detect them, had it not been that the sale of such foreign products was forbidden. Camera shops were filled with Kodaks, Contax cameras, Leicas, and the innumerable accessories of photography, all "Made in Japan." Department stores were filled with the things such stores carry in America, plus everything Japanese. Sporting goods stores might have been identical with Abercrombie and Fitch in New York, yet everything was "Made in Japan."

Just as the cultured pearl has ruined the market for

the pearl, so do the rest of Japan's exports gradually destroy the trade of other countries whose populations are not able to subsist on rice, fish and seaweed.

Now that Japan has copied the British navy, the German army and the American aeroplane, and in all probability improved upon them, she may very quickly rule Asia. The Rising Tide of Colour that Lothrop Stoddard wrote about is rapidly becoming a reality. The military party of Japan firmly believes that Japan is destined to rule the world, not merely Asia.

They believe that it is the will of God that Japanese culture should be imposed on all races. Japan is the Germany of Asia and unless America awakens to this fact at once and challenges Japan's march, she may just as well start teaching her girls to wear kimonos, squat on their feet and regard housekeeping and raising babies as the supreme goal of their ambitions.

We had an instructive experience in Kyoto when we were given cholera injections before leaving for Manchukuo. Not wishing to have our sight-seeing spoilt by the possible unpleasant effects of the injection, we had postponed it until the day before we were due to proceed to Korea. That day we telephoned a hospital and enquired if they could perform the operation as quickly as possible, as we were in a hurry to catch a train. When we arrived at the hospital a nurse was waiting for us at the door. After removing our shoes, we followed her into a spotless room where two nurses stood in line with two doctors. The first nurse cleaned our arms with alcohol. The second held a tray containing the hypodermic needles (one for me, one for Zetta). The first doctor injected the serum and the second doctor wiped the spot and placed some gauze upon it. The whole operation, including reception and getting out of the

hospital, did not take more than five minutes. We were interested to observe that the doctors were father and son. Both were graduates of the University of Pennsylvania and spoke perfect English. They were both six feet tall. Instead of charging us five dollars apiece, which had been the cost of vaccination in America, the bill was five yen, or about \$1.50.

The journey from Kyoto along the shores of the Inland Sea to the port of Simonoseki was unforgettable, not only because of the exquisite scenery, but because of the gradual accumulation of different types of passengers on their way to the promised land of Manchukuo. At every station at least one soldier boarded the train. Sometimes he was an officer, sometimes an ordinary private, but invariably he was seen off by a band of patriotic women with flags and banners. The most interesting passengers were emigrants with their families and all their possessions, on their way to a new home in Manchukuo. To the average Japanese, Manchukuo represents what Canada does to the British. It is a new land of opportunity, twice the size of Germany before the second World War. Some of the Japanese told me that the day would come when the Japanese Islands would be used solely as a great national park for rest and recreation; that the bulk of the population of Japan would gradually emigrate to the mainland of Asia, and that the present exodus to Manchukuo was the beginning of this movement.

Simonoseki, whence large steamers leave twice daily for Husan at the tip of the Korean peninsula, is one of the most historic towns in Japan, especially from the point of view of Westerners. In 1863 the Daimyo of Choshu decided to lead the way in the expulsion of foreigners from Japan by firing upon the ships of all nations that passed by Simonoseki. Both British and

American warships were sent to fight the Japanese, but the two nations somehow would not at first co-operate, with the result that their forces were defeated, one by one. It was only when the combined fleets of Britain, America, France and Holland attacked the place, landed troops and seized the shore batteries that the Japanese were brought to terms. An indemnity of \$3,000,000 was demanded and agreed to, but twenty years later, in 1883, the United States waived her share, which amounted to \$785,000. This was probably the origin of what is now called "appeasement," but, to judge from Japan's actions in China and her proposed invasion of the Dutch East Indies, regardless of the warning of the United States, she regards such policy only as a sign of weakness.

It was Sunday night, August 20th, when we left Japan for Korea, or Tyosen as that country is called to-day. It was extremely hot, but our cabin was air-conditioned and beside our berth was a thermos jug (made in Japan), containing iced water.

One of the first people we met on board was a Roman Catholic priest on his way to Peking. He told us that he had been in North China for many years, but that until the Japanese took control it was not safe to go into the countryside for a picnic.

Whether he was genuinely pro-Japanese or merely playing on the safe side I cannot say, but he was not the only Roman Catholic priest who had nothing but praise for the Japanese. The Methodist missionaries whom I had met on the boat coming out from America were all on their way to South China, and I never met people more violent in their denunciation of the Japanese than they.

It will be a surprise to some people to learn that in the island of Hokkaido, not far from Hakodate, there

are two large Trappist monasteries, one for men and the other for women. I visited the one for women and spent two hours in conversation with the young French priest who was the only man on the premises. He told me that there were seventy nuns, most of whom had taken the veil and were cloistered for life. Among them were several well-known Japanese. Although he had lived in the monastery for two years, he had never seen any of the nuns. But he received their confessions and administered the sacrament daily. He showed me how this was accomplished by means of revolving trap-doors and screens through which it was possible to hear but not see.

At his invitation I waited behind a screen in order to be an unseen member of the congregation at matins. I could hear the soft shuffling of the women's feet as they passed into the chapel. Then I heard them chanting Gregorian chants in a minor key, and was thrilled to notice that the chants they used were exactly the same ones that I myself had sung as a choir boy, the only difference being that I had sung in English while they used Latin.

I turned to the priest and whispered: "Do you mean to say that you have been here two years and never seen one of those nuns?" "Not only have I never seen them," he replied solemnly, "but no one else has ever seen them; not even their closest relatives, who occasionally visit them on some urgent matter. For all practical purposes these women have already left our earth."

(This priest showed no anxiety concerning the future of the monastery.)

Our passage from Simonoseki to Husan was uneventful and, after a cool night's sleep in our air-conditioned stateroom, we were on deck by four-thirty in the morning to watch our arrival in Korea.

The name of Korea is no longer mentioned in Japan, nor is that of Korea's famous capital, Seoul. I was so accustomed to these names since learning them at Sunday school that I found it confusing to talk about Tyosen and Keizyo, which are the new names for Korea and Seoul.

The Japanese have not only changed most of the place names in Korea, but they have changed many of the most famous names in Japan. Presumably this is to keep in line with similar changes in the names of famous places in Europe, but to me Japan's celebrated volcano will always be Fujiyama, never Mt. Huzi, as it is universally called to-day by the Japanese. But there is one place name that the Japanese have changed that gave me considerable pleasure, that of the most famous city in China, which is now given its old familiar name of Peking instead of Peiping.

Our steamer arrived at six o'clock, but for two hours we waited in a long queue with two thousand other people to have our railroad tickets and other papers examined before boarding a first-class train for Manchukuo. On entering the observation car I at once noticed other Westerners, including several swaggering swastika-beribboned Nazis. It gave me an uncanny feeling when I saw that their baggage was labelled all the way to Moscow, and realized that this train would eventually join the Trans-Siberian railway.

Never have I experienced such a feeling of horror and dread lest I should be unavoidably carried beyond my destination and land once more in the Soviet paradise. On other trains or steamers I have often thought what fun it would be not to leave with other visitors, but to be carried forward on some unexpected adventure. Not so on this train, which was headed straight towards the most horrible country it has ever been my fate to visit.

Knowing what was in store for him, I gave a few helpful hints to a young priest who was on his way to France via Russia. I have often wondered what became of him and how much weight he lost on the long journey from lack of food and blood-sucking bed-bugs.

As the train made its way northwards, the difference between the scenery of Korea and Japan became conspicuous. Whole mountain-sides were neatly planted with millions of small trees. They looked as if they had been worked on by innumerable C.C.C. boys, so neatly were the trees and roads maintained. The same mountains were once clothed with magnificent forests, but, according to my Japanese informants, the Koreans gradually cut them down and burnt them for fuel without replacing them with young trees. For hundreds of miles we saw this tremendous work of reafforestation and road building which is still being carried out by the Japanese.

Korean farmhouses look like large mushrooms and are quite unlike those of Japan. Look-out houses perched on tall piles are built in the fields. The Koreans spend the day in them watching for thieves and birds. Roof-tops, at the time I was there, were covered with melon vines heavily laden with golden fruit. The Koreans bear not the slightest resemblance to the Japanese, either in face or clothing. The men wear voluminous white clothing that never seems to get soiled, while perched upon the top of their heads are diminutive black top hats, kept in place by an elastic band under the chin. Korean shoes have no heels and the toes turn up. The Korean women, also, bear no resemblance to the Japanese. Instead of kimonos, they wear blouses, and under their long full skirts they wear long white trousers.

The further north we travelled, the gayer became the

Nazis as they polished off bottle after bottle of Sapporo beer. Everything was grand. They even toasted the Japanese officers who sat rather stiffly in their top boots and spurs, but returned the toast with great politeness.

If only those Germans had had the slightest idea of what was in store for them, within twelve hours, they would have scuttled out of Japan so fast that they could not have been seen for dust. To-day they were heiling Hitler and cursing the Communists, which, of course, greatly pleased their Japanese friends. But to-morrow, although these wretched Nazis didn't know it, the two greatest murderers in history were going to shake hands and do their utmost to make the world unsafe for Democracy.

CHAPTER 4

WHERE HORSES WEAR DIAPERS

WE arrived at Keizyo (Seoul) in time for luncheon at the Tyosen Hotel, which surprised us by being thoroughly modern, with excellent service. Some of our South China missionary friends had told us we would find Korea a sad place, that the Japanese had suppressed the people to such an extent that they were not even allowed to speak their own language. We were not long enough in Korea to discover how true this assertion might be, but, outwardly, Keizyo is a splendid modern city with a population of 700,000. Many of the landmarks that were doubtless familiar to old-time American missionaries have been cleared away. For instance, the city wall, which was nine miles long and twenty-one feet high, has been removed, except for three of the four original gateways. One of these remarkable gateways is the first thing a traveller sees as he emerges from the Keizyo station.

After luncheon we were approached by a middle-aged Korean in full costume, including top hat. Handing us his card, he offered to show us the city. He spoke English well, but closed up like an oyster every time I tried to draw from him an expression of what he felt with regard to the Japanese occupation of his native land. In order to close the subject he remarked gloomily: "The last time I answered that question for an American traveller I got three weeks in jail!"

When he proposed to show me a Shinto shrine, I

explained that I wanted to see something unusual. At that moment we were passing a large drug store, in the window of which was a display of curiously shaped roots.

"How about that?" he asked. "If you want to see something unusual, take a look at that."

Lying on a dish were a few small reddish roots about four inches in length, labelled in Chinese characters.

"That label says that those little roots are worth over a thousand yen for one ounce."

"Do you mean about three hundred American dollars?" I asked.

"Yes, and some kinds are worth much more than that. Did you ever hear of ginseng?"

So this was ginseng, the most famous drug of Chinese pharmacopœia.

Over a million dollars' worth of ginseng is exported from Korea annually. Here it not only grows wild, but is extensively cultivated. However, the cultivated variety does not fetch the enormous prices paid for the wild root, especially if the root happens to be forked and resemble a man's legs. A large proportion of Korean ginseng goes to the United States where it finds a ready sale among the Chinese, who firmly believe in its supernatural properties.

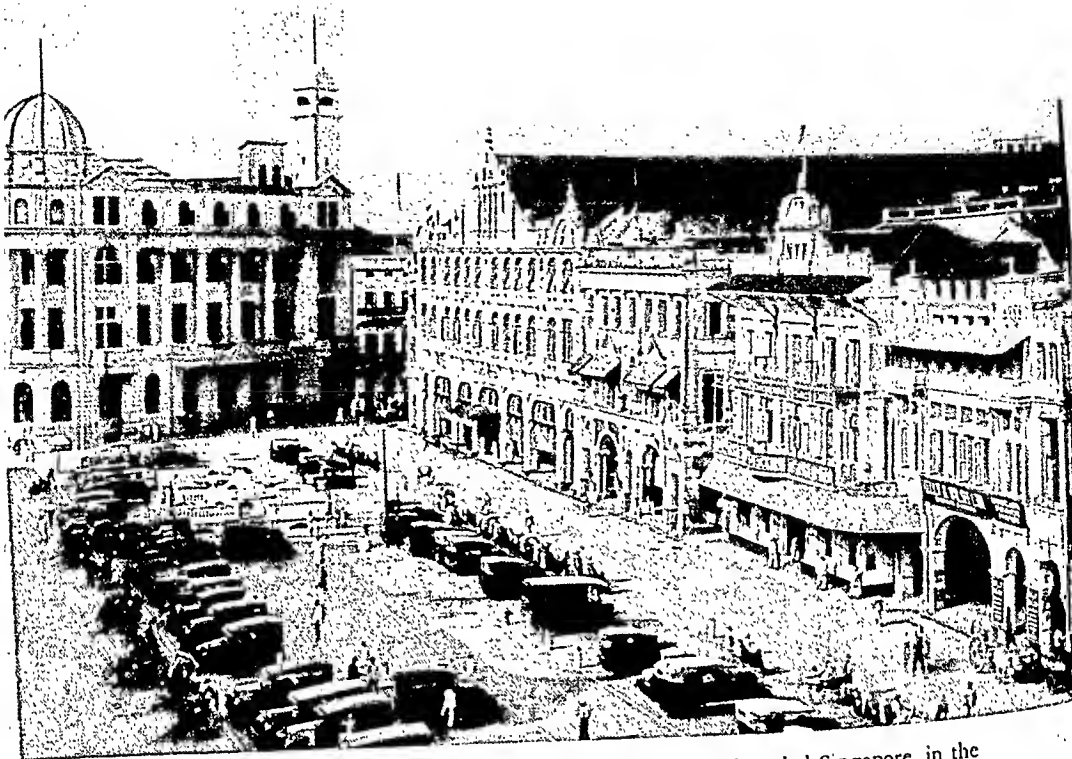
Ginseng is supposed to be a "cure-all." No illness can withstand a few doses of this strange drug, not even love-sickness. But its greatest value, according to the Chinese, is as an aphrodisiac. To have ready access to a supply of ginseng is as good as a drink from Ponce De Leon's Fountain of Youth, although it is improbable that either is any better for regaining one's lost youth than a diet of oysters washed down by plenty of Guinness's stout. According to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "the action of ginseng appears to be entirely psychic.

Children learn to carry life's burdens
early in China.



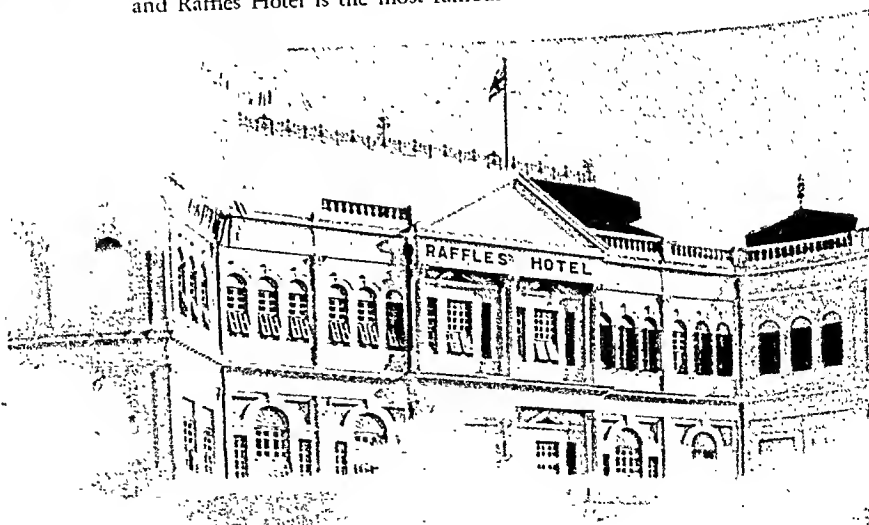
The fortune-teller's wise little bird selects
a printed fortune—and somebody's life
is changed.





Raffles Place, named after Sir Stamford Raffles who founded Singapore, in the shopping centre of the city.

and Raffles Hotel is the most famous in the Far East.



There is no evidence that it possesses any pharmacological or therapeutic properties." Nevertheless, the demand for ginseng is so great that not only is the Korean and Manchurian variety imported in large quantities into the United States, but American grown ginseng is also exported to China.

Our Korean guide seemed quite relieved that we did not desire to see shrines. The next place to which he took us was a public park, where he pointed out, coming towards us, three of the largest men I have ever seen. They were dressed in black kimonos, carried fans, and were obviously Japanese. They turned out to be three famous Japanese wrestlers who were giving exhibitions in a local theatre. When we walked up to them and said, in Japanese, "*Konnichi Wa*" (Good afternoon), and pointed to our cameras, they smiled and posed.

One of them was a good deal taller than the Italian prize-fighter, Primo Carnera, and much heavier, but all three were gigantic specimens of mankind and good examples of what the Japanese can accomplish by means of diet. I was informed that these enormous men are made so by scientific feeding. That is to say, the Japanese do not select any large man they find and train him to be a wrestler, they raise large men and then train them to wrestle. Whether the system could be applied to great numbers of men I cannot say, but, for the sake of the rest of the world, I sincerely hope not.

Our guide next took us to a large girls' school run by an American lady who has since retired and left Korea. She informed us that only Japanese could be spoken in her school. The Korean children were not even allowed to speak their own language in the playground. In this Japan is merely following the example of Russia and Germany. She is educating the young Koreans to be "patriotic" Japanese citizens, in the same way that

Russia educated her children to be atheistic Communists and Germany educated hers to be Nazis.

America should take a hint from the dictator countries and devote more attention to the education of her young, so that they will grow up to be patriotic religious Americans instead of dissatisfied boys and girls in the early stages of *dementia præcox*.

I hated what I saw in Russia ; I feared what I saw in Germany ; I was inclined to ridicule what I saw in Italy ; I felt a combination of wonderment, admiration and dread of what I saw in Japan.

The next day we took the train for Manchukuo. Our destination was Mukden, the ancestral capital of the Manchu dynasty, which ruled China from 1644 to 1911. It was in 1644 that the Manchus supplanted the Mings on the Imperial throne and transferred the capital to Peking. Mukden was once a Russian stronghold, but was captured by the Japanese in 1905. It is now one of the most rapidly growing cities in the world, with a population of 800,000, and increasing at a rate of 7000 per month.

Soon after the train left Keizyo, I noticed Yagi reading a Japanese newspaper with a worried look on his face. Japanese do not turn pale as we do when we are severely shocked ; they turn a kind of sickly green. Yagi was shocked, and I asked him what was the matter.

"Germany has concluded a non-aggression pact with Soviet Russia," he announced. "What does this mean? They signed the anti-Comintern pact with Japan." He rushed away to the dining car, either to get a bottle of beer to sustain himself or to give the amazing news to the Japanese military officers who might not have heard it. The Nazis were not on board the train, but we heard later that they had been arrested and their swastika arm bands ripped off and flung in the street.

At the next station newsboys rushed through the train selling papers that announced in bold headlines that Germany had betrayed Japan. I asked Yagi to translate several such headlines. The word traitor was freely used. We ourselves were as shocked as Yagi, because we had sincerely believed that Hitler and Germany were the only bulwark against Communism in Europe, just as we believed Japan to be a similar bulwark in Asia.

It was obvious that the Japanese considered Germany had double-crossed them by making friends with Japan's powerful enemy, Soviet Russia. Had it not been for the unfortunate fact that England herself had been flirting with Russia, there might have been a renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, with the result that Japan's New Order in Asia might have been postponed for at least another generation. But the Japanese to whom I talked seemed to regard this treachery on the part of Germany as only part of a general move by all the Western nations to isolate Japan. Anti-British demonstrations continued with greater activity than ever and the Japanese people were called upon to make even greater sacrifices.

"The best way to kill Chiang Kai-shek is to kill the British," was printed on huge banners strung across the streets of Mukden when we reached that city the next morning.

One of the first things I noticed was the number of horse-drawn vehicles in the streets. Automobiles were few and far between, but wagons, carts, and rickshas, and Russian droshkies were there in abundance. What was unusual about those horses I could not at first determine. They seemed to have a peculiar gait, besides making an unusual rattling noise as they passed by, as if someone had tied tin cans to them. As a matter

of fact, this is precisely what the Japanese health authorities had done. These Manchurian horses were wearing tin diapers.

To the Japanese, accustomed to the spotlessness of Japan, the filth of Manchukuo when they took it over from the Russians was almost unbearable. Worse than anything else were the swarms of flies that covered the food exposed in the markets. To clean up the dirt of ages cannot be accomplished in a moment, but it only took that for the Japanese to pass a law making it a serious offence to allow filth to fall in the street. The street signs in New York, "Clean your sidewalk, Curb your dog," are mild compared with the sanitary laws enforced in Mukden.

Every horse must wear a well-fitting diaper, which drivers must empty at regular intervals into specially constructed receptacles provided for the purpose. All Chinese dwellings are subject to a strict sanitary inspection twice a month, and woe betide the careless housewife who throws her garbage into the street or yard. Japanese dwellings are given a similar inspection twice a year.

Public parks are open free of charge to all except loafers, who must pay admission. Coolies may enter free provided they take a bath when they get into the park. Although progress is slow, Mukden is gradually cleaning herself up and already deserves a less appropriate name.

The Old Town is still surrounded by a wall about thirty feet high and fifteen feet thick. Outside the wall the town is spreading rapidly, but in a very orderly manner, being blocked out after the American fashion. In most towns the erection of a new factory is an event in itself, but in Mukden, not one or two, but dozens of new factories have been built and more are springing up

like mushrooms. In 1931 Mukden had only three factories. In 1939 she had one hundred and two. All of them seemed to have smoke-stacks and so far there seems no law to prevent them all belching forth black smoke simultaneously.

Crowds of Mongol immigrants laden with strange bundles and animal skins were wandering through the streets, looking about them in a frightened manner. We saw several long freight trains unloading thousands of Chinese immigrants, among them dozens of elderly women with tiny bound feet, wobbling painfully along with their family and possessions around them. The Japanese at that time were offering free transportation to Manchukuo for all Chinese immigrants and the trains were crowded.

Mukden was the first place where I saw evidence of the great tragedy that was being enacted in neighbouring China. Fear and suffering were stamped on the faces of the Chinese. Many of them looked like hunted animals. Although some may have wished to emigrate to Manchukuo, the majority had been driven out of China by flood, famine or war.

There was an epidemic of typhoid fever as well as talk of cholera, and something urged me to hurry on towards Malaya. We boarded the Peking Express that night. The train was as elaborately equipped as the finest in the United States. The observation car was almost completely constructed of plate glass and was, of course, air-conditioned. But for some reason the air-conditioning did not work and the air was hotter than it would have been had we been able to open the windows. Sleep was almost impossible, so I raised the shade in my berth and was rewarded by seeing the Great Wall of China as the train passed through.

In the morning I was astonished to find the country-

side covered with neatly made earth mounds. Usually there would be one or two large mounds, about six or eight feet high, surrounded by half a dozen smaller ones. They all appeared to have smooth surfaces and some had round knobs on the top as decoration. Had I seen only an occasional group of such mounds, I would have decided that they were cemeteries, but when I watched them pass the train window for hours and stretch far away to the horizon, I came to the conclusion that they must be something else. There was no one I could ask until an English-speaking Chinese entered the carriage and greeted me by saying: "Good morning." To my amazement, I learned from him that the mounds were Chinese graves. It is no exaggeration to say that China is one huge cemetery, as the result of the habit of the Chinese peasant of burying his dead under a mound of earth on his own farm. It is estimated that about 5 per cent of the arable land of China is occupied by these graves.

As we approached Tientsin, the countryside became more and more flooded, and presently the train was travelling at snail's pace along a flooded embankment in an enormous sea of filthy yellow water. In all directions, as far as the horizon, something far stranger than water and occasional roof-tops could be seen. Floating about in all directions, some level, others capsized, were hundreds and hundreds of coffins. A stiff breeze was blowing so that on one side of the railroad embankment the coffins were piling up, while others rushed under the bridges with the swirling waters on their way to the open sea.

For some time there was no sign of life, but gradually, as the ground became more undulating, the tracks were alternately flooded and then raised about two feet above the water-level. Crowded on these occasional dry

sections of the embankment were hundreds of Chinese men, women and children, most of whom were doomed to death while we slowly passed by with the whistle on the engine blowing one continuous blast. Some of these people had reached the embankment by boat and had brought with them their chickens, pigs, dogs and what other possessions they could snatch up before the flood drove them out of their homes. But the majority of them had reached it on improvised rafts. They were soaking wet and all their chickens and pigs were dead, but lying on the embankment to be eaten. Even the frogs were stranded and floating about on logs.

As the waters swept across the track in many places, the train crew walked in the water ahead of the engine feeling with sticks and crowbars to ascertain whether the rails were intact. To have stopped the train and permitted hundreds of people to swarm in and over it would undoubtedly have meant the death of everyone and the destruction of the train. As it was, the unfortunate people seemed stunned by their position and resigned to whatever fate was in store for them. They did not shout for help, nor make any attempt to board the slow-moving carriages. I saw one group sitting in water lapping around their waists. To protect them from the waves, they had dragged several coffins ashore and tied them together as a sort of breakwater. I saw one man carrying a dead baby and another carrying a dead woman.

It must seem inconceivable to anyone who has never been in China that such a tragedy could happen; but now that I have actually seen uncountable numbers of people for whom death was inevitable, either from drowning, starvation or disease, I can understand how it is that millions of people are killed by such floods in China without any headlines appearing in newspapers.

The only good that I can see in these great floods is that they periodically wash away innumerable grave mounds and thus temporarily increase the available area for cultivation.

One of the most amazing things about the Chinese is their attitude towards the death or suffering of other people. Near one of the most crowded sections of the embankment, two people were clinging to an overturned boat that was floating by. Suddenly another boat put out towards them and we felt relieved that they were about to be rescued. Not at all. As soon as the "rescue" boat reached the one to which the two people were clinging, instead of hauling them out of the water, the "rescuers" beat them on the knuckles until they let go and sank. They then rescued the boat.

To understand such a thing, it is necessary to understand that, in the eyes of the Chinese, anyone saving those drowning people would be interfering with their fate. God evidently intended the people to drown, therefore anyone preventing their death would become responsible for them for the rest of their lives. We ran into an American aviator who rescued a woman from drowning and carried her on his back to a hospital, where he left her. Some weeks afterwards, while passing the hospital, he thought he would enquire after her. Instead of being greeted as a hero, he was presented with a bill for forty-one dollars for her maintenance and he had to pay it.

The Chinese have a strange sense of humour. It is over twenty years since the incident I am about to relate took place, but similar scenes, no doubt, frequently occur in China to-day. Three Chinese bandits were condemned to be beheaded. They were led to the place of execution and told to kneel in front of a wooden stake about three feet high. The hands of the men were

then tied behind their backs. Their legs had already been secured by chains around their ankles. None of the men showed any fear at his approaching death, but each accepted a lighted cigarette which was placed in his mouth by the executioner. The executioner's assistant then plugged up the ears of each man so that he might not hear the swish of the sword as it lopped off his head. None of the men were blindfolded and the two who were next to have their heads cut off looked with evident interest at the third man as he was executed. Believe it or not, when his head rolled away from his body, the other two laughed. The executioner picked up the severed head and placed it on the stake behind the corpse, where it remained with the smoke of the cigarette still coming from the nostrils. All three having been executed, the executioner calmly cut off the heels of each man so that he could remove their chains easily.

I mention these things because many people are inclined to judge the feelings of the great masses of Chinese by the same standards they would those of Westerners. Perhaps I would make myself clearer if I were to say that if the tragedy of the Johnstown flood had been publicized in China, I am quite certain that a Chinese would have wondered what all the fuss was about.

In endless ways, the Chinese are different from us. Take, for instance, our mania for physical exercise. A Chinese believes in conserving as much of his energy as possible, especially after middle age. He takes every opportunity to sit quietly at the door of his store or house, smoking or meditating. He regards anyone who deliberately makes his body tired by unnecessary physical exercise, such as tennis, football, or physical jerks, as utterly mad. The Chinese argues that a feeling of tiredness is Nature's warning to rest.

A well-known Chinese method of constructing a moderate-sized bridge is to build it on dry land and then divert the river under it. This may sound silly, but I once tried it with considerable success. During the six years I spent in Malaya, I had from time to time hundreds of Chinese working for me. In numerous ways their methods excel our own. They are skilled craftsmen ; they make beautiful pottery ; carve lovely ivories and weave the most exquisite brocades, but when it comes to mechanical devices and the art of modern warfare, they are at a disadvantage. As a boy, I remember seeing photographs of Chinese soldiers marching into battle carrying umbrellas. Even though the work is harder, a Chinese prefers to use his hands instead of a machine. He would rather carry a load of earth in a basket than in a wheelbarrow. No toil is too great for Chinese coolies. They can endure more suffering than any other people I have ever known.

In spite of reports that the Japanese were busily engaged in stripping and slapping Westerners, we had intended to stop off at Tientsin, but the flood made it impossible. Dozens of people were standing at the doors of their houses in water up to their necks hoping to be rescued. The main street of the town was under ten feet of water, with corpses floating by continuously. But the flood did not prevent the Japanese sentries and police from carrying on their duties in rafts and boats. The station platform was one mad rushing swarm of people. Roof-tops were crowded. Children were screaming. Soldiers were using coffins as boats.

As we passed by the outskirts of Tientsin I rubbed my eyes and asked Zetta to tell me if she saw what I did. It was no illusion. Marooned upon a tiny island, which was probably the top of a small hill, was a large elephant, very much alive and swaying from side to side

as he watched the water swirling past his feet. What an elephant was doing in Tientsin we were unable to discover. Even some people who managed to board the train and had lived for years in the city had no idea that there was one in town. It may have belonged to some rich Chinese who had a private menagerie, or perhaps a small circus had been caught by the flood and had saved its elephant by marooning it in this way.

As we approached Peking, the flood waters decreased, and finally we arrived in China's famous capital to find the hotels jammed with flood refugees. In the course of conversation with a Swiss traveller I heard that the Japanese in Tientsin were giving the Nazis a pretty rough time and had started stripping them instead of the British. This stripping and slapping business is hard for many people to understand. But it is not so difficult when you realize that nakedness means nothing to a Japanese and that the simplest, quickest and most thorough way to search a suspected person is to strip him. As for the slapping, I was given the following explanation by a Japanese: most Japanese sentries are of the peasant class, few of whom understand a word of English. These men have orders not to bayonet or shoot Westerners who disregard their orders to stop, but to slap them. As few Westerners understand any more Japanese than the sentry does English, it is not difficult to see how misunderstandings arise when neither knows what the other is saying.

In many ways tremendous changes have taken place in the Orient during the last twenty years, but to me the greatest change of all was in the attitude of all Asiatics towards Westerners. The Japanese have never forgotten that they were not granted equality with the white race by the United States, and they take every opportunity of showing that they are not only equal to

white men, but superior to them. I spoke to several men who had spent many years in Peking and they all said the same thing: "Make no mistake. We white men are just as much foreign devils in the eyes of the Chinese as we ever were."

Peking is completely under the control of the Japanese, but from outward appearances you would never know that the Chinese had the slightest objection. Business was apparently going on as usual and, as one old resident said: "We have law and order at last." But we could sense an undercurrent of unrest and fear. It is true that Chiang Kai-shek and the group of intellectuals and students who surround him are intensely patriotic and anti-Japanese. It is also true that, whether they like it or not, they are eating out of the hand of Stalin and are associated with Communists, even though they themselves may disavow any connection with Communism.

To show to what extent Stalin has been able to penetrate into China, I quote from a despatch to the *New York Times*, by its special correspondent Mr. Tillman Durdin:

Chunking, China. January 2nd, 1940. For Chinese who think of China's future in terms of independence of Moscow, the strong position of both Russian and Chinese Communists is cause for deepest apprehension . . . the Soviets now dominate most of Sinkiang almost as completely as they dominate Outer Mongolia, another section of Asia nominally a part of China . . . when asked for a Sinkiang visa, the Chunking Government confesses, in some embarrassment, that a visa can be granted only if the applicant can obtain a permit from the Soviet Embassy. Russia maintains garrisons of Soviet troops in probably half a dozen or more of the strategic Sinkiang cities.

Russian advisers are in evidence in almost every activity of the provincial government. The provincial army has been built up by Russian officers and equipped with Russian

armaments. The air force is composed of Russian planes, its native pilots trained by Russian instructors.

The great masses of China are more interested in peace than war. They are sick of famine and pillage by soldier bandits. What they want is law and order and an opportunity to cultivate their fields and open their stores for business.

As for the vanished prestige of the white man, not only has British prestige completely disappeared in almost every part of China, but the Britishers have gone themselves, and I very much fear that American prestige and Americans will soon be on the same track.

Before leaving the United States, I promised my publisher, Robert McBride, that I would bring him back a genuine Chinese horse from Peking, but I never dreamt what a troublesome thing an ancient horse could be. When I mentioned the matter to our Chinese interpreter, he conducted us by car into the depths of Peking, where the mere sight of us caused crowds to collect. Soon we stopped outside a strange looking store which looked like the last place on earth to find a horse. After considerable conversation that sounded like a fierce argument the guide turned to me and said: "He have one." In a few moments the proprietor reappeared with a very dirty-looking horse, covered with dust and cobwebs.

"Does he guarantee that this horse came out of a Chinese tomb?"

Again the guide and the proprietor entered into an even fiercer argument. "He say yes."

"Tell him I think he makes these horses in his backyard," I said. The proprietor roared with laughter, but he assured me that the horse was hundreds of years old and that its price was fifty dollars.

Finally I left the store with the horse wrapped securely

in several layers of cotton and then again in many layers of wrapping paper and string. How I ever managed to bring that fragile object through floods, typhoons and war zones to America is still a mystery. I lost count of the number of times I had to wrap and unwrap the blessed animal. No customs official would believe me when I told him that the package contained a horse. Its hollowness was what caused me so much trouble with the customs. That horse was tapped repeatedly by Chinese, Japanese, Manchukuoan, Filipino, Malay, Siamese, Hindu, Egyptian, Italian, French and finally American officials. Eventually the American customs agreed that it was an antique and therefore not subject to tax.

From Peking our plans had been made to travel by train to Shanghai, but when we went to get our tickets, we learned that the flood had washed out the line for a quarter of a mile. We pulled every string we had and managed to secure a military pass to take a motor boat from one end of the washed-out line to the other. But before we could start, another large section of the line was blown up by Chinese Communists and we were compelled to buy seats in the ordinary day coach on the last train that was permitted to leave Peking for Korea. The train was guarded by soldiers with drawn pistols, keeping away people without tickets.

For over an hour we waited in that crowded train while messages were received as to the condition of the railroad beyond Tientsin. Finally we started and, thanks to Yagi, managed to secure two seats in the observation car.

Once again we began that terrible journey along the flooded embankment. Dead bodies were still being washed against it by the waves. In one eddy I saw at least fifty coffins, some of them without lids, exposing

the corpses within. Several times the train stopped while a party of workmen went ahead of the engine in water up to their waists to examine the track. Only with the greatest caution was it possible to proceed without flooding the fire-box of the locomotive, but, after several hours, the train reached dry land and started on the two-day journey back to Simonoseki.

One of the last things I had done before leaving Peking was to buy an assortment of American canned foods, including a dozen cans of sterilized milk. Although this milk is manufactured in America, it is apparently obtainable only in foreign countries. It is not condensed nor evaporated, but is canned as it comes from the cow and is quite free from the distinctive taste of ordinary evaporated milk. Such milk had saved my life in the Malay jungle and I am sure that it saved it again on this occasion. For by not touching one atom of food or drinking water supplied in the diner of this refugee train, but by living entirely on canned milk and canned food, we avoided typhoid and the other diseases which eventually broke out in huge epidemics.

We had finished regaling ourselves on sardines, baked beans, Bartlett pears and milk, and were sitting quietly in the observation car when the train stopped at a way-side station to pick up a party of Chinese officials. One of them, a youngish man in spotless white duck, entered the observation car. He was followed closely by six heavily-armed soldiers carrying sub-machine-guns. Had they merely boarded the train and sat down we should not have paid much attention to them. But these men were obviously expecting trouble, because, holding their machine-guns in readiness for instant action, they kept peering in all directions. One stationed himself at the entrance of the carriage, three stood outside on the platform at the rear of the observation car, while the other

two remained inside, standing, facing the windows and scanning every bush and building that we passed.

"Good Heavens!" cried Zetta to a gentleman sitting beside her. "Are they expecting the train to be attacked by Chinese guerillas?" "Oh, no!" laughed the passenger, who had the unmistakable look of one who had spent many years in the Orient. "The Prime Minister of North China, Wang Ching-wei, has just boarded the train. These men are his bodyguard. He's used to being shot at. His nephew was killed yesterday in Shanghai by terrorists. They'll get Wang, too, one of these days."

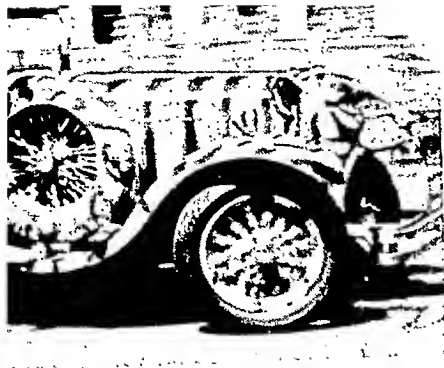
"Well, I certainly will be relieved when Mr. Wang Ching-wei gets off this train," Zetta said nervously.

"Shhhhhh!" warned the old-timer. "He's sitting right beside you."

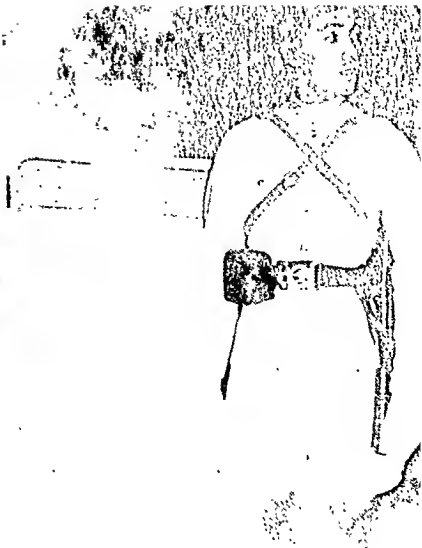
"Excuse me," said Zetta, with one look at the unruffled Chinese who had taken the seat next to hers. "I think I'll go powder my nose."

And off she went, not to return until Wang Ching-wei and his bodyguard alighted after a few miles' journey.

Since then, as all the world knows, Wang Ching-wei has become the so-called puppet governor of North China. He and Chiang Kai-shek were the close companions of Sun Yat-sen, whose mantle was supposed to have fallen on them jointly. Chiang Kai-shek's supporters, who include the majority of Americans, regard Wang Ching-wei as a traitor. But it must be remembered that if the whole of North China felt the same way about him, his life would not be worth a moment's purchase. It is a strange coincidence that Chiang Kai-shek the Christian should have cast his lot with the godless Communists while Wang Ching-wei, who is an atheist, has joined forces with the fervently religious Japanese.



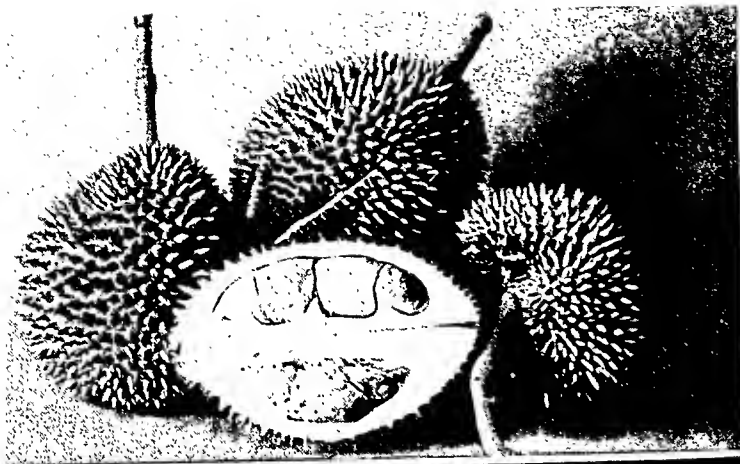
ger Balm's discoverer is a Chinaman.
Here is his car.



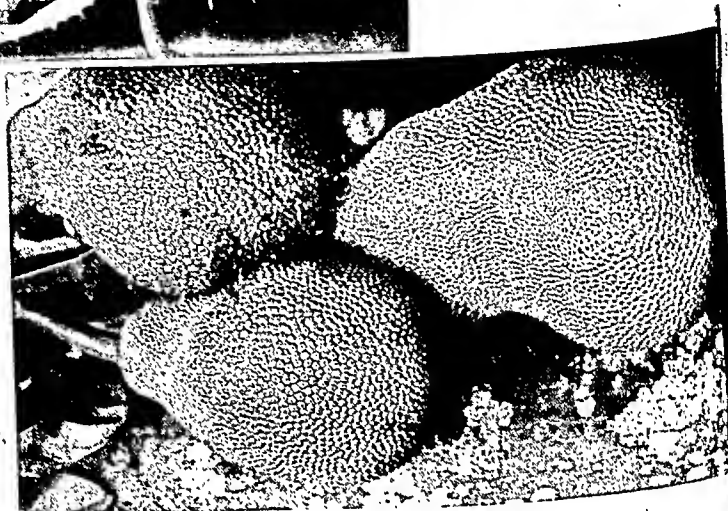
ore traffic cops wear wings to save them
om constantly holding out their arms.

ngapore's favourite cure-all goes by the
rmidable name of Tiger Balm and is
advertised like this.





This odd-looking fruit, the Durian, is the most popular fruit in Malaya and tastes like nothing so much as combined custard, turpentine, and rotten onions.



The Jack Fruit is not as popular, but it is larger and heavier.



You'd never guess it to look at them, but Mangosteens are considered by many to be the most delicious fruit in the world.

This Singapore still-life shows some of the Peninsula's favourite fruits: the prickly numbers are Rambutan, beside them are three varieties of banana, and on the table are some Langsat.



About twenty Westerners had boarded the train at Tientsin, most of them women and children who were being evacuated by their consuls to escape the inevitable outbreak of disease. People were talking about plague, dysentery, typhoid, typhus and smallpox and wondering whether the train would be permitted to enter Manchukuo without being quarantined.

One French lady informed us that Hitler was marching on Danzig and that war was expected any moment. Before long, we were all gathered in a group discussing the possibility of war. Not including several Chinese business men, there were six different nationalities—English, French, American, Dutch, Swiss and German. Not even the German wanted war, but all dreaded it. The German was not a Nazi, and we felt sorry for his predicament. He had been ordered out of China and was on his way to join his wife in Shanghai, whence they intended to proceed to Germany.

"I've just got enough money to reach Shanghai," he remarked with satisfaction as he showed us his steamer ticket. Noticing that the ticket was on a Japanese liner, I suggested that he stay with us and book passage on the *President Pierce*.

"In any case, in view of what has just happened between Germany and Russia, the Japanese will give you a pretty thin time. Besides, Japan and Germany may suddenly be in a state of war. The best place for you will surely be an American boat."

Convinced that my advice was sound, the German asked if I would help him get his passage and I consented. It occurred to me that he would have to get a visa on his passport, but when I mentioned this he smiled confidently and said: "No trouble with passports, thank heaven. The Japanese have not required Germans to have visas for the last two years."

At that moment the train pulled into the station at Shanhaikuan, at the very end of the Great Wall of China where it runs into the sea. At this point the train enters Manchukuo and there is always considerable delay with customs and passport examinations.

In a few moments a diminutive Japanese immigration official entered the observation car accompanied by two large Japanese soldiers. I knew that trouble was coming for that unfortunate German. The expression on the face of the little Japanese was like that of a cat about to devour a mouse, but delighted to pretend it does not even see the mouse. It seemed hours before he reached the German because he obviously was leaving his examination until the last. When he saw attached to our passports a letter from the Japanese Foreign Office in Tokyo, the breath fairly whistled through his teeth as he bowed and remarked: "I see you are described as a very honest person. I am glad. There are many dishonest people. So sorry."

He faced the German, who handed him his passport. The Japanese carefully examined every page. "You have no Japanese visa," he said abruptly.

"But I am a German," the man remonstrated. "Germans are not required to have visas."

The polite manner of the Japanese altered and he snapped an order to the two soldiers. They seized the German and roughly hustled him off the train without giving him time to take his handbag.

Feeling sorry for the wretched man and thinking of his wife who was awaiting his arrival in Shanghai, Zetta rushed after the soldiers as they dragged him along the platform. She wanted his wife's address in Shanghai so she could tell her what had happened to her husband. Suddenly the soldiers grabbed Zetta by the arm and proceeded to drag her off to jail also. In the meantime

I had heard her shouting at the top of her voice : " Yagi, Yagi, Yagi ! " But our excellent interpreter was in the middle of a beer-drinking contest in the dining car, quite unaware that Zetta was in trouble. Then I rushed down the platform and found myself also under arrest.

In the meantime the engine was whistling and people were dashing up and down the platform looking for seats. It looked as if we would lose the boat when, to our great relief, we caught sight of our diminutive immigration inspector. He saw us at the same instant. Fortunately, we invariably carry our passports in little chamois leather bags around our necks, and thus had proof of our American citizenship readily available. Our captors had refused to examine the passports. Snatching them from the soldier who held them, the immigration officer opened them and thrust them under the nose of the soldier, who reluctantly released us just in time to hop on the step of the observation car as it slowly moved out of the station.

Both of us were exhausted from running and excitement, and as we sank into our seats we vowed that nothing would make us leave the train until we reached the sea at Simonoseki.

CHAPTER 5

SOUTH TO SINGAPORE

IT is difficult to describe our relief and thankfulness as we walked up the gangplank of the *President Pierce* at Kobe, or the feeling of security given us by being once more under the protection of the Stars and Stripes. Although war had not yet been declared, there was great tension among the passengers, most of whom were the wives of naval officers and marines on their way to Shanghai and Manila.

Among the ocean liners at anchor in the harbour of Kobe were several that were Japanese, upon the sides of which had already been painted huge Japanese flags. No doubt the Japanese had been forewarned of what was to come ; one of the vessels had even been camouflaged. Such preparations were ominous and I began to worry lest we should never reach Singapore.

We would have already been in Shanghai had it not been for the flood and the destruction of the railroad, but here we were, back in Japan, ready to make another start. Again Nature placed an obstacle in our path.

Within three hours of leaving Kobe, the *President Pierce* ran into a typhoon. The sea had been fairly calm, but suddenly a steady wind began to blow with such force that the water was whipped from the surface and carried through the air like sand from a desert. It was a considerable time before large waves began to form. Straight into the storm we headed, with the wind shrieking through the rigging and the spray dash-

ing furiously against the lifeboats on the topmost decks. Practically everyone on board was a good sailor, so that, except for the stuffiness caused by closed doors and windows, no one seemed particularly upset.

It is at such times as this that the captain of a ship feels his great responsibility and isolation. Before the days of radio, this must have been much worse than it is now when a captain can enquire by wireless and find out the condition of the sea from other ships ahead of him. Given sufficient warning, a ship can sail around a typhoon, but in this case the storm came upon us suddenly and, instead of our receiving information from other vessels who were in it and thus being able to avoid it, the situation was reversed. It was our radio operator who continually broadcast weather reports to other ships.

For two days we fought the storm. When we should have been at anchor at Shanghai, we were still in the mouth of the Yangtze River, whose dirty yellow water discoloured the ocean for hundreds of miles from land. Finally the wind became so violent that the captain gave orders to heave to, and for ten hours the *President Pierce* remained stationary with her bow headed into the wind and her engines running. No one had been to bed for thirty-six hours because of the danger of going down the steps to the cabins. Mattresses and blankets were placed on the floor of the main lounge and here we stayed, singing songs and eating sandwiches. It was far too rough to prepare regular meals. At intervals the captain would walk through the lounge and reassure the more nervous passengers who had become frightened by the noise of crashing china and the thuds of trunks being flung about in some of the cabins.

The ship's bar was crowded with the younger set, but, although the bar itself was closed, numerous bottles and

glasses had been smuggled out, and the party was at its gayest when the captain abruptly appeared and sternly forbade any drinking. But there are certain people who seem to delight in disobeying orders! When the captain had gone, out-came more glasses and bottles, and the party continued with even more gaiety than before. Suddenly the ship gave a lurch as she was hit by an enormous wave. To save themselves from sliding, everyone clutched at the tables which, together with the chairs, were bolted to the floor. But the strain was too great. First one table broke from its moorings and, together with all the people, slid neatly across the floor, smashing loose the chairs at the same time. Roaring with laughter, the six people who had been at the table found themselves on the floor, surrounded by bottles and overturned glasses. But just as they were about to pick themselves up, the ship rolled in the other direction and the people, the table and chairs, the bottles and the glasses slid to the opposite side of the room, sweeping away in their passage all the other tables and chairs and flinging their occupants violently to the floor.

By this time about twenty men and women, numerous tables and chairs, broken bottles and glasses were in a great heap, but most of the people were still laughing when the real disaster occurred. Before they could get up from the floor, the ship rolled once more. This time a much larger heap of struggling humanity, mixed with broken glass and furniture, slid across the floor and was brought up with a crash against the side of the ship. Laughs gave way to screams as people were cut and bruised and even severely injured. Fortunately, after those three great rolls, the ship became steady, and the rest of the night was occupied in attending to the cuts and bruises.

Gradually the sea moderated. By the time we arrived

at Shanghai we were one day late on a journey that ordinarily takes two days. Here, floating out to sea, were numerous water-logged coffins, besides rubbish and dead cattle, as evidence of the great flood which we had witnessed at such uncomfortably close quarters. Through the ages to the present day, China has become used to loss of life in numbers that stagger the imagination, and no one in Shanghai seemed worked up about the Tientsin flood. Most of those to whom I spoke had not even heard of it, nor were they inquisitive.

Shanghai is built on the banks of the Whangpoo branch of the Yangtze River several miles from the sea, but large ocean liners are able to anchor opposite the famous Bund, the main waterfront of the International Settlement. The Bund, as seen from the water, is something like the Michigan Avenue skyline of Chicago, but the population of Shanghai exceeds that of Chicago by about a quarter of a million. The city is divided into three distinct sections: the International Settlement, which includes American, British, Italian and Japanese concessions; the French settlement, which used to be as independent of the rest of the city as if it had been Paris; and the great Chinese city which surrounds the International and French sections. Since the invasion of China by Japan, the Japanese control all the Chinese section and, now that France has collapsed and Great Britain has withdrawn her troops, it looks as if the time may come at any moment when Japan will take over the whole of Shanghai.

When we were in Shanghai the French section was like an armed camp. Concrete pill-boxes and miniature forts had been constructed at street corners, while tanks and armoured cars patrolled the streets. A maze of barbed-wire entanglements separated French Town from the ancient Chinese portion of the city, which used

to be so popular with visitors. I stood at the barricade and peered through the wire, but, instead of seeing streets swarming with Chinese, I found the place deserted. Shops and houses were in good condition, but empty ; doors swung to and fro in the wind. Not even a dog was in the streets. It was not necessary for the Japanese to maintain sentries. I was told that this section of Shanghai was evacuated when thousands of people, from rich storekeepers to ricksha coolies, suddenly made up their minds to abandon their homes and march West a thousand miles in order to get away from the Japanese and join Chiang Kai-shek. Automobiles, rickshas, handcarts, wheelbarrows, and anything else that could be used for such a purpose, were piled with household possessions and one of the greatest exoduses in history began. No attempt was made to burn or destroy their homes. In fact, most of their belongings and stocks of goods in the stores were abandoned. All they wanted was to get away from the hated rule of the Japanese. Rich and poor, old and young, well and sick, took to the road and made the best progress they could towards their compatriots in the West. Thousands died on the way, but those who survived are now the most implacable enemies of the Japanese.

Since the persecution of the Jews in Germany, at least fifteen thousand refugee Jews had arrived in Shanghai. They had taken over one section of the Japanese-controlled region of the city ; here they had opened all kinds of shops and could be seen standing on the sidewalk coaxing people into their stores after the good old fashion of Sixth Avenue, New York City. Some of them attempted to make a corner in rice, a risky thing to do in a country where rice is the essential food of the people. The price was suddenly boosted so high that there were serious riots. Rice stores were looted, and

for some time quite a number of the Chinese got their rice for nothing. No more corners were attempted.

The best place to observe the attitude of the Chinese towards the Japanese, and vice versa, is to stand on the Garden Bridge which separates the International Settlement from the Japanese-controlled portion of the city. Two Scottish Highlanders in kilts stood sentry guard on one side of the road, while across it were two Japanese soldiers. Apparently the Chinese who desired to cross the bridge felt that it was the Japanese who were masters of the situation in Shanghai, not the British. Holding their identification papers in one hand and their hats in the other, the Chinese bowed low before the Japanese, then scampered past them as if they expected to receive a kick in the pants or perhaps a prod from a bayonet.

When they saw my motion-picture camera, the Japanese scowled, and I was about to abandon any attempt to take movies, when one of the Highlanders told me in a very Scottish accent to set up my camera and "not bother myself with the Japs." It was a novel experience to have two British soldiers with fixed bayonets guard me as I worked. I could not help thinking of an experience I once had in Damascus when trying to take motion pictures in the city. In that case I was pelted with ripe cactus fruit, while two French soldiers looked on and did nothing about it.

There is no doubt that the Chinese civilians in Shanghai are thoroughly cowed by the Japanese troops. The reason for this can be readily understood after one has driven through the Chapei district, which was one of the finest suburbs of Shanghai. For miles we saw nothing but piles of burnt bricks. So thoroughly did the Japanese destroy this section by aerial bombs and resultant fires that not even the ruined walls remain—nothing but heaps of debris from which every useful

thing has been removed. Every scrap of metal, such as piping, water tanks, beds, stoves and other household fittings was salvaged months ago. But so badly are the Japanese in need of iron that we saw numbers of men sifting the ruins for old nails and bits of metal. Streets were full of weeds, but street lamps had been re-erected. Our Chinese interpreter told us that there were still hundreds of bodies buried beneath the ruins of Chapei.

While we were motoring through this terrible region, a Japanese tank came rumbling noisily towards us. It had evidently been on a long journey, for it was rusty and covered with mud. Several Japanese soldiers wearing metal helmets were perched crazily on top of it, getting a ride home. So worn out were these men that they were nodding with sleep and did not notice us. However, I did not dare take a photograph.

When I saw the indescribable devastation that is wrought by aerial bombardment, it occurred to me that hitherto no country that has inflicted such wholesale death on defenceless people has itself been defeated. It seems to me that whichever side wins the war in Europe, the victor would do well to destroy every aeroplane in the possession of its defeated adversary. It should then totally destroy all means of producing any kind of aeroplane, whether military or civil. If the conquered must use aeroplanes for transportation, let them use the aeroplanes of the victor. Only one power should be permitted to own aeroplanes, and the same applies to submarines. I sincerely hope that power will be the United States in conjunction with the British Empire, the world's two mighty champions of Christianity and Democracy.

I know that some people still cling to the old idea that no one power should police the world; not even the power of a League of Nations.

But evidently Hitler does not agree with such antiquated ideas. He aims to rule the world. People have very short memories. They appear to have forgotten that when England practically policed the world (except the United States) during the reign of old Queen Victoria, the world had sixty years of peace. Britannia still rules the waves.

The Whangpoo River opposite the Shanghai Bund has always presented a fascinating picture of animation. Not only are there usually many different ocean liners at anchor or tied up alongside the Bund having their cargoes discharged by thousands of coolies, but there are often several men-of-war at anchor. When we were there an American cruiser, looking very gay with hundreds of signal flags hung out to dry, was anchored directly opposite the Cathay Hotel. When the Japanese originally attacked Shanghai, there was a large Japanese cruiser anchored in this same place. Chinese aviators, in an attempt to sink it with bombs, missed it by a quarter of a mile. The bombs fell in the street in front of the Cathay Hotel and killed about a thousand people. The exact number will never be known, because many were blown to atoms, but at least eight hundred were killed outright. The street was choked from one side to the other with bodies and bits of bodies. Blood ran down the gutters like water during a thunderstorm. It was impossible to attempt identification.

Although this bombing was accidental, there is no doubt that it is by no means an extraordinary illustration of what happens when a bomb drops in a crowded city. Such bombings by the Japanese in many great cities of South China have become so commonplace that we in America scarcely take notice of them. But the fact

remains that, just as the unfortunate Chinese civilians have been killed by the thousands, so can we Americans be blown to Kingdom Come when it suits Hitler or Mussolini to do so. I was amazed to find people in Chicago scoff at the idea that their great city could be bombed. But if the late General Balbo was able to fly a fleet of huge bombers from Italy to the Chicago World's Fair seven years ago, what could Italy and Germany do to-day?

Besides the steamers and Chinese junks that crowded the Whangpoo River, there were thousands of small boats. Not merely a few thousand, but many millions of Chinese live entirely on such boats. They have never lived on shore, and wouldn't if offered the chance. Born on boats, they are reared on them, marry and die on them. Similarly, generations of Chinese chickens have never been on shore, but have been hatched and brought up on these boats, where they walk about picking up scraps and crowing to chickens that pass by on other boats. These floating homes of the Chinese are as beloved as any cottage on land; pretty gardens are on many of them, formed of plants in pots and Standard Oil cans. Women can be seen swabbing down the decks, while their babies crow with delight from a basket on the very top of a mast. Small children are usually tied to the boats by rope so they can be easily rescued should they fall overboard. Many of them have a chunk of wood tied to their backs to support them in the water.

But there was one sight that was not on the Whangpoo twenty years ago, and this was the hordes of starving refugees. On land their presence was not so easy to detect because they mixed with the rest of the people, but I saw numbers of great barges crowded with unfortunate people, mostly women and children, proceeding

slowly up and down the waterfront, homeless and hopeless.

I had an experience with a Japanese bank in Shanghai which made me think of Soviet Russia. I was anxious to purchase a draft in Japanese yen in order to pay a bill in Japan, but when I offered to pay for the draft in Japanese yen, the cashier, with much bowing and inhaling, refused to accept the money, saying: "So sorry, Japanese money no good." In Russia, only foreign money was good and was therefore called *valuta*. Roubles nominally worth fifty cents in American money had a purchasing value of only two cents. In Shanghai, Japanese yen, exactly like those used in Japan, were five times as cheap as they were in Japan. It was not reassuring to see a Japanese bank repudiate its own money. However, I gave the yen which were worthless in Shanghai to a friend who was going to Japan, where the money was accepted without question.

We sailed from Shanghai on September 1st and, as we reached the open sea a British cruiser came along as escort and remained close by all the way to Hongkong. Whether or not this escort had been requested no one could tell, but it was comforting to know that the British fleet was co-operating with us in the Pacific. At eight o'clock that night the captain informed us that Polish cities were being bombed by Germany and that war was almost certain to be declared. The next day, instead of seeing numerous vessels, as is customary on the run between Shanghai and Hongkong, we found the sea deserted. But on the horizon we could make out a comforting patch of smoke that remained with us all day long. It was our unexpected but welcome British cruiser.

For the first time, except for an occasional dance

band, the ship's radio was silent. The instant any voice began to speak, it was drowned out by a powerful station which filled the air with static, and we went to bed that night wondering what the morrow might bring forth.

At seven o'clock in the morning the *President Pierce* stopped her engines. A British man-of-war dashed alongside and ordered us to follow her into Hongkong. A mine-field had already been laid and the entrance to the Hongkong harbour was closed by a great submarine net. No one could say that the British navy had been caught napping.

On each side of the narrow entrance to the inner harbour was a small British gunboat. Not until we were within a few yards of the net and had come to a dead stop did one of the gunboats slowly tow an end of the net away to make an opening just wide enough to admit our vessel. We sailed into the harbour and the net was immediately closed after us.

From the water, Hongkong looks like a giant layer cake, rising from the esplanade and business quarter at the base, tier after tier, to the top of the Peak. The icing on top is formed by the Governor's mansion and the lovely villas of Hongkong's wealthy residents who live 1800 feet above sea-level in an atmosphere about eight degrees cooler than the business quarter.

Hongkong is an important British colony, consisting of a compact group of islands and peninsulas, made up of the main island of Hongkong, the Kowloon Peninsula and the New Territories, which together command the entrance to the Canton River. Next to Singapore, Hongkong is the chief market in the Far East for tin, and for this reason alone is of immense importance to the United States. In return for tin, Hongkong imports from the United States an enormous amount of kerosene oil for the lamps of China. The city's magnificent

sheltered harbour is over ten square miles in area, and, possessing an east and a west entrance, is of great importance, both commercially and strategically.

Britain has always had a weakness for collecting islands, but never just for the sake of owning more territory. In the case of Hongkong, she wanted China to open her door to European trade. Hongkong might be described as John Bull's foot, which he thrust into the door of China in 1841, and has kept there ever since.

In 1840, not more than a few hundred Chinese, many of them blood-thirsty pirates, inhabited Hongkong. By 1940, one million, two hundred thousand Chinese, who came from all parts of China of their own accord, had found employment, education and hope for the future under the British flag. The descendants of the pirates still live in the ancient fishing village of Aberdeen where we saw hundreds of picturesque Chinese junks at anchor.

After an absence of twenty years, I think the most striking change that I noticed was in the dress of the modern Chinese girl. The dance hour at tea or cocktail time in the Hongkong Hotel presents one of the most fascinating scenes in the Far East—that is, if you are interested in pretty Chinese girls. Unbecoming trousers have given way to the slit skirt, which seems to have been purposely designed to show off the charming legs of Chinese women. The modern Chinese girl, with Madame Chiang Kai-shek as an example, looks forward to a career that only liberty and complete freedom can offer her. Twenty years ago, young Chinese girls, with their feet bound until their tiny shoes were not much longer than one inch, were a common sight; but I failed to see one such girl this time, although, of course, I saw many elderly women with bound feet.

But the Chinese still use rickshas and sedan chairs in

Hongkong, and I could not notice any diminution in the number of Chinese who spend their lives as beasts of burden. The ricksha has practically vanished in Japan, yet the vehicle originally came from Yokohama, where it was invented by an American missionary in 1869. The missionary's wife was an invalid ; in order to give her an airing, he converted an old perambulator into the first ricksha. A Japanese improved and patented the invention and, in so doing, started a special race of mankind, the ricksha puller.

Hongkong was teeming with excitement on Sunday evening, September 3rd. War had been talked about, of course, but when newsboys began racing through the streets at seven o'clock, with the official news that it had been declared, it came as a shock, especially to those who, like myself, had experienced the last World War. Almost instantly the streets were thronged with excited people, telling one another the dreadful news as if it were something to be glad about. I could not understand this until I began talking to some Englishmen in the lobby of the Hongkong Hotel. One of them said : " I'm glad the suspense is over. Damn Hitler anyway. Now we know where we are ; it's Germany or the British Empire. This time, by God, we'll finish the job we left undone in 1918. Treaty of Versailles too harsh, they told us. Not harsh enough, by a damn sight."

" What's Japan going to do ? " I enquired. This was exactly two weeks after Germany had signed her pact with Soviet Russia.

" Japan ! " replied the Englishman. " We thought she was going to grab Hongkong a month ago. She had thirty thousand troops ready to do it when Germany double-crossed her. Since then we haven't heard any more about it."



In the East pigs do a lot of travelling, most of it in baskets like these.

Malay women use cosmetics and face creams made from tropical fruits and vegetables. Zetta's compact was a new one to them.





We ourselves had motored all over Hongkong and had seen the preparations that had been made to receive the Japanese. Wherever there was a beach upon which a landing could be made, barbed-wire entanglements had been erected and numerous machine-gun nests and field guns trained seawards. Every few hundred yards along the roads we came upon a gun emplacement behind a wall of sandbags. All these were in addition to the permanent fortifications, which were so well concealed that it was impossible to tell whether or not the place really was fortified.

Remembering a conversation I had had with a Japanese in which he had told me that when the time came Japan would capture Hongkong in two days, I asked an Englishman the same question and received the reply: "One day."

Apparently at that time Hongkong was supposed to be practically without any anti-aircraft defences and it was expected that the city would be wiped out by bombing.

As we left the Hongkong Hotel to return to the *President Pierce*, the lobby was filled with Englishmen singing the old songs of 1914, especially "Tipperary."

When we reached the dock where the *President Pierce* was tied up alongside, we saw that something unusual had happened. British soldiers had taken charge of the gangplank and a fierce argument was in progress between them and some American sailors who were objecting to the British going aboard the vessel. Presumably, a vessel in a foreign port is subject to the laws of that port, but this was not the view of the Americans. An ugly situation was arising, but the arrival of a British officer, who poured oil on the troubled water, saved the day. It appeared that six Germans were missing from their houses when the British military police, within

thirty minutes of the declaration of war, had arrived to arrest them. Knowing that there was an American vessel in port, the military demanded the right to search the vessel, with or without the co-operation of the American crew. A German doctor and his wife were quickly discovered, but since they were over military age they were permitted to remain on the ship and make their way as best they could to Germany. After five hours' search, only three of the other Germans had been found and arrested. One was still at large.

In the meantime the boat had been held up for hours and the captain, who was thoroughly exasperated at having his vessel turned into a haven of refuge by a bunch of Nazis, gave an undertaking to the British authorities that the missing German, if found to have stowed away, would be returned to Hongkong on the next boat. Without such an assurance, the *President Pierce* would have been held until the man was found.

Finally, at 2.30 a.m., we sailed for Manila, but long after we had passed out of the harbour and beyond the submarine net, we saw how well guarded was the approach to Hongkong. Several times from the pitch darkness the silver beam of a searchlight would suddenly illuminate the ship and then go out. Swift motor torpedo-boats would dash toward us, take a look and disappear again into the darkness. Instead of hauling down our flag at night, a special searchlight was rigged so that the Stars and Stripes could plainly be seen floating at the mast-head, while the whole vessel seemed purposely to be illuminated until we must have looked, as the captain remarked, "like a Christmas tree."

The next day at breakfast who should turn up but the missing Nazi! Dressed only in a shirt and trousers, he walked into the dining-room and immediately started boasting about the sinking of the *Athenia* and generally

making himself objectionable. Misled by the strict neutrality of the officers and crew, he had concluded that he would be greeted as a hero, but I'm glad to say that he was quickly disillusioned by the captain, who kept his word and returned the man to Hongkong.

On board the boat there were a number of prominent Filipinos, returning to their native land after a holiday in the United States. A striking change came over them after their visit to Hongkong. They seemed astounded at the Japanese threat to that British colony. Hitherto they had been strongly in favour of Philippine independence, but now everything was changed. Instead of independence, they wanted a dominion status like Canada with the American fleet to keep them safe from the Japanese.

As we approached Manila, my thoughts went back to 1918, when I had passed the Japanese battle fleet steaming up and down, just out of sight of the Philippine coast. I remembered how we in Singapore used to say that, if Germany ever took Paris, Japan would throw off her mask of alliance and seize the Philippines. To-day there are large Japanese air-fields within striking distance of Manila. Not only that, but the very great number of Japanese residents in the Philippines would be a formidable Fifth Column in the event of war.

Already several days late, we arrived at Manila in time to fight our way through a screaming mob of Filipino women who had come to the dock at five o'clock in the afternoon, in full evening dress, to welcome home their relatives. The richer a Malay, the more relatives he gathers around him. Many Filipinos, being of Malayan origin, apparently suffer from the same affliction. I remember once asking a Malay rajah who all his companions were, and he replied: "They are my lice. They live on me."

Our arrival in Manila was anything but pleasant. Not because there was anything the matter with Manila, but because we moored alongside an immense pile of rotten potatoes. A whole ship's cargo had been allowed to rot in the sun and provide a breeding place for dense black clouds of house flies with sticky feet. They settled on us in swarms and, no matter how much we swatted them, a certain number insisted on taking long drinks from the corners of our eyes. We Americans are more aware of flies than any other people on earth, but I often wonder whether our incessant efforts to protect ourselves from them has not tended to weaken our natural resistance to disease. When I was a boy, if a fly fell in the milk, my mother would fish it out with a spoon and say: "Silly fly." Nowadays a mother would throw away the milk. Similarly, when I would sometimes complain because a speck of dirt had fallen on my food, my mother would say: "Stuff and nonsense! You'll eat a peck of dirt before you die."

We had only a few hundred yards to walk in order to board still another American liner, the *President Harrison*, which had waited for us. Just when I was congratulating myself on at least being on a boat that was bound for Singapore, the ship's agent came aboard with the disturbing news that the Singapore authorities had cabled that no one would be permitted to land without a special entrance visa. We were also informed that a mutiny had broken out among the Indian troops in Singapore and that the whole city was in an uproar.

I remembered the last Singapore mutiny. It had happened when I was in Malaya, and I had no desire to experience another. But I had a hunch that this one was a fake of Nazi vintage. Regarding the special visa, I decided to take a chance. We sailed at last. I had

waited over twenty years for this and I was determined that nothing should stop me now, even if I had to swim ashore at Singapore.

For the next five days we sailed south on a sea the colour of mother-of-pearl. Occasionally we passed a jungle-covered island, green as an emerald. Through field-glasses I could see lovely white beaches, fringed with coconut palms, but no sign of human habitation. Probably a few Malay fishermen had houses hidden away in the trees. I have often thought of those tiny tropical islands since Germany, Italy and Russia have destroyed the peace of the world, and wished I could go back to one of them and lead the simple life.

On the third day out of Manila we saw a sea snake basking in the oily sea. By means of his flattened tail he was able to raise his head and take a good look at us as we passed by. If an enormous crocodile had suddenly shown himself, I should not have been surprised, for I knew that we were rapidly approaching the Malay Peninsula, which for natural wonders puts Ripley's Odditorium completely in the shade.

I knew that twenty years had passed since I had explored the jungle of Malaya, but I also knew that, so far as Nature is concerned, twenty years could make no change. But I felt panicky. Would I be remembered? Would any of my old friends still be there? I could not sleep for wondering and worrying about what might happen on the next day.

I was up on deck at daybreak. The breeze was blowing from the land. I smelt spices and knew that it must be high tide; otherwise the smell would have been that of rotten eggs, from the bubbles of sulphuretted hydrogen which rise from the great expanses of mud which are exposed at low tide. I watched the pilot come aboard and heard him tell the captain that the eastern

entrance to Singapore was mined. I also heard him scoff at the mutiny story.

Slowly we approached the land. I heard the shrill whistle of a train and I thought of the years I had spent surveying that railroad, tramping through steaming jungle, wading rivers, slushing through swamps filled with frightful prickles called *klubi*, which pierced my boots and broke off in my feet. Then I saw a fine train, with white sunshades on the windows, steaming north; and I wanted to tell everyone that I had been one of the engineers who had surveyed the wonderful causeway over which the train was going to pass on its journey to the mainland. Soon we were close to our wharf, and I could see the magnificent railroad station that had been built since my day.

With my heart in my mouth, I handed our passports to the immigration inspector, who was in khaki uniform.

"You may land," he said, "but on account of the war, I must ask you to report to the police every time you leave or enter a new town."

It seemed like a wonderful dream to be back. Piling our handbags into a taxi, I turned to the driver and, without thinking, said: "*Pergi Raffles Hotel.*" (Go to the Raffles Hotel.)

"*Tuan boleh chakap Malayu!*" (Master can speak Malay.)

"*Tntu, apa macham.*" (Certainly I can. What do you think?)

And so for the next fifteen minutes I chattered in Malay, much to Zetta's delight, but still more to my own. It all came back to me like a flash; I could speak Malay as fluently as ever.

Something told me that the next few months were going to be the most interesting in my whole life. I was not disappointed.

CHAPTER. 6

MY RETURN TO MALAYA

RAFFLES HOTEL, named after Sir Stamford Raffles, who founded the city of Singapore in 1819, has always been a famous rendezvous for world travellers. It is an immense rambling structure, with huge courtyards full of coconut palms and lovely tropical flowers. Surrounding these courtyards are tiers of wide verandahs on to which open lofty bedrooms, twice the height of any ordinary hotel room. At the back of each room is a spacious bathroom, but not the tiled affair with glittering fixtures so common in America. These bathrooms are designed for the old-fashioned Malay bath. Instead of filling a tub with water and lying in it, you stand on a wooden grating, dip water from a large earthenware jar and fling it over your head. The last time I had taken such a bath in Raffles Hotel was in the autumn of 1918. The earthenware jar, four feet high and two feet in diameter, used to be filled every morning by hand and covered with a wooden lid to prevent mosquitoes from breeding in it. I remembered that the moment I had thrown water over my head, several large toads emerged from behind the jar, hopped towards me and sat near my feet so that they also might get the benefit of the shower bath.

Times had changed. The friendly toads had disappeared. The artistic earthenware jar had been replaced by an ugly galvanized iron tub underneath a brass tap. Mosquitoes were not given a chance to breed

in the bathroom. Fresh water was drawn for each bath and the tub was turned upside down afterwards. Running water was new to me in Singapore, and when I learned that the water in those taps was as pure as any drinking water in the world, I realized that the city had changed indeed. There used to be a time when the name Singapore conjured up visions of people dying of cholera, plague and smallpox. This reputation was quite undeserved, compared with other places, but Singapore was no more a health resort than the Panama Canal Zone was in the days of De Lesseps. Even twenty years ago it wasn't safe to drink the water or eat a salad. Practically everyone took quinine daily; it used to be given away at post offices. Huge pictures of anopheles mosquitoes were placed in public buildings so that everyone might recognize the dangerous little lady. Nowadays, with first-class drinking water brought from a mountain in the Johore jungle forty miles away, and every kind of modern sanitation, Singapore is so healthy that even rats average only three fleas apiece, an important item when the spread of plague is considered.

I had been warning Zetta all the way from America to beware of drinking the water in Singapore. Yet now I drank several glasses of ice water and ordered a delicious mixed salad, which, according to the menu, was prepared from fresh vegetables, grown according to European standards at Cameron Highlands, a health resort high up in the jungle-covered mountains of Pahang and Perak. I suffered no ill effects.

Outside our bedroom there was a Sikh watchman who must have tipped off a local Chinese tailor that some Americans had arrived and would probably need tropical clothing. It would be unfortunate for our department stores if every traveller to the Orient knew how cheap and good the local tailors are. For twenty-seven dollars

American money I had four linen suits, three pairs of khaki shorts and a doeskin tuxedo made to measure and delivered within twenty-four hours. This included labour and material. Zetta had two linen dresses and one silk dress made to measure and delivered overnight, for sixteen dollars. The secret of getting good clothes made in Singapore is to give the tailor a well-cut Western suit or dress to copy and make sure that the cloth he uses has been thoroughly pre-shrunk.

When we entered the enormous cocktail lounge of the hotel I observed many changes, both in drinks and the dress of the people. Although it was eleven o'clock in the morning, I did not see a single gin sling. Those delicious pink, long drinks had apparently gone out of fashion. Gimlettes had become more popular. A gimlette is a short drink made of a mixture of gin and lime juice. For old time's sake, I ordered a gin sling, and when it finally arrived it cost a dollar. But the old pernicious habit of signing chits for one's drinks was evidently still in favour. Money rarely seemed to pass.

Twenty years ago the usual dress of a Singapore business man was a white duck suit with a tunic and high military collar. Nowadays men wear shorts, shirts, stockings, and brown leather shoes. I looked in vain for anyone I might have known and I was about to give up hope when I caught sight of a tall fellow dressed exactly as I myself used to dress. Recognition was mutual. We had come out on the same boat together nearly thirty years before. He was a successful broker and had become one of the city fathers of Singapore. Pointing to the men wearing shorts, he remarked: "They don't go into the jungle any more, Wells, as you used to. In fact, they won't. We have the devil of a job to get young men even to live on a rubber estate unless they can get into town for lunch!"

I heard the same story from Singapore to Penang. The days of pioneering were over and, at present, I suppose pioneering is unnecessary. However, they were by no means over for the Japanese. Later I ran across several young men in the jungle who were in charge of iron mines. They were prospecting for more iron and were dressed just as I used to, in long khaki trousers with wrap-around puttees and tunics with high collars. The leeches of Malaya had not changed their habits, and the more one's body is protected from their onslaughts the better.

Gradually, as luncheon time approached, the lounge filled up with men in many different kinds of uniforms ; it was interesting to note that naval officers, artillerymen and aviators were in the majority. At night, when the tables were cleared away for dancing, the scene was indeed thrilling. In Singapore, before the war, there had been about eleven men to every woman. But with the influx of soldiers and sailors, the proportion of men was even higher ; every woman who could walk without the aid of crutches was in great demand. Dozens of male wallflowers stood around the dance floor, patiently waiting for a chance to cut in. With few exceptions, the men were in uniform and, as many of them were veterans of the first World War, their breasts glittered with medals.

Conspicuous among the brilliant company were the officers of the Royal Engineers, whose short mess jackets exposed their tight-fitting trousers with a broad red stripe running down the sides. Tall handsome men of the Royal Australian Air Force showed that far-off Australia had lost no time in despatching reinforcements to the great fortress upon which the safety of their homes depended. We made friends with one of them, who turned out to be a famous ace of the first World War.

Speaking with a pronounced Oxford accent, he explained that after the war he had emigrated to Australia, where he had married and raised a family. Already fifty years of age, he had hoped to spend the rest of his days in peace. But the moment war was declared, he had volunteered and been accepted. With only twelve hours in which to wind up his family affairs and, as he put it, "to pack a tooth-brush," he had been ordered to fly from his home in Australia to Singapore, a distance of about five thousand miles.

"And now I'm here, they won't let me go to Europe," he said with disgust, "but I've got to remain here and train young pilots how to blast hell out of Hitler, the blighter." His use of the word "blighter" showed that he was not Australian born. If he had been, he would have used instead the familiar Aussy term of endearment, "the b—— b——."

Singapore was fortified in 1918, but not the way it is to-day. Although there is nothing but rumour to go by, they say that the approach to the harbour is commanded by the largest guns in the world. The most innocent-looking islands are the most dangerous, and since the declaration of war vast mine-fields have been laid. Warnings to ships were constantly broadcast, telling them to wait outside for naval pilots. Even so, two vessels disregarded them while we were in Singapore, struck a mine-field and were sunk.

In addition to her modern fortifications, Singapore has an enormous new naval base and military airport equipped for both aeroplanes and seaplanes. The floating dock, ample enough to accommodate the largest battleship afloat, was made in England and towed in sections all the way to Singapore. The journey took several years. Few visitors ever see the naval base because it is hidden away in the narrow strait of Johore

that divides the island from the mainland of the Malay Peninsula.

Throughout the day squadrons of aeroplanes droned overhead and at night numerous searchlights pierced the sky. I was told that Singapore was prepared to hold out for five years.

Running through the city is the Singapore River, crowded day and night with Chinese barges loaded with cargo brought from liners at anchor in the harbour. A striking change was the use of engines to propel most of the barges. And even some of the sampans were fitted with American outboard motors. In peace-time at least fifty thousand liners call at Singapore annually and leave with some of the strangest cargoes in the world, from pilgrims setting out for Mecca, to dragon's-blood destined to varnish the finest violins.

At busy street intersections smart-looking traffic cops, fitted with black and white wings, directed the constant stream of automobiles, rickshas and bullock carts. The wings save the policeman the trouble of continually holding out his arms. About midday, many of these intersections were crowded with children on their way home from school. They were all dressed alike in dark blue or black shorts, with white shirts open at the neck and white caps. In my time, although there were schools to which children could go if they wished, very few went except out of curiosity. No girls ever went. But as Zetta and I travelled about the country, it was easy to see how times had changed, especially in the big cities.

From our hotel we could see a large boys' school. By seven o'clock in the morning the students were pouring through the gates, some on foot, but a great many on bicycles. No crowd of youth could have looked smarter than these Malays, Chinese and Indians, but, even

more important than their good appearance was the fact that almost without exception they had gone to school voluntarily.

There are now many fine schools in the Straits Settlements and Malaya and the rising generation is very different from that of twenty years ago. Thousands of young natives speak English well, and the prospect of good jobs for all of them is excellent.

I could not help noticing how Malays, Chinese, Indians and Eurasians had taken the places of English men and women. For instance, in most of the large stores, where I used to be waited upon by Englishmen, I found that only the manager of a department was white, and many, even among the managers, were native. Most of the stationmasters in big cities used to be white men. To-day they are usually Indians or Chinese. I well remember that the engine-drivers of most of the express trains were British, but to-day their jobs are done by the natives they trained. Judges and magistrates used invariably to be Englishmen, but nowadays many of them are well-educated Malays. As for stenographers and clerks, I did not on this trip see a single white man doing such work.

It pays to advertise in Singapore just as elsewhere. The truth of this was discovered by a Chinese, who decided to capitalize on the popularity of the tiger. For centuries the tiger has been regarded as having supernatural powers. The whiskers of the animal are supposed to have magical properties and, though I never heard of a Malay who actually succeeded in milking a tiger, I have been frequently shown a white substance in the jungle which, I was informed, was tiger's milk and very good *obat* (medicine). Probably the substance was a kind of fungus, but the belief that it

was tiger's milk no doubt improved its healing qualities.

Some years ago the signboards of Singapore and Malaya announced the discovery of a powerful new medicine called "Tiger Balm." Wherever there was a vacant wall or side of a tall building, a brilliantly coloured picture of a tiger was painted. Overnight tiger balm became even more potent than ginseng; and it had the great advantage of being easily identified by the picture of the tiger. Guaranteed to cure every sickness from a pain in the toe to the heartache of a disappointed lover, it brought an enormous fortune to its inventor.

Hearing that he had built a mansion that was worth seeing, we set out to find it. We were well repaid for our trouble. Surrounded by a magnificent iron fence with gateways, crowned with brightly coloured life-sized tigers, was a huge white house. The Chinese millionaire was not at home, but his caretaker invited us in. Large paintings and exquisitely embroidered tigers adorned the walls. There were tiger coverlets on the beds. Even his automobile was painted vivid yellow with black stripes, while the hood and radiator were made to represent an enormous tiger's head with mouth wide open to show rows of large white teeth.

Surrounding the house was the strangest garden I have ever seen. It appears that the owner disliked caterpillars and insects that lived on foliage. He wanted his garden always to look fresh and blooming. Therefore every tree and shrub in it was cleverly made of metal and painted; metal leaves moved in the breeze. Crawling over the rock garden were huge porcelain dragons of vivid colours, while another section of the garden was given over entirely to a menagerie of metal animals and birds. The most prominent place in the garden was

devoted to a large replica of Ferdinand the Bull. The gardener had the softest job in Singapore. He had nothing to do but show visitors this fantastic aggregation and occasionally dust off the flowers.

An interesting development that I noticed in Singapore was the commercial cultivation of orchids. I saw many nurseries devoted entirely to raising them for table decoration. Large bunches could be bought for a few cents, but the flowers were all alike.

Nowadays the cheapest way to explore the city is by taxicab, especially if you engage a diminutive one of the Baby Austin variety. The Malay driver of our taxi soon realized that I had been in Malaya before he was born and that I was particularly interested in animals. Suddenly he stopped in front of what appeared to be an ordinary house and remarked : "*Ada ular besar sana, Tuan.*" (There are some big snakes in there, sir.)

On reaching the house I was greeted by a Chinese.

"I hear you have some big snakes here," I remarked.

The Chinese smiled and said : "Only dead ones, sir."

Soon we were inside the house, where, to our surprise, we found that we had stumbled upon a snake tannery. Hanging from the ceiling were a dozen or more enormous python skins, beautifully tanned and ready for market. Many more snake skins and crocodile hides were floating in large tanks in the course of preparation. In the back-yard were several Malays, who looked as if they had come into town from the country. My surmise was correct. They had just brought in a big python, which they had caught in a swamp where it had been sleeping after a heavy meal. The Chinese paid an especially high price for the snake because it had a large gall bladder. This part of a python is highly esteemed for medicine, but for what purpose I could not ascertain. Singapore used to be a much more important market

for wild animals than it is to-day. The animal market is still there, but only the shadow of its former self when it was not unusual to find a dozen orang-utans for sale or half a dozen tigers. Government control has caused the market to look more like a zoo, but the animals are for sale just the same. The good old days when a man like the late Charles Mayer could go into the Malay jungle and catch sixty elephants in one haul have gone for ever.

One evening I happened to get into conversation with a number of men in the hotel who were discussing animals. From their conversation I knew that they must have been in Malaya a good many years and I hoped to save myself a lot of time looking for a good locality where I could photograph a fish climbing a tree. I should have known better than to ask these "old-timers." Such men often spend a lifetime in a place and never bother to learn the language or study the customs of the country.

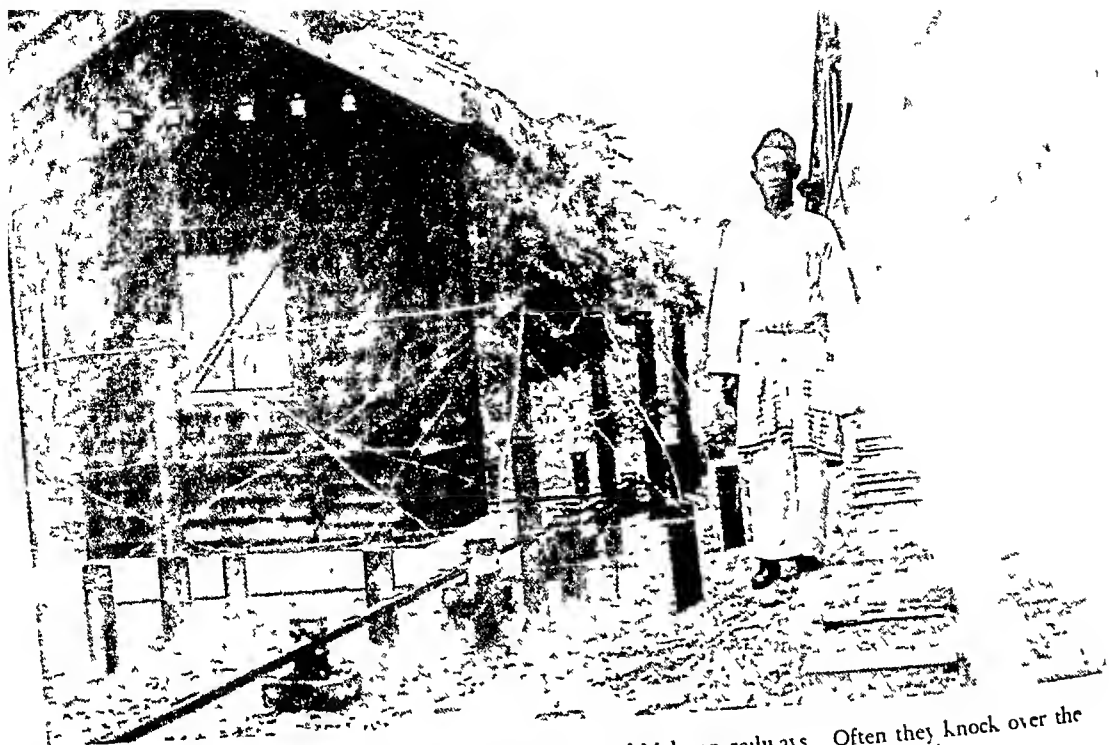
"I wonder if any of you fellows, in your hunting, have ever noticed any fish climbing trees around here?" I enquired.

"You must have been reading a book by that fellow Wells!" was the reply. I did not introduce myself, but I saw how unreasonable I had been to expect people in America to believe my fish story when these old residents of Singapore obviously didn't believe it either. I was disconcerted, however, because I knew I was right, and I was more than ever determined to prove it.

Just as a Londoner or a New Yorker is usually the worst guide to London or New York, so in Malaya it is often the man who has spent the longest time in the country who knows least about it. Years ago, after coming to Singapore from the jungle of Pahang, where I had run across some aborigines who made fire by

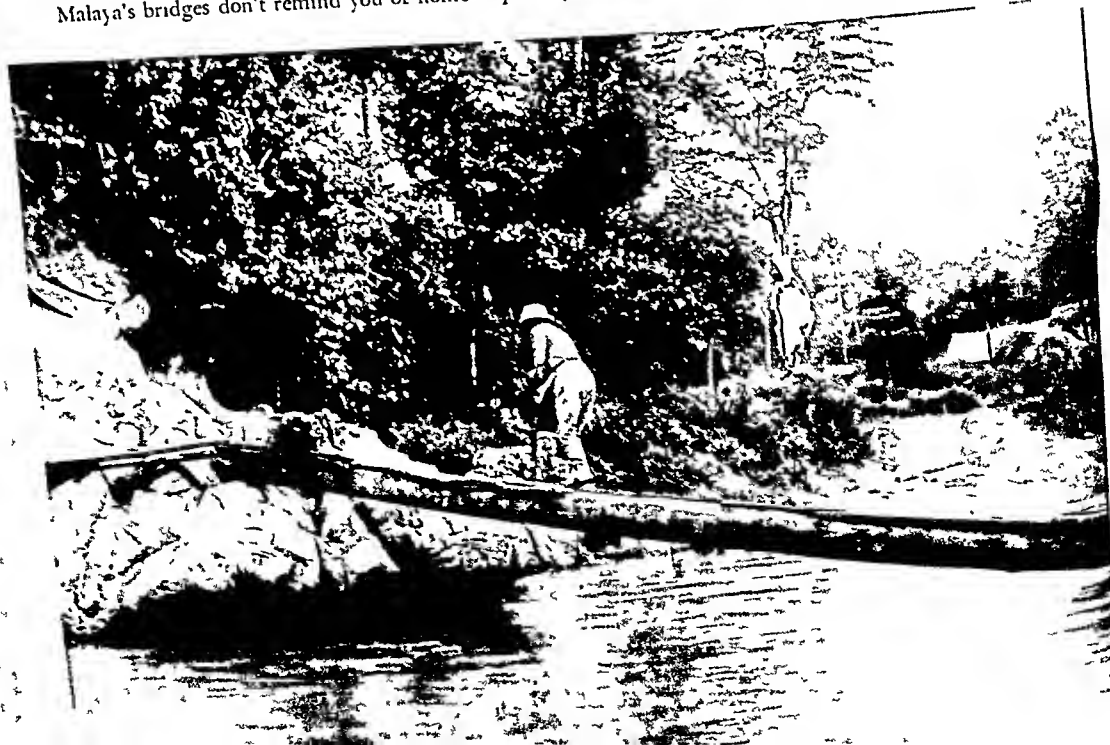


Zetta is five foot four, which makes Malaya's jungle people mighty small indeed



Elephants are the chief hazard to the efficiency of Malayan railways. Often they knock over the switch houses, which is the reason for this barbed wire and steel rails.

Malaya's bridges don't remind you of home especially as crocodiles watch your progress all the way over.



compressed air, I asked an "old-timer" how the natives of Malaya made fire. "With matches, of course," replied the authority.

"Of course," I replied. "But I mean the aborigines in the jungle, not Singapore Malays."

He shrugged his shoulders and said, without much interest: "I suppose they rub a couple of sticks together!"

After this I stopped talking about the wretched fish, because I began to fear that even Zetta was beginning to wonder if I might not have been mistaken.

I think that the greatest change in Singapore, if you do not include the less respectful attitude of the Asiatics to white men, is in the night life of the city. "*Pergi Malay Street!*" (Go to Malay Street) used to be the usual order to the ricksha puller after dinner in Singapore. This street used to be the heart of the segregated area of the city, where street after street was devoted entirely to brothels of different nationalities. Malays, Indians, Africans, Arabs, Chinese, Japanese and Europeans were all on view in all their war paint. European girls in full evening dress used to sit on the sidewalk, while their companions sang songs around a piano in a room one side of which was completely open to the street. Hundreds of Japanese houses were there, with girls on view behind iron bars, like caged animals. Sometimes there were two girls, sometimes six, all dressed in gorgeous kimonos of the kind worn only by prostitutes. Funnily enough, these are often the kind purchased by tourists on cruise ships. It is just as well to know what you are buying, especially when you buy anything with Chinese or Japanese lettering upon it. The wife of a prominent diplomat once bought a very elaborate ricksha, in which she insisted upon riding when doing her down-town shopping. Her husband

begged her not to use it, but she insisted until he translated the Chinese lettering which was written prominently but decoratively on the sides and back of the ricksha: "I am a first-class prostitute. My price is five yen."

Malay Street and the whole of Singapore's segregated area has been cleaned up and is now a respectable part of the city. But, to judge from the following extract from Mr. Roland Braddell's charming *Lights of Singapore*, the situation has not improved: "But unfortunately you cannot close down human nature. The result has been sly prostitution and widespread venereal disease, ruined careers, and broken health, a terrible price to pay for moral enthusiasms."

Will Rogers once remarked that the wickedest thing he had found in Singapore was a Dutch wife which someone had placed in his bed. A Dutch wife is a long hard bolster which is usually placed lengthwise in the middle of the bed. Even babies instinctively know how to use one. I have watched a baby place its leg over a little Dutch wife, so that air could circulate between its legs and keep them cool.

There is plenty to do and see in Singapore after dark. There are Chinese, Hindu and Malay theatres, taxi dance-halls and a Fun City that puts Coney Island in the shade. The great city never goes to sleep, but seems to work in shifts. Countless thousands have no home, but earn their livings here just the same. A tailor works at his bench until far into the night and then goes to sleep on it. He buys his food from walking restaurants. One of the commonest sights is the Chinese restaurateur, who carries a charcoal stove on one end of a pole and his restaurant on the other. With the pole slung over his shoulder, he jogs along the street until he finds a customer. In less time than it takes to describe it, the cus-

tomor has squatted on his haunches by the roadside and the chef is serving him a well-cooked meal for less than one American cent. Since the Indian food salesman needs no crockery or chopsticks, his equipment is even simpler than that of the Chinese. The Indian customer buys a large helping of rice and curry served on a thick hot cake the size of a dinner plate. Using his fingers to feed himself, he eats not only the rice and curry, but also the plate in which it is served, tearing off a small piece with every mouthful until nothing is left.

The smell of coffee makes you wish that you could discover the secret of making it the way the Malays do. When you order a cup, the Malay places one teaspoonful of powder that looks exactly like fine soot into a muslin bag. He then pours boiling water through the bag directly into your cup. The result is simply delicious.

One evening while I was sitting in the lounge of Raffles Hotel I met Joe Fisher, the Sam Goldwyn of Singapore and biggest movie magnate in Malaya. Before Joe Fisher Americanized the motion-picture business in Singapore, a visit to the movies usually meant sitting in a glorified barn crowded with every conceivable race of mankind, including a bunch of brightly-dressed, but veiled, Malay women, and listening to the worst piano player on earth attempting to interpret the most violent and blood-thirsty silent movie ever produced by Hollywood. Pictures in which white men fought one another were among the best money-makers. Every time the hero slugged the villain in the eye, the crowd yelled with delight. The acme of success was attained when someone was flung violently through a plate-glass window or thrown over a precipice. Slapstick comedy was even more popular than tragedy, and, even now, Joe Fisher will tell you that Charlie Chaplin tops them all.

To-day Singapore has several fine theatres, but the kind of pictures popular in America are not necessarily successful in Malaya. Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo and Joe E. Brown make no appeal to Asiatics, but Norma Shearer, Janet Gaynor and Ronald Colman never fail to fill the house. Mickey Mouse and the Tarzan pictures are as popular with Malays as they are in America.

Before leaving Singapore for the Malay Peninsula, I had hoped to meet the Sultan of Johore, whom I had known many years ago, but I heard that he was in London enjoying himself, while his charming son, the Crown Prince, better known as the Tungku Mahkota, was ruling the country in his absence. I received a telephone call from the Tungku, inviting us to take lunch with him and saying that he would call for us in his car. Knowing that he had a fine zoological garden, I decided to take my camera along and at least secure some movies of Malay animals in captivity in case I failed to get any in their natural surroundings.

About eleven o'clock the next morning the Tungku Mahkota drove up to Raffles Hotel in one of the sportiest roadsters I have ever seen. He is a good-looking young Malay, educated at Oxford and blessed with a most charming manner. The three of us piled into the front seat and the Tungku stepped on the gas. Evidently he knew every inch of the road and every person on the road knew him. The speed limit had no terrors for him, but I must say that he was an excellent driver. It seemed no time at all before we reached the Causeway, which now connects the island of Singapore with the mainland of Johore. As I had helped survey it, I was naturally anxious to secure a photograph of it. I had already tried once, but had been stopped by the sentry on guard. But travelling with a man who is the ruler of the country,

and especially one who owns half the Causeway, made all the difference. Instead of challenging us, the sentries sprang to the salute and we dashed through the barricade without slowing down.

"I'd give anything to take a picture of this Causeway," I remarked.

"Why don't you?" asked the Tungku.

"Those darned sentries stopped me yesterday," I explained.

"Oh, I see!" smiled the Tungku, as he slowed up in the middle of the Causeway. "Now we are on my territory. You can take all the pictures you like." So I set up my motion-picture camera and secured some excellent films of the road that now carries not only trains and automobiles across the sea, but also occasional tigers. "My father has often told me how tigers used to swim from Johore to Singapore," remarked the Tungku. "Nowadays they don't have to get their feet wet."

As we entered Johore it was nearly time for lunch and the streets were crowded with Malays on bicycles leaving the Government offices and going home.

The State of Johore is one of the richest in the Malay Peninsula. It is the most southerly point of the continent of Asia. The capital is Johore Bharu, where the Sultan has built a magnificent palace. The Prince Regent lives in a fine modern house not far from the Palace, and it was here that we were entertained at lunch.

Walking about with the Tungku and being constantly saluted made me think of the old days in Malaya when my arm used to get tired from returning the salutes of people who saluted me simply because I was an *Orang Puteh*, or White Man. The Sikhs especially used to snap to attention and salute me when I entered my

office or a bank or even passed them on the street. They don't do it any more in Singapore. I saw as many of these famous Indians as in 1918, for they are not only policemen and soldiers, but they get jobs as doormen, watchmen and chauffeurs. I presume they still salute their officers and immediate employers from whom they get their salaries, but the days when they saluted a man because he was a sahib have apparently gone for ever.

After luncheon the Tungku took us to see his father's treasury. Never have I seen such marvellous gold plate or such priceless jewels, but it was his father's hunting trophies that the Tungku wished me to see, not the gold. Among Oriental potentates, the Sultan of Johore is probably the most famous big-game hunter in the world.

Not far from the house was a splendid zoo with many different kinds of animals in ordinary cages, but the most interesting place of all for photography was a park enclosed with wire netting, in which the Tungku kept his deer. The moment we entered, a barking deer, about the size of a large goat, galloped up to the Prince and accepted food from his hand. Under a large tree were a group of magnificent sambur deer, the largest of the Malay deer, but darting across the grass in search of a convenient hiding place we saw a plandok, the smallest deer in the world. These charming little animals weigh about three pounds and measure about seven inches in height at the shoulder.

On account of the heavy undergrowth, it is almost impossible to see the plandok in the jungle ; but out in the open, as it was here, we were able to study the little animal and see how gracefully it ran on the tips of its tiny cloven hoofs. Observing the ivory tusks protruding from the tiny deer's upper jaw, I asked the Tungku Mahkota if he knew the Malay legend that the plandok, when chased by a tiger, has a habit of jumping into a

bush or a tree, where it hangs quietly to a branch by means of its little tusks, pretending to be a fruit until the tiger goes away.

The Tungku smiled and nodded. "That may not be so much of a fairly tale as you think," he said. "Only recently when I was out hunting, I saw a plandok up in a bush beside the path along which I was walking. But instead of remaining quiet and pretending to be a fruit, he jumped out of the bush and hit me square in the chest."

Many stay-at-home naturalists, steeped in book lore, are apt to forget that animals often have personality. In Africa I saw a lion in a tree, though, according to some naturalists, lions do not climb trees. Here in Malaya was an instance of an animal with a cloven hoof perched in a bush well above the ground.

We hurried back to Singapore that afternoon in order to attend a demonstration of aeroplane bombs. At five o'clock, in a large park, before hundreds of people of all nationalities, various types of bombs were displayed and their action explained. The demonstration was to show how an incendiary bomb works and how to extinguish it.

A thick iron plate was laid upon an ordinary wooden table. On top of the plate an iron tank was set, containing water about two feet deep. On top of this was placed another sheet of iron. On top of this the demonstrator placed a small heap of the incendiary material used in bombs and ignited it with a match. There was no explosion, merely a small heap of fire. The fire burnt through the metal sheet, dropped into the tank of water, burnt a hole through the iron bottom of the tank (thereby letting out all the water), burnt through the iron plate and the wooden table, finally reaching the ground, where it continued to burn as if nothing would

stop it. The demonstrator warned his audience on no account to attempt to put out an incendiary bomb with water. Instead he threw sand on the fire and it was immediately extinguished.

I could see from the expression on the faces of the natives that they were horror-struck. I am afraid that neither Malays nor Indians have the faintest conception of what may be in store for them should Singapore be bombed by Japan. About 750,000 people live in the city, closely packed together in houses of the flimsiest character. I shudder to think of what will happen to them, should Japan repeat what she did to the Chapei district of Shanghai.

We left Singapore on the night express for Kuala Lumpur, the capital of the Federated Malay States. It was an excellent train, quite as good as any in the United States. Our individual sleeping compartments, fitted with real beds and a private bath, were air-conditioned. In a few minutes we were gliding across the Causeway and could see the searchlights of the naval base.

Thus far, with the exception of my old friend, the broker, I had failed to find anyone who had been in the Malay Peninsula when I was. Railroad construction had ceased for many years and most of the engineers were dead or had dispersed to other parts of the world. I looked in vain in the railroad guide book for a familiar name. Surely my old friends could not all be gone. And if ever I needed a friend I needed him now, because the country was at war and I realized that without the co-operation of the railway and other Government officials I could not possibly accomplish all I had planned. I needed boats, elephants, motor cars and, above all, introductions to the right people.

"What are you worrying about?" asked Zetta, as she noticed my wrinkled brow. "Hasn't the Lord

always had His arms around us ? ” She knew we had always found a way, so why not now ?

I need not have worried. When we arrived in Kuala Lumpur, our good fortune was beyond my wildest expectations.

CHAPTER 7

NORTH OF SINGAPORE

NORTH of Singapore and connected to it by means of a Causeway is the Malay Peninsula, forming the most southerly tip of the continent of Asia. Geographically speaking, the Peninsula commences at the Isthmus of Kra in Siamese territory, where its width is only seventeen miles. From Kra the Peninsula stretches in a south-easterly direction for 750 miles, gradually widening out to 190 miles half-way down and then tapering off to a point at Johore. From Singapore to the nearest point on the Siamese border is about 324 miles. The total area of the Malay Peninsula that is controlled by Great Britain is about 53,000 square miles.

As seen from the sea, the Peninsula looks very mountainous, many of the violet-coloured peaks rising into the clouds. But actually the clouds are usually low-lying, and the highest mountain in the country is only 7186 feet above sea-level.

Both the east and the west coasts of the Malay Peninsula are studded with small islands covered with vivid green jungle ; but the actual shore lines are different. The west coast is covered with mangrove swamps with only occasional stretches of sand fringed with coconut palms under which can usually be seen a few palm houses of Malay fishermen. But the east coast is entirely different. Here the force of the north-east monsoon which blows great waves upon the shore of the

China Sea from November to February has washed away all the mud and freed the coast from mangrove swamps. For miles and miles there are lovely white sands, broken occasionally by the mouths of rivers, and rocky headlands. Thousands of coconut palms fringe many of these sandy beaches, while lovely Casuarina trees grow in great profusion.

Generally speaking, the Malay Peninsula is a mass of moderately high mountains intersected in every direction by rivers and small streams. The total area of the Peninsula in round figures is 34,000,000 acres, of which only about 25 per cent has been cultivated. The rest of the country may be described as one vast jungle, of which only a small fraction has ever been visited by human beings, most of whom are wild jungle people and Malays who live on river banks and sometimes cross from one river system to another. Although railroads and roads cross the country in all directions, the jungle in between these highways remains untouched and unexplored.

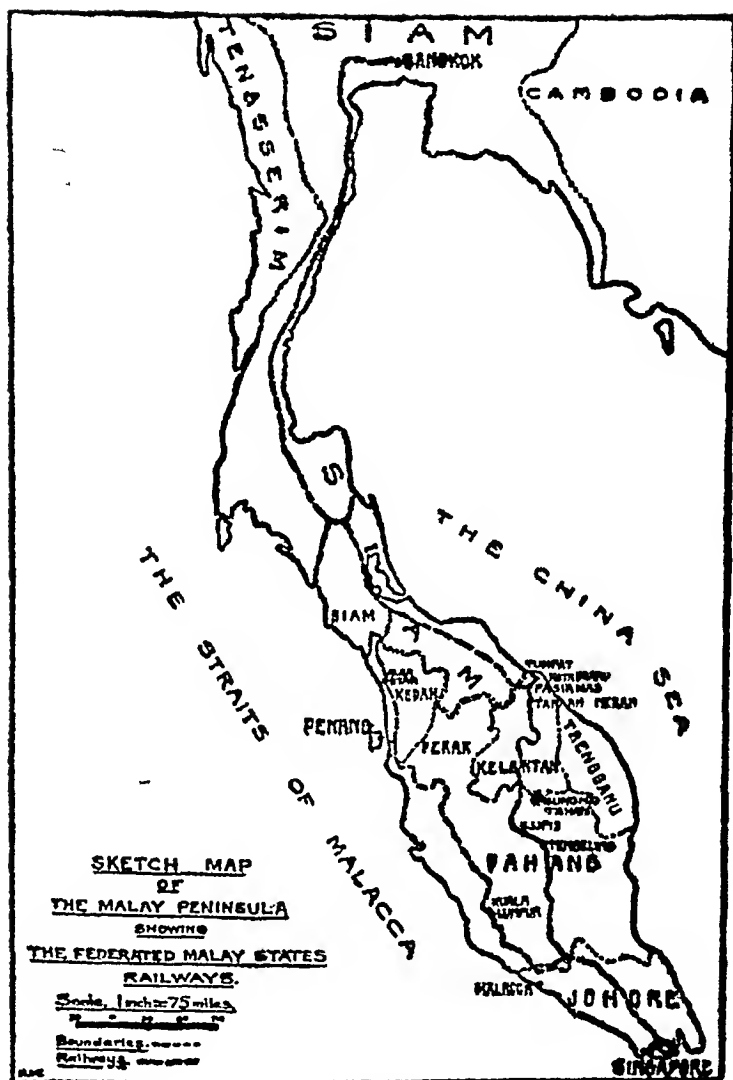
Running down the middle of the Peninsula, but nearer to the east than the west coast, is a range of granite mountains which are covered to their summits with luxuriant jungle. The colour of the jungle varies considerably at different times of the year, although there is no regularity in the change of colour. Usually the jungle is a vivid metallic green, but as the different kinds of trees blossom and change their leaves, this green gives way to an extraordinary variety of colours. It should be remembered that the jungle is not deciduous, but "evergreen." New leaves are often as vividly coloured as the most brilliant maple trees during a New England autumn. However, such bright colours are not general, but are dotted about with great irregularity.

The valleys are full of red soil washed from the

mountains by torrential rains, and underneath this soil, but resting on top of disintegrated granite, are those immense deposits of nearly pure tin which provide the world with more than half its supply. For centuries the Chinese have been mining this tin by the open cast method so that as you travel through the country, especially in the vicinity of Kuala Lumpur and Ipoh, enormous holes in the ground, some of which are a mile wide, can be seen. Large areas of the country have been laid waste, although many of these regions are now being reclaimed and planted with vegetables.

There is considerable confusion in the minds of some people as to what is the difference between Malaya, the Malay Peninsula and the Straits Settlements. The name "Malaya" refers to the combination of the Straits Settlements and Federated Malay States and the Unfederated Malay States. The Straits Settlements belong to Great Britain and fly the Union Jack ; they consist of the islands of Singapore, Penang, Labuan, Christmas Island and Cocos Island. Also two portions of the mainland of the Malay Peninsula known as Province Wellesley and Malacca. The Federated Malay States are made up of Perak, Selangor, Negri Sembilan and Pahang. These states have their own Sultans but are less independent than the unfederated states. The Unfederated Malay States consist of Johore, Kedah, Perlis, Kelantan, Trengganu and Brunei. Brunei is the only one of the Unfederated Malay States that is not situated in the Peninsula. It is situated in the north-west of the island of Borneo. With the exception of Perlis, whose ruler is a Raja, the other unfederated states are governed by Sultans, although each of them does so with the aid of a British Adviser.

The principal cities of Malaya are Singapore, Penang, Kuala Lumpur, Ipoh and Taiping. All of these are



splendid modern cities with fine public buildings and first-class hotels and other Western conveniences. However, these large cities are not so picturesque as other smaller cities in which the native life predominates, such as Malacca, Kuala Kangsar, Alor Star, Kota Bharu and Johore Bharu.

Travel between the towns is either by train or motor car ; but once you leave the beaten track and attempt to penetrate even a mile or two into the jungle, you become an explorer and life can be quite a problem. Practically every town of any size in Malaya has a Government Rest-house in which a traveller can stay and obtain food at a very moderate cost.

To glance at the map of the Malay Peninsula, it looks quite easy to travel five or ten miles away from a highway ; but once you attempt such a journey it is necessary to have Malay coolies to carry food and equipment, and where the jungle is not even traversed by elephant trails boats must be used. Practically all the main paths through the Malay jungle are ancient or modern elephant trails, some of which I myself surveyed and placed on existing maps. These elephant trails are, of course, used by many other animals as well as by man. This is known to the leeches which always swarm on such trails, waiting hungrily for a meal. About the length and thickness of a match before it bites you, a leech is as fat as a cigar afterwards.

The Malay land leech walks like a measuring worm and makes quite rapid progress. In its eagerness for food, the leech tries to enter the eyelets of your boots and suck your blood through your socks. This is a messy business and not very satisfactory to the leech, so that it usually continues to climb up until it reaches your neck. Unfortunately the bite of a clever leech cannot be felt, so that you are quite unconscious of the fact that the

animal is rapidly filling himself with your blood. This makes him warm, so that by the time the leech is gorged and lets go, it often tumbles down your neck without your feeling it. As most people wear wrap-around puttees in the jungle, the leech cannot fall farther than your knees, so there it rests and digests its meal. As soon as camp is reached, off come the trousers and out falls the sleepy leech. The next job is to stop the leech bite from bleeding, and this is often quite a problem. Leech bites often develop into bad sores that take weeks to heal.

This is only one of the many drawbacks to jungle exploration. There are also numerous wasps, from miniature ones that delight in hanging their nests underneath a large leaf in exactly the place you are apt to strike the leaf when walking along a trail, to huge Tebuans. To get a dozen stings from these miniature wasps is not unusual and, although painful, not serious. Quite another affair is the sting of the Tebuan, which is a monstrous wasp with a most ferocious disposition. One sting from a Tebuan has been known to send a Malay to the hospital. Then there are numerous stinging caterpillars. Most of them are hairy and it seems to be the hairs which are poisonous. They have a way of dropping down your neck. If only you had the presence of mind not to squash the animal, all would be well, but usually you feel the caterpillar and immediately swipe at it with your hand. The result is as if someone had seared your skin with a hot iron.—

Virgin jungle is comparatively easy to walk through, because the absence of light for centuries has prevented the formation of any dense undergrowth. From outside, the jungle is of very irregular height, the average being about one hundred and twenty-five feet. But dotted about here and there can be seen monster trees

over two hundred feet high. The trunks of these large trees are usually the only ones visible, and they look as if they had been whitewashed. Many of these trees have hanging upon them enormous vines with brightly coloured flowers.

Once inside the jungle, the ground is often covered with masses of beautiful iridescent ferns that change colour like silk. There are palms of many varieties, but few of them ever grow high enough to show outside the jungle, except the famous Malacca Cane, which is a creeping palm that grows hundreds of feet long.

The main characteristic of a jungle that distinguishes it from an ordinary forest is the extraordinary mixture of trees. In America we are accustomed to forests of Pine, Oak or Cedar ; but in a jungle you often have to search to find two trees alike. Jungle trees are usually provided with enormous buttresses to support them in the rotten soil, which is sometimes a hundred feet deep with leaf-mould. Some of these jungle giants measure thirty feet across the buttresses, but ten feet from the ground the same tree might only measure eight feet in diameter.

Were it not for their strange calls and noises, you would think that there were no birds in the jungle, for they are only rarely seen. If there are any true song birds in the Malay jungle, I never noticed them. Practically all the birds either sing out of tune or make loud noises or very distinct calls such as those of the Argus Pheasant and the Peacock. The only familiar bird call is the crowing of the Jungle Cock and the clucking of the hen. These lovely little fowl look like the most brightly coloured bantams imaginable. I think that the bird most commonly seen, because its colours are so conspicuous, is the lovely Kingfisher.

Yet the Malay jungle is full of the most spectacular



Theodore Hubback used to shoot big game. Now he conserves it. Altogether, doing both, he has spent forty years in the Malay jungle.

This little Plandok, or Chevrotain, is the smallest deer in the world. It is quite common in the Malay jungle and often kept as a pet.





This tiny Chevrotan weighed only three pounds. Its legs are not as thick as a pencil.

birds in the world, including various kinds of pheasants, woodpigeon, parakeets, fly-catchers and the giant Rhinoceros Hornbill, which has the habit of walling its mate into a hollow tree at nesting time. One of the most charming sights in the jungle is to see a tree full of Serindits. The Serindit is one of the favourite birds of the Malays. Until you watch its habits, the Serindit might easily be mistaken for a Love Bird because it is a very similar small green parakeet. But the unusual thing about the Serindit is its habit of sleeping upside down. Sometimes I have come across a dozen of these little birds hanging upside down like a fruit upon a tree.

Another strange bird is the Bustard Quail, which has several topsy-turvy habits. The female is larger than the male ; she is pretty, but he is ugly. Of course, she lays the eggs, but he sits on them and hatches them, and during the mating season the females fight for the males. As for other forms of animal life, the jungle swarms with insects from enormous butterflies and moths that measure twelve inches across their outspread wings to cicadæ which make trumpet-like noises so loud that towards sundown it is almost impossible to hear yourself speak.

There are elephants, two kinds of rhinoceros, tapir, seladang, bears, three kinds of deer, tigers and over thirty different kinds of monkeys. Over sixty species of bats alone have been discovered, including the huge Flying Fox, which measures five feet across its outstretched wings. Besides the Flying Fox, which is the largest bat in the world, the Malay Peninsula claims to have the smallest mammal (in weight) in the world, which is also the smallest bat.

Other flying animals of the Malay jungle are the Flying Lemur, Flying Lizard, Flying Squirrel and Wallace's Flying Frog which can skim through the air on the soles of its enormous webbed feet. Crocodiles

are numerous, especially on the lower reaches of the rivers which run into the Straits of Malacca, and they take a larger toll of human life than any other animal. Specimens thirty feet long have been recorded, but those exceeding sixteen feet are exceptional. The huge Reticulated Python is the largest Malayan snake, growing to a length of thirty feet, but the most dangerous snake in Malaya, and in the world for that matter, is the Hamadryad or King Cobra, the largest of all poisonous snakes. This formidable snake does not hesitate to attack a man. It always seems to be in a bad temper. Specimens measuring eighteen feet, six inches have been recorded, and when it is remembered that a snake can strike half its own length, some idea can be had of the great danger there is from this reptile. Unfortunately the Hamadryad is by no means an uncommon snake.

It is undoubtedly on account of the many dangers of the jungle that the Malays themselves keep out of it except on business. If a Malay wants some jungle produce, such as rattan or damar or palm leaves, he first mutters a few prayers to the spirits of the jungle, explaining the purpose of his visit.

Regarding the population of Malaya, there are about 2,000,000 Malays, 1,750,000 Chinese, 630,000 Indians, 56,000 other than white, 18,000 Europeans and 16,000 Eurasians (mixed blood). Of the 34,000,000 acres of Malaya, it is interesting to note the order and amount of land under cultivation.

	<i>Acres</i>
Rubber	3,302,170
Rice	740,040
Coconuts	609,417
Pineapples	75,350
Oil Palms	68,925
Fruit trees	62,899

	<i>Acres</i>
Areca nuts	61,708
Bananas	25,999
Nipah Palms	25,340
Tapioca	24,562
Coffee	18,246
Market gardens	14,087

Only a small proportion of the rubber trees of Malaya are being tapped, so that the price of rubber is artificially maintained.

From the above table it will be obvious that, when motoring through the Malay Peninsula, you pass through enormous rubber estates and native Malay villages which are surrounded by rice fields and coconut palms.

Except where the land is swampy and therefore unsuitable for cultivation, the jungle has been cut down. It is only when the road rises into the high mountains that real jungle is to be seen at close quarters, although, at almost every moment, the jungle-covered hills are to be seen as a background to the scenery of civilization.

CHAPTER 8

BACK TO THE JUNGLE

WE left Singapore at 10 p.m. on an air-conditioned sleeping saloon express and at exactly 7.20 the next morning the train rolled into Kuala Lumpur Station.

The trains of the Federated Malay State Railways were as punctual as ever. Apparently nothing had changed. The platform looked very much like Paddington, London ; in fact, the whole railroad made me think of the Great Western Railway of England, even to the colour of the paint. This resemblance had been purposely accomplished by one of the former general managers of the line, who had come directly to the Malay Peninsula from the Great Western.

The station hotel was as comfortable and spotlessly white as it had been twenty years before, but a great change had come over the main dining-room. It seemed to have lost its old atmosphere of informality.

Numbers of smart-looking Chinese boys dressed in white, with black Chinese shoes, stood respectfully in various parts of the room. The head waiter, also Chinese, was dressed entirely in black. How many tables there were, I could not tell, because I lost count of them. What caught my eye was the lovely bowl of lavender-coloured orchids in the centre of each table. There were at least thirty orchids on our table—there must have been hundreds in the room. But the place was empty and I was eager to see people. It was too early for this, and so we decided to go to our room and come

back at a more popular hour. If we had not made this decision, Dame Fortune might not have smiled upon me the way she did.

With us in the elevator was an elderly man who had the unmistakable appearance of one who had spent his life in the tropics. He was dressed in khaki. His face was as brown as leather, but the whites of his eyes betrayed the fact that this was no sun tan obtained on Palm Beach, but the result of years of hard work in a climate that was not always as healthy as it is to-day.

I glanced at him without recognition, but he exclaimed: "I say! Aren't you Carveth Wells?"

Again I looked at him without recognition.

"Don't you remember me?" he continued. "I used to be in Kelantan when you were in charge of the railway. I'm Farrer, the Adviser."

"Good God!" I cried with astonishment and delight. "Of course I remember you. I thought you were dead. Everyone else seems to be."

"No, I'm far from being dead, although I am sixty-six," remarked Farrer. "I'm delighted to see you again. I read in the Singapore papers that you have returned to Malaya. Cannot we have breakfast together?"

The Adviser of Kelantan is the Britisher who is appointed to give advice to the Sultan of one of the semi-independent Mālay States. So long as the Sultan takes the advice of the Adviser, he remains Sultan. In the old days there had never been much enthusiasm on the part of other Government officials for us railroad engineers, because we took our orders only from the general manager. He, in turn, did not have to kow-tow to anyone, because he was appointed directly from England, on the understanding that his job was to build the railway and run it efficiently. To have been subject

to the orders of every little or big official in the country would have completely hamstrung us in our efforts to get things done well and quickly.

Some high British officials and especially their wives are given to "high-hatting" everyone subordinate to them. This is especially true after retirement on a pension, should any former subordinate try to crash the gate of their society on the strength of former acquaintance. But Farrer was not that type. He knew that both of us had gone through the mill during the exciting time of the Singapore Mutiny and the Kelantan Rebellion. I almost showed him a photograph that I had in my suitcase of the leader of the Kelantan Rebellion, Tok Jangut (an old man with a beard), strung up dead and upside down as he had been exhibited in Kelantan. But I remembered that the Government had ordered the destruction of all those photographs, and I knew that Farrer was so conscientious that he might have demanded the destruction of mine. I decided not to mention them.

In a few minutes we re-entered the dining-room and sat down to a good old English breakfast of porridge, bacon and eggs, toast, marmalade and coffee. Then we began to gather up the threads that I had lost for almost a quarter of a century. Most of the men I had known had drifted away without leaving a trace of their present whereabouts. A few had become high ranking Government officials in various parts of the world. Richards had been appointed Governor of Jamaica; Pepys had a high position in the service of the Rajah of Sarawak; Adams was Lieutenant Governor of Nigeria, and so on. Unfortunately others had fallen by the wayside. One of my oldest friends had committed suicide in Pahang; another had been killed by his Malay coolies; another, whom I remembered as one of the best-looking and most charming of men, had become such a degraded beach-

comber that he had been forced to leave the country. But, saddest of all, was the news of two men I knew very well. One was on trial in London for bigamy and the other had been tried for murder in Selangor. Incessant heat, fever and loneliness sometimes drive the best of men to deeds of desperation. Only a handful had weathered those trying years when the Malay Peninsula was being opened up by roads and railroads.

"But tell me about someone who is here now," I begged.

Farrer thought a minute. "How about Jeff, d'you know him? He is the chief engineer of the F.M.S. Railways."

Did I know him! We had gone out to the Malay Peninsula on the same boat. We had been assistant engineers together. Of course I knew Jeff. My recollection was that he was a rather quiet, soft-spoken individual who did far more listening than talking. I was not surprised to find that he had reached the top of the tree in the engineering profession. But there was more good luck in store for me. My old friend, Captain Anderson, who had been the chief of police in the service of the Sultan of Kelantan when I was there, was still in Kelantan. And Theodore Hubback, the most famous big-game hunter of all time in the Malay Peninsula, was living by himself in the jungle of Pahang.

The first thing to do was to find Jeff, so off we went to his office, which happened to be within a few yards of the hotel. Just as I was walking towards his office I met him in a passageway face to face. I was excited and thrilled at the meeting, but I remembered Jeff too well to expect any kind of effusion on his part.

"Good morning, Wells," he remarked as casually as if we had only parted the night before. "How goes it?"

"Congratulations," I said cordially.

"Anything I can do for you?" he enquired.

"Arrange for me to have an interview with the general manager," I asked, "and please tell him that I was one of the surveyors of the East Coast Railway."

The same morning I secured an interview with L. M. Smart, the general manager. Again good luck smiled upon me, for when I began to tell him who I was and what I wanted, he remarked with a smile: "I met you last in Africa, in the pages of one of your books called *In Coldest Africa*. You were out there climbing the Mountains of the Moon."

I then explained the object of my expedition to Malaya. I told him I wanted to see the railway I had helped to survey and construct; that I wanted the co-operation of the officials I might meet *en route*, and, above all, I wanted to get a picture of a fish climbing a tree.

"The transportation part of your request is easy," smiled Mr. Smart. "I certainly think you deserve to travel in comfort over the line that caused you so many years of discomfort, but I cannot do anything about the fish."

I left the general manager's office, walking on air, with all the transportation I could possibly want in my vest pocket. No time was to be lost. It was already September 18th, and the monsoon was expected to break any day. One of the extraordinary things about the Malay Peninsula is the absence of any very marked seasons. There is neither winter nor summer, neither wet season nor dry season. All you can say is that the weather is a bit more monsoony than usual, or perhaps a bit less. In India the effects of the monsoons are pronounced, indeed, with distinct wet and dry seasons; but not so in the Malay Peninsula.

Darwin and Wallace both speculated upon the effects that such absence of any marked seasons should have on the Malay bees. Bees, having collected nectar from

flowers, convert it into honey which they store up in a honeycomb for their use in winter. But if there was no winter, why should they make honey? Actually, the bees of Malaya make honey, but live on nectar. Consequently, the honey that they store up accumulates enormously. Whether the Malay bees do this just to be topsy-turvy like the rest of the Peninsula, we do not know; but, instead of storing up honey in hollow trees, they often hang their combs from the limbs of very tall trees. Each year a fresh honeycomb is added to the previous one. Longer and longer grows the mass until finally, unable to support its own weight, the honeycomb, that has taken years to accumulate and is often six feet long, crashes down to earth. I have seen jungle trees two hundred feet high, with a dozen or more great honeycombs hanging to the branches; and at the base of the same trees I have found holes where the aborigines had been digging for beeswax.

When I looked up that morning and saw heavy grey clouds covering the sky, I determined to save a couple of days on my way to Kelantan by motoring across the Peninsula from Kuala Lumpur to Kuala Lipis in the State of Pahang, and catching the train from there. Excellent motor roads now traverse the Peninsula in all directions. They are hard surfaced and well marked.

On the way we passed through the town of Kuala Kubu, where the road branches and then climbs across the range of mountains that form the backbone of the Peninsula. But the present Kuala Kubu was not the town I had known so well years before. That town had disappeared, having been covered, right over the roofs of the houses, by the silt from tin mines.

Soon we began to climb through magnificent jungle, higher and higher, until great gusts of cool wind blew upon us. Several times I heard the giant hornbill.

Once heard, the sound is never forgotten—*Whooo—Whooo—Whooo—Whooo—Who—Ha—Ha—Ha—Ha*. For twenty-one miles we zigzagged up the mountain-side until we had climbed 2800 feet to the Gap. The last time I had been there, I stayed in a little wooden bungalow that had a lovely rose garden. There were still plenty of lovely roses, but the bungalow had gone. In its place was a palatial stone building, the Gap Rest-house, run by the Government as a health resort.

Here we had a luncheon which included roast grouse, imported in cold storage all the way from Scotland and brought up here in a special refrigerator car. In spite of this, I thought I overheard a couple complaining about the food. I wanted to tell them how I had fared twenty years before, when nothing but canned food and scrawny chicken were on the menu. Guests then were so few and far between that the old Chinese cook who ran the bungalow could not afford to kill a chicken until after-it was ordered. Then he would call his chickens with a handful of rice, and, one after another, feel their breasts while they pecked the grain out of his hand. Finally he would catch a bird, chop off its head, plunge it into a pail of boiling water, wipe off the feathers as if they were made of soap, cut the two pieces of white meat from the breast and throw the cutlets, still quivering, into a frying-pan. Then he would take a soup plate, salt and pepper the bottom of it, add a tablespoon of Worcester sauce, fill the plate with hot water and shout : "*Makanan Siap.*" (Food is ready.) While I ate the soup he would open a can of peas, warm them in a pan, and by the time the chicken was brown the vegetable was ready to serve. For dessert he would open another can. Then I would recline in my long chair and watch lizards chase flies across the ceiling.

After a while it occurred to me that the people might

not be complaining about the food. I had bought a durian in Kuala Lumpur and had smuggled the famous fruit into the rest-house in a small handbag. The bag had been carried into the hall by one of the servants. I could smell it. Probably everyone else could too. I often wonder why Nature gave the durian such a terrific odour and such a delicious taste. Had I not known Darwin's definition of its taste and smell, I should have said that the taste was indefinable, but the smell would knock you down. Darwin maintained that the durian tasted of a mixture of custard, turpentine and rotten onions ; and that it smelt like a sewer.

Nevertheless, the durian is by far the most popular fruit in Malaya, not only with people, but with the animals of the jungle. Malays say that a tiger will break into a house to steal a durian. Malay proverbs indicate that the fruit is an aphrodisiac, but I doubt if it is any more effective than ginseng. To me the taste is perfectly delightful. I soon got used to the smell.

Having finished luncheon, Zetta and I rather shamefacedly carried the bag containing the durian out to the lawn in front of the rest-house, where we ordered our Malay boy, Ali, to open the prickly fruit with his parang (large knife). It proved to be a beauty, in the prime of ripeness. It contained about a dozen large seeds the size of chestnuts, covered with rich creamy custard. Zetta had never tasted one, but with characteristic courage, she joined the feast, holding the seeds in her fingers and sucking off the custard. After the first mouthful, she nodded approvingly, and, between the two of us, we polished off the durian in about three minutes. The only disadvantage of eating a durian is that the smell and flavour stay with you for several days. Friends exclaim : " You've been eating durian. How disgusting ! "

Seeing us eat his favourite dish with such relish caused us to go up in Ali's estimation. But it was never any use to ask him to buy durians for us, because they were not plentiful, and if he found one he ate it himself.

Fourteen hundred feet above the Gap Rest-house the Government had built another, even finer, on Fraser's Hill, but we decided to reserve that for a visit on our way back. From the Gap we motored downhill through magnificent jungle, then through rubber estates as we approached Kuala Lipis, the capital of Pahang.

The business section of the town is built upon the banks of the River Jelei, close to its junction with the much smaller River Lipis. The Malay word *kuala* means the junction of two rivers. Inland from the river bank there are a number of little hills upon which are built the houses of Government officials, a hospital, a large old-fashioned rest-house and the Pahang Club. In my day the few houses were dotted about the golf course, but to-day the same course winds in and out of the residential part of a pretty country town. From five o'clock until the sun sets at six-thirty, the native population likes to promenade along the roads that wind among the hills, dodging the golf balls which whiz from green to green like bullets. When night falls, the golf players retire to the Pahang Club, which is the community centre for the white population. Here they sit around drinking stengers (small whisky sodas) and gin *pahits* (gin and bitters); playing billiards or reading English magazines until about eight o'clock, when they go home to their bungalows, dress and have dinner in solitary state about nine-thirty and then go to bed.

Life in Kuala Lipis did not seem to have changed much. We paid a duty call upon the British Resident; had a drink with the district officer and dinner with the

chief of police. As we motored about the residential section, I pointed out to Zetta the little wooden boxes placed at the outer gate of every house, upon which the whole social structure of the town depends. Neatly painted on each box is the name of the family living in the house, plus the words: "Not At Home." It is perfectly obvious that the people are at home, but only the most intimate friend would dare to call personally upon these strange tropical hermits. At regular intervals every person in town makes a systematic round of all the little boxes and shoots into each the exact number of visiting cards that etiquette demands. Every evening when no one is about, the mistress of the house sneaks out and gathers up her harvest. In many instances, even after years of residence, the mutual exchange of cards is as far as social intercourse ever gets. It is always a great day for the lady when she finds in her box the card of the wife of her husband's superior officer. Finding the card of the Resident's wife is the acme of social success, topped only by an invitation to dinner at the Residency.

As we entered the rest-house that night, I happened to glance up at the roof; and there on the eaves I saw a notice in white paint that gave me quite a shock: "Flood Level." I could not believe my eyes. I knew that the rest-house was well above the business quarter of the town, and that for a flood to reach such a level, the water would have to rise over the roofs of the houses. But it was only too true. The Jelei River had risen eighty-five feet in forty-eight hours, not only flooding the town, but covering the railroad to a depth of twenty feet. And I was the engineer who surveyed the line! I could well remember the trouble I took to interview the oldest Malays I could find and ask them how high they had ever seen the river rise. But, even allowing

ten feet above the highest flood level, my estimate was still twenty feet out.

Our train was due to leave Kuala Lipis at 9.32 a.m., and as I walked up and down the platform the next morning, I could not help recalling the day I had surveyed that part of the railroad, a quarter of a century before. For several hours I had been cutting my way through dense undergrowth swarming with vicious red ants, the bites of which had made me lose the remnants of a tropical temper. Suddenly I had emerged into brilliant sunlight to find myself standing on the well-kept green of a golf course. A couple of Malay caddies were practising putting when I burst upon them with a shower of curses, as I tried to rid myself of those damnable insects. I had already swept off the bodies of the ants, but their heads, equipped with formidable pincers, were still attached to my skin and biting vigorously. Malays are extraordinarily neat people, clean and nattily dressed, especially when they are not at work; the two caddies were no exception. To them I must have looked like the worst class of beachcomber. My canvas boots were covered with red clay, and, as I walked, bubbles of bloody froth oozed from the eyelets of the boots, denoting that a few leeches had managed to crawl inside and suck the blood through my socks. As high as my waist I was covered with muck and slime from the last swamp through which I had waded, but my khaki tunic, though drenched with perspiration, was otherwise clean. To the horror of the caddies, my Malay coolies hammered into the sacred ground a series of wooden pegs, a foot high and painted white. They went clear across the golf course to denote the path of the railroad. Malay survey coolies take the greatest glee in lawfully damaging other people's property. The more fruit trees there are to be cut down, fences to be ripped open, houses to be

demolished, the better they like it. So when the railroad survey ran straight across this lovely golf course, they were simply delighted.

The station where I was waiting was spotlessly clean and bright with many kinds of flowers. The platform was crowded with Malays—men, women and children, waiting for the *kreta-api*, or "fire-carriage," as the train was called. The station-master was an Indian. He was dressed in an immaculate white duck uniform, decorated with gold braid, and he wore on his head a fine white sun helmet. Several shrill toots on a very English-sounding whistle denoted the coming of the train, which consisted of a fine green engine hauling a number of streamlined coaches painted white and chocolate. At the end of the train was a snappy-looking private saloon which was to be my chariot while I travelled in triumph through the jungle.

Soon the train began to travel through the most mountainous section of the Peninsula. Dotted about the countryside were huge white marble cliffs, hundreds of feet high, with vertical sides. I remembered how we twisted the survey to avoid them. The flat tops of these immense outcrops were covered with bright green jungle, while the interiors were often honeycombed with huge caverns that provided homes for innumerable bats and birds that built nests which were exported to China and made into soup.

Camping in this region, I had had trouble with the elephants that came out of the jungle and obliterated the survey of the railway by pulling up the wooden pegs, often throwing them a hundred feet into the top of a tree. It did not surprise me, therefore, to notice that elaborate barbed-wire entanglements had been erected around many of the railroad buildings. Rows of old steel rails had been embedded vertically in the ground,

and barbed wire had been strung from rail to rail in all directions. Although I knew only too well the purpose of these warlike precautions, I enquired about them just the same.

"What's the idea of all this barbed wire around your house?" I asked an old Indian workman.

"Elephants, Master!" answered the old fellow ruefully. "They are very wicked in this neighbourhood. They try to destroy our houses."

From him I learned that ever since the railroad was built elephants had used the right of way as a convenient trail that saved them the trouble of climbing over the tops of the mountains. With their usual sagacity, the animals habitually used the tunnels, not only for passing from one side of a mountain to the other, but also as comfortable resting places in the heat of the day. Tunnels are nice and cool and the elephants know it; special guards have to be engaged by the railroad department to walk through every tunnel ahead of each train and shoo them out.

Occasionally an elephant attacks a train. Such an encounter usually results in the death of the elephant and the derailment of the engine. On one stretch of the line I noticed an amusing instance of damage done by a mischievous elephant. For a distance of about two miles, the local maintenance engineer had placed, at regular intervals alongside the rails, vertical steel rails, embedded securely and accurately levelled to the height of the tracks. These iron posts were about a hundred feet apart and painted white. In addition he had erected the usual iron gradient signs, which indicate to the driver of an engine whether the grade is up or down or level. Such posts and grade signs save an enormous amount of time and labour in maintaining a railroad, except when elephants object to them. In this instance



This Malay barking deer knows the photographer is there, but doesn't quite know what to do about it

This rhino is headed for his favourite salt lick





The rear end of animals is the one usually pointed at the camera. Here's a Tapir.

These are Seladang, cow and calf, said to be the most dangerous animals in the world, but not acting it here.



an elephant that had been walking alongside the railroad track had pushed every post over at an angle of about forty-five degrees, rendering them quite useless for levelling purposes.

As we proceeded the jungle gradually gave way to rubber estates and we knew that we were approaching the sea coast of Kelantan. Soon after three o'clock the train passed over the huge steel bridge which spans the Kelantan River at Tanah Merah (Red Earth). Both approaches to the bridge were guarded by soldiers and barbed-wire entanglements.

"What are they afraid of up here?" I asked the conductor.

"They tell me that trouble may come at any time from Siam," he answered.

From what I could gather from people I met in Kelantan, the present Siamese Government is not only ardently pro-Nazi, but is also very much under the thumb of Japan. I was strongly advised to keep away from Bangkok unless I wanted to run into crowds of Nazis who delighted in making themselves conspicuous by singing German drinking songs in the hotels.

A few minutes after crossing the bridge, the train stopped at Tanah Merah Station, which I had built many years before. I looked in vain for a sign of my old bungalow, but dense undergrowth had covered the site. As I walked up and down the platform, a shrivelled old man approached me with a broad smile that showed the blackened stumps of what was left of his teeth. "*Tabek Tuan*" (Salutation, Master), he said. Then, seeing that I was looking for a sign of the old village, the Malay waved his hand and said: "*Habis la*" (It is finished). To my amazement, I learned that the Kelantan River had overflowed its banks and totally wiped out the village and swept away my bungalow bodily.

"It is many years since I have seen you, sir," said the old Malay. "Don't you remember me? I am your contractor. I built your house." Pointing to his mouth he added: "I'm an old man. Master is not thin any more."

Then I remembered him. He used to be a smart young fellow with a flashing smile that showed as good a set of teeth as anyone. But he had grown into a typical old Malay country bumpkin. Not only did he chew betel nut continuously, but he kept a wad of tobacco under his upper lip.

From Tanah Merah to the end of the line, every yard of the countryside was familiar. Not only had I helped to survey, construct and maintain this part of the line, but I had eventually been made the engineer in charge of Open Lines Kelantan, with a fine bungalow in Pasir Mas (Golden Sand). The bungalow was still there, unoccupied. The coconuts that I had planted had grown into tall trees. My hibiscus hedge was higher than my head and loaded with scarlet blossoms.

At 5.15 p.m. the train reached the terminus of the line at Tumpat Kelantan. I had travelled in eight hours a distance it had taken six years to locate and construct. Tumpat hadn't changed. I found my way without difficulty to the same little railway rest-house, on the edge of the sea, which had once been my headquarters.

"Boy!" I yelled loudly as I entered the rest-house.

"*Tuan*," came the answer, just as it had so long ago.

"*Bawa makanan!*" (Bring food!) I commanded.

"*Ayam cutlet ada*" (There are some chicken cutlets), announced the boy.

"Goddam it! Nothing but b—— chickens!" I complained, as I remembered the hundreds of chickens I must have eaten, having had chicken three times a day for six years. No, nothing had changed. There were

the same old comfortable long chairs ; the same Chinese boys and the same *tukang ayer* (water carrier), probably smoking the same old opium in the outhouse.

At six o'clock the sun promptly set and almost immediately the long leaves of the coconut palms began to rustle as a cool breeze came in from the sea. I switched on the light and heard a familiar sound : "*cheechuck, cheechuck, chip, chip, chip,*" and I saw the same little yellow lizards dart across the ceiling and wait patiently near the glow of the electric light for a wandering moth or insect. The electric light was new. There used to be an oil lamp, and many a night the chimney would become completely clogged with roasted insects. The lizards evidently appreciated the greater convenience of the electric light, for they soon began chasing their supper across the ceiling with great success.

The beds were also the same, hard as iron, but cooler than any other kind. From force of habit I searched the mosquito-nets thoroughly before turning out the light. I had no desire for either of us to go to bed with someone else's mosquito, and perhaps be inoculated with malaria germs.

At exactly four o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the crowing of a rooster, just as I had been regularly awakened twenty years before in the same rest-house. On this occasion, I was having a nightmare. I imagined I was dying of fever. I was alone and feeling very sorry for myself at having to die without anyone near, when suddenly that wretched fowl awakened me. What a relief it was to see Zetta's blond head under the mosquito-net on the other bed, and to realize that twenty years had passed ; to know that I was no longer half dead with tropical diseases, but was in perfect health.

After a while Zetta sprang out of bed and started

throwing things out of the window to stop the racket, but it was useless. Soon all the roosters in Tumpat began crowing in defiance of one another.

At six o'clock the sun rose out of the sea like a huge red dinner plate. The sea was like glass. Numbers of fishing boats were already sailing out on the land breeze which now sprang up. Late the same afternoon the direction of the wind would change and blow them home again. I have often wondered whether the Kelantan fishermen have ever learned to tack. Whenever I have seen them, they are always sailing with the wind.

At six-thirty, while we reclined in long chairs on the verandah, the boy served tea and delicious little golden bananas, which the Malays call *pisang mas*. At eight o'clock he served our breakfast, and we arose fortified for a long day's work in the blazing sun.

We had a date to get pictures of monkeys picking coconuts. Ali was supposed to carry our cameras, but the moment I handed them to him, he called to another Malay, whom he engaged at his own expense to carry them for him. Ali came from Kuala Lumpur and was very sophisticated. He had started speaking to me in English, but I warned him not to do so again unless he wanted to be fired ; and he had appeared in a soft felt hat, instead of the regular Malay *songkok*. "Don't you dare to wear a felt hat again," I ordered. In the future he wore his velvet *songkok* and served us excellently. But he could not bear to be seen carrying anything in the way of baggage or doing any kind of menial job. He was supposed to wash my clothes, but I knew that he paid someone else to do it. In the eyes of these Kelantan country cousins of his, he had to maintain an appearance of being a regular city slicker.

Most Malays are lazy. About the only work that a Malay does of his own accord is ploughing his rice field,

and he wouldn't do that if he could possibly avoid it. When shown by the British Government how to raise two crops of rice annually instead of one, the Malays planted just half the usual quantity of rice! A Malay is so lazy that he prefers to fish with an automatic fishing rod that pulls up the fish of its own accord while he takes a nap.

Coconut palms are tall and slippery, but coconuts are almost as essential to the Malay as rice. Therefore he has trained a special kind of monkey, called a *berok*, to climb the trees and pick the nuts. To train as intelligent an animal as a monkey to do this is not such a simple matter. Sometimes there are as many as fifty or more coconuts on one tree—large ones, small ones, ripe and unripe, and it is important that the monkey should know which nut to pick. Either the *berok* is naturally extremely intelligent or is capable of the most unusual degree of training, because any one that has been well taught can understand at least a dozen words in the Malay language. Climb, pick, that, yes, no, large, small, green, yellow, hurry, don't, and come down, are all in the vocabulary of a good monkey.

The *berok* is a moderately large monkey with a very short stumpy tail. Around his neck he wears a collar to which a long piece of strong cord is attached. The monkey's owner stands at the bottom of the coconut palm and directs the picking.

The first monkey we saw was a young one. His owner explained regretfully that he was a very nervous little monkey and inexperienced, but at my request he led the monkey to a tall coconut palm and commanded him to climb up by saying the word, "*Naik*." At once the monkey started up the tree, but at a height of about ten feet lost his nerve and sprang into a neighbouring clump of bushes. His owner hauled him back by the

string. "You can do much better than that," he scolded. "Try again. Climb."

Once more the little monkey started up the tree. Ten feet, twenty, thirty, then stopped and surveyed the ground beneath him. I could imagine the little fellow saying to himself: "This is an awfully tall tree, and I'm such a little monkey." Suddenly he made up his mind to descend, coming down head first, but reaching the ground safely. Then he rushed over towards Zetta, but was prevented from reaching her by the string around his neck. Like a flash he turned around and managed to catch hold of her foot with his own, as if he were saying: "Well, if they won't let me shake hands with you, I'll shake feet anyhow."

We set out to find a more experienced monkey, one that more nearly lived up to my descriptions of the species. Soon we came across a group of five or six, which had evidently been working for some time; each was sitting on the ground beside the heap of coconuts it had picked. "Why don't they climb and pick some more?" I enquired, as I held my camera in readiness.

The reply was unexpected. "*Pokul dua blas. Dia ta' mau b-kerja.*" (It's twelve o'clock. They don't want to work.)

Apparently they belonged to a sort of monkeys' union. They had learned that Malays stop work at noon, so they were ready to go home themselves and sleep for the rest of the day.

"I'll pay you a dollar for each coconut your monkey will pick," I said to the owner of the finest-looking monkey. But not even the money tempted him. "He will get angry with me, if I make him work," said the Malay, but after I pleaded with him, he finally consented unwillingly.

"See, *Tuan*, how angry he is with me. He knows he

is not supposed to work after midday," remarked the Malay, as the monkey scolded and hesitated when ordered to climb the tree. But up he went steadily until he reached the top, at least sixty feet above the ground. Then he parted the leaves and sat down on the large bunch of coconuts. He then looked down at his owner as much as to say: "Which one shall I pick?"

Turning to me, the Malay asked: "Do you want a green one or a brown?" If I had wanted the coconut for cooking, I would have asked for a brown one, and the Malay would have shouted to the monkey: "*Kuning*." But, since I wanted a drink, I asked for a green one, and the order was "*Hijau*." Without hesitation, the monkey selected a large green coconut. But instead of attempting to pull it off by force, a task for which he had not nearly enough strength, he cleverly twisted it around and around until, after about twenty turns, it fell to the ground.

"Pick another," shouted the man, and once again the monkey threw down a coconut. But he must have known that only two had been ordered, because he immediately descended and walked away from the tree in disgust. By now he is probably carrying a sign saying: "Unfair to organized labour."

The old travellers' tale about monkeys throwing coconuts at people must have had its origin in Malaya, although I doubt if a monkey ever took aim. Funnily enough, if you try to hurry a *berok*, or scold him when he is up the tree, he will frequently pick a small undeveloped coconut and fling it violently down, but not necessarily in the direction of his owner.

On our way back to the rest-house we saw a picturesque fishing boat heading straight for the shore. It ran aground about fifty yards from where we were standing. The whole vessel was decorated with differently

coloured streamers of cloth, to indicate to those on shore that there were plenty of fine fish for sale. People came running with baskets and waded out to the vessel, where we could see the fishermen weighing out the fish.

Once upon a time, the Malays had the reputation for being the most blood-thirsty pirates in the world, but to-day there could not be a more peaceful race of people. With the exception of rice, Nature has provided them with everything they need for a comfortable existence. And once they have some rice to start with, a Malay family could go on living entirely without money if they wished to. They build their houses from jungle produce and make many different kinds of household utensils from bamboo or coconut shells. The sea, the rivers and even their rice fields are swarming with fish. The coconut palm provides them with many different useful things, including food and drink (both non-alcoholic and-alcoholic if they wanted it ; but, strangely enough, they want neither. The non-alcoholic milk, they say, causes impotence, and the alcoholic toddy is forbidden by the Koran.) They dry the kernel of the coconut to make copra, which they sell for cash, and the leaves of the palm are used for making mats and roofs.

One of the commonest palms in Malaya is the nipa. From its roots the Malays make salt ; from the sap they make sugar ; from the leaves they weave *attaps*, which are used like shingles, for roofing ; from the leaves, also, they get a cigarette paper which is used by millions of people all over the Archipelago.

Malays always seem to have plenty of chickens, but they never bother to take care of them. The birds live on scraps and stray grains of rice. Provided the rooster does not walk up the front steps of the house and crow from there, the chickens can do what they like. But if the rooster misbehaves, he suffers death by hanging.

As for wonderful fruit, the Malay Peninsula abounds with it, yet I never remember seeing a fruit tree which had been deliberately planted. Usually there are numerous fruit trees around Malay houses. But they have all sprung from the seeds which the Malays spit out as they eat the fruit they purchased in some market.

Since the first World War, however, the Government has done a great deal to educate smallholders in problems of agriculture, but it is difficult to make a Malay go to a lot of trouble to improve his fruit and crops when he is usually content to take what Nature gives him. If a Malay man could spend his time sitting on his verandah playing with the baby, while his wife prepares the next meal, life would be just perfect.

But the sad thing is that the Japanese threaten to disturb the peace of the most peaceful region on this earth. Britain is too occupied with Hitler at the moment, and unless she is stopped before she gets under way Japan may momentarily overrun the Philippines, Indo-China, Siam, Malaya, and the Dutch East Indies, as well as all Asia.

If Asia must be controlled by a dictator country, most Asians would a thousand times prefer to see Japan in control than Russia. At least the Japanese are clean and sanitary, and where they are in control one usually finds law and order. In Russia we saw nothing but filth, famine and terror from one end of the country to the other.

What most civilized people would like to see in Asia is, of course, the *status quo* with the Dutch, French and Chinese in complete control of their territories without dictation from anybody, least of all from a dictator country. If we must choose, however, I would rather wear a kimono and kow-tow to an emperor than shiver in a short shirt before Stalin.

CHAPTER 9

THEODORE HUBBACK, THE JUNGLEMAN

TUMPAT KELANTAN is only twenty-nine miles by rail from the Siamese border town of Sungei Golok. We had been warned to stay away from Siam, but I could not resist the temptation to take a ride over the line which I had surveyed. I can vividly remember meeting the Siamese engineers on the banks of the little River Golok. While they were on elephants, travelling in great style, I was on foot, accompanied by twelve Malays. All of us were wet through and covered with mud, having several times been forced to swim across the flooded rice field. I suppose it had been done before, but I, personally, had never surveyed a railroad from a boat, or been forced to swim (when the use of a boat was not practicable) while taking cross-sections.

As we travelled swiftly by train across the expanse of rice fields that stretch from Kelantan northwards to Siam, it was hard to believe that on certain occasions the whole district becomes a lake with the water ten feet deep in many places.

It was September 22nd, and, although the skies were still covered with heavy grey clouds, the rain had not come to flood the fields. As far as the eye could see, the countryside looked like an immense chequer-board, divided into squares by earth ridges which the Malay calls *batas*. These ridges play an important part in the cultivation of rice. They prevent the rain from draining away and force the water to fill up the fields like

huge tanks. Although to outward appearance the great plain is level, actually there is a general slope which would cause the rainwater to drain completely away, were it not prevented by these ridges. Somewhere in every ridge there is a small opening which can be closed at will by the owner of the field. By means of these openings, the water can be made to flow gradually from one field into another until it drains either into a river or into the sea.

For the first few miles, the rice fields were hard, dry and apparently barren. But if one wanted to go to the trouble, he could take a spade and fish there on dry land; about two feet beneath the surface there is still a certain amount of damp mud in which innumerable fish hibernate. For months these fish remain dormant until the rains come and flood the fields. They then emerge and provide an important part of the Malay's food supply. If you ask an old Malay whence they come, he will speak of the snipe that migrate across the Peninsula but do not nest there. "No one has ever found the egg of a snipe, *Tuan*. They don't lay eggs, they turn into fish."

As the train approached the Siamese border, many of the fields had already been flooded and ploughed up into thick mud. We could see the Malays standing in the water, many of them dressed in bright-coloured clothing, transplanting the rice-plants which had been raised in nurseries. The reflections of their clothing in the still water was a lovely sight, with the jungle-covered mountains in the background.

So far no one has been able to persuade the Malays to plant their rice in any way but by this laborious method of thrusting the plants into the mud, one at a time. When harvest time comes, instead of cutting down the rice with a sickle or a mechanical harvester, they cut

each stalk separately with a knife so tiny that it cannot be seen unless they stop working and open their hands. Just imagine cutting wheat one piece at a time, and you will have some idea of how Malays harvest rice. The reason is that they wish to avoid giving offence to the Rice Spirit, who might object to having his rice roughly cut down by a large ugly knife. But, knowing that the Spirit does not object to birds helping themselves, the Malays deceive the Spirit by using a very small knife which is made to resemble a bird.

It took our train nearly two hours to cover the twenty-nine miles from Tumpat to Siam. But the slowness was due to the long waits at the stations. Hundreds of Malays crowded on to the trains, dressed in their gayest sarongs. Others walked along the platform selling fruit, flowers and roasted fish to the passengers, who reached out of the windows for their purchases.

When the train arrived in Siam, I looked in vain for the elephants which had been there to greet me the last time I was in Golok. In their place was the most modern means of transportation in the Far East—bicycle taxis. I had never seen them before, but they are a great improvement on the ricksha. In some taxis the passenger rides in front of the driver in a comfortable basket chair; in others, which have an ordinary sidecar of the kind known in Sweden as a "wife-killer," he rides beside the driver.

Zetta, Ali and I each hired a taxi and dashed about the village to the astonishment of the local people. Before the authorities had time to realize the presence in their midst of a couple of Americans, we were back across the border and safely seated in the train on the Kelantan side.

Our destination was Kota Bharu, the capital of

Kelantan, a typical Malay town and the residence of the Sultan of Kelantan. In order to reach Kota Bharu, it is necessary to cross the Kelantan River in one of the comfortable motor boats of the Federated Malay States Railway. When the motor boat itself is filled with first-class passengers, it tows a barge full of third-class passengers behind it.

Kota Bharu (The New Fort) seemed quite unchanged since I was there as a young engineer. Floating in the river, but moored by a long piece of Malacca cane, were the same old Malay "Chic Sales" or bathrooms, for they served both purposes. Crowds of Malay women and children were washing themselves and then their clothes in the muddy water. Before climbing the river bank, they dipped up a jar of water and carried it home with them. Somehow the average up-country Malay has no conception of the transmission of disease through germs and microbes. It is true that outbreaks of cholera and typhoid fever sometimes occur, but most of the time the people seem immune to the ill effects of drinking water that is obviously filthy.

It was evident, from the excitement our arrival caused, that visitors to Kota Bharu had lately been few and far between. The war had upset business, and the ricksha boys fought for our patronage like hungry vultures.

"*Pergi* rest-house" (Go to the rest-house), I ordered.

I led the way, followed by Zetta and then by Ali, who was having the time of his life. Our baggage followed in seven other rickshas. On arrival at the rest-house, which apparently had not changed, we registered our names and proceeded to the police station to report our presence as aliens. Then we took rickshas to the Kelantan Club, but since it was the middle of the day,

the club was deserted, except for the servants and the Chinese bar-tender. I had been a member of the club in 1915, but I knew the custom in Malaya—once a member, always a member. I had never had an opportunity to test this delightful tradition, but when I looked at the list of members I was thrilled to find my name still there. I didn't want a drink, but, to show I had a right to one, I said : "*Bagi satu tonic.*" (Give me a tonic.)

"*Tuan* is a member of the club?" enquired the Chinese doubtfully.

I showed him my name in the members' book. I got my drink.

It was with considerable excitement that I telephoned my old friend, Captain Anderson. He answered the telephone himself and invited us to have dinner with him that night. Anderson is an Australian, a typical sahib and a pillar of the British Empire. Very tall, handsome, well built and straight as a poker, he is the kind of man whose appearance commands respect. His greatest grief was that on account of his age he had been unable to obtain a commission in the army. He was itching to get at the Nazis, but the Government had decided that his presence in Kelantan, even in retirement, was of such value that he had better stay where he was, in the fine house presented to him by the Sultan. Every night Anderson dresses for dinner. His Malay servants wear the colours of his father's racing stables. Strict formality is his invariable rule in the presence of natives ; yet no man is more beloved by the Malays.

The day before we left Kota Bharu, I received a registered letter from the local branch of the Mercantile Bank of India, dated September 23rd, 1939. The letter was to inform me that on July 28th, 1915, I had left with the bank a sealed envelope with instructions that it

was to be delivered to the British Adviser in case of certain eventualities. These eventualities not having arisen, the bank was anxious to know what my wishes were regarding the disposition of the sealed envelope. As it had been kept in a safe by the bank for twenty-four years, I considered that their enclosed bill for two dollars and fifty cents was very reasonable. I sent the money and received a Government envelope, yellow with age and carefully sealed. It was addressed to The British Adviser, Kota Bharu, Kelantan. For the life of me, I could not remember what was in it.

On opening it, I found that it contained a full confession of a man who had taken part in the Kelantan Rebellion. As it implicated other people, I had decided not to hand it over to the Government unless the rebellion grew to more serious proportions. More interesting than the contents of the letter was the efficiency of my bank. It was certainly a tribute to the British banking system ; for the bank had changed its personnel many times in twenty-four years.

We left Kota Bharu early on a Sunday morning, crossing the Kelantan River by boat, then catching an express train for Pahang. As the boat neared the shore at Palekbang, where we were to take our train, I noticed a sight which had escaped me when I had crossed the river to Kota Bharu. Moored alongside the river bank were a dozen or more great steel barges with Japanese names. For several hundred feet along the shore, a long mechanical loading battery had been constructed, and only a short time was required to load the barges. They were towed down the Kelantan River to the sea, and their contents transferred to Japanese freighters, bound for Japan. Several freight trains were shunting to and from the loaders ; and the whole scene was unnatural for Malaya, because of the intense activity

of the workmen. There was no lying down on this job. Japanese overseers saw to it that the labourers worked like bees to transfer their burdens from freight train to loader.

"What is it they are loading?" I enquired.

"Iron," was the answer.

I was not surprised to find several Japanese on the train. They were dressed as I used to dress when I was about to set off into the jungle on a journey of exploration. They were talking to one another in Japanese. I do not pretend to speak Japanese, but I do know a few useful words. As I walked past them to my seat in the dining-car, I casually said: "*Ohayo gozaimasu!* (Good morning.)" The effect was electric. They jumped as if they had been stuck with a pin. Then they smiled and bowed and drew in their breath with an audible hiss as they returned the salutation in Japanese. What they had been talking about I have no idea, but they did not continue the conversation.

On the chance that Hubback might be at home, I sent him a message to say that I would be at Bukit Betong Station at six o'clock that evening and would watch out for his coolies in case he could arrange to transport us up the River Jelai to his house. Shortly before six, a terrific downpour of rain commenced, and when the train pulled in at Bukit Betong Station I had given up hope of anyone's venturing out in such weather, but I saw a Malay running up and down the platform, peering into the carriages. He was drenched to the skin.

"Are you one of *Tuan* Hubback's men?" I enquired.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "The boat is waiting for you."

I had said nothing about having Zetta with me, or my Malay boy, or my fifteen pieces of baggage, and when I saw the small dug-out which a Malay was baling out,



Elephant babies in the jungle get more protection than human babies in New York's Central Park. They always walk between their mother and their nurse.

Tigers will have no part in photographs. Theodore Hubback, however, managed to get this daylight shot after trying for several years.

Courtesy of Theodore Hub

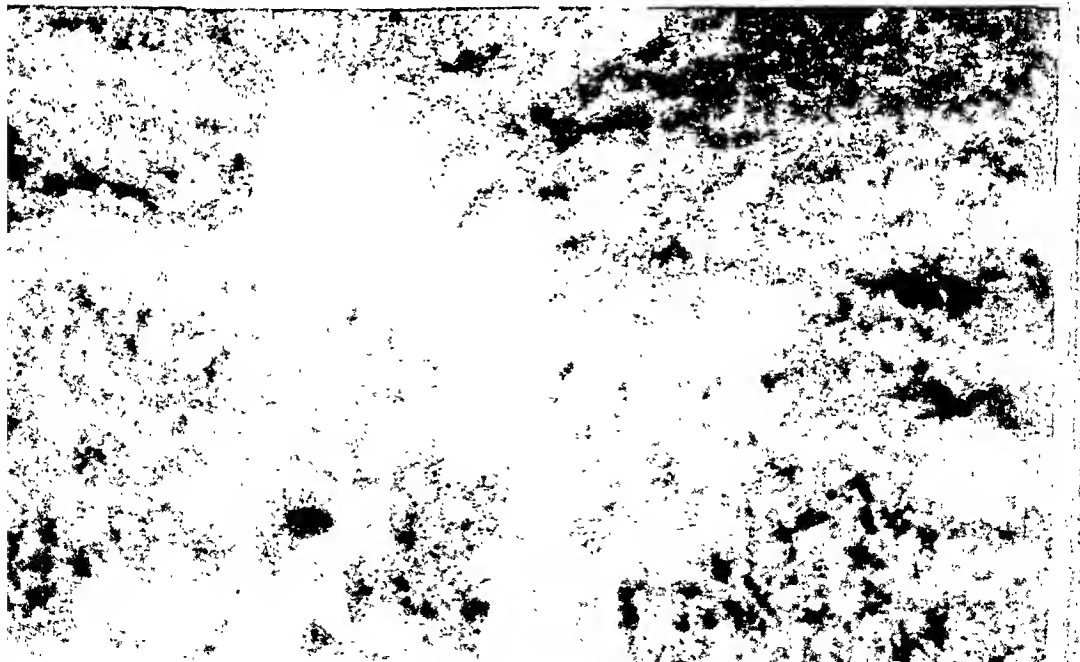




Photo by Zettl

Here s the famous tree climbing fish

When chased the Malay lizard lghtens his burden by dropping his tail Here are
three lizards, one complete with tail, one with half, and one completely tailless



my heart sank. I knew perfectly well what extraordinary loads those Malay boats can carry in an emergency, but this boat was designed for three people. With Hubback's men, there were six of us, besides our baggage. However, I did not raise the question, nor did the Malays. All they wanted was to get home out of the rain. It was already nearly dark.

When I saw that the boat was fitted with an outboard motor I felt quite relieved. To shelter Zetta and me from the downpour, the Malays had rigged up a small roof which they call a *kajang*. Under this flimsy shelter, Zetta and I huddled while the heavens poured sheets of cold rain upon us. The river was swollen and discoloured by mining silt. Great pieces of foam floated down. Occasionally an old log floated by, and I prayed we would not crash into one and upset.

Many a time, when I had been coming back to camp, I had been poled up this section of the Jelai River. Progress by poling against such a current was terribly slow. What a difference that outboard motor made! We flew along with a peculiar rolling motion and, just as we were beginning to lose that first feeling of nervousness, the boatman yelled: "*Suda sampai, Tuan.*" (We have arrived, sir.)

Although I could not be sure of it, I could have sworn that Hubback had built his lovely bungalow on one of my old camp sites. It was dark when we arrived, but not too dark to see the beautiful lawn and gardens with which he had surrounded his home. As we approached the door, Hubback stood there to greet us. He was in his shirt sleeves and hatless, and I noticed that his hair was almost white. Behind him, on the verandah, were several enormous skulls of elephants, bleached as white as snow.

That he was a mighty hunter was evident from his

assortment of trophies, and there was not one in his fine collection which had not entailed long and tedious tracking, great endurance and plenty of discomfort. There was not an African trophy in the house, so far as I could see. It might have been because Hubback had never relished the kind of hunting that Africa offers, where it is customary to take at least one, and sometimes half a dozen, large motor trucks in which to carry home the carcasses of the slaughtered animals. His were no "champagne" safaris. The kind of big-game hunting that appeals to men like Hubback is that which necessitates careful tracking and expert knowledge of the habits of the animal hunted. Man's wits are pitted against those of his quarry in a contest that is usually in favour of the animal. Instead of bringing home enough trophies in two weeks to furnish half a dozen rooms (a very simple matter in Africa, even for a man who is short-sighted and deaf in both ears), the hunter in the Malay jungle is lucky if he brings home one trophy in two weeks. This is not because of the scarcity of animals, but because of the density of the jungle and the fact that the animals can hear the hunter long before he can get near enough to see them, still less shoot them.

The element of surprise makes hunting in the Malay jungle dangerous. Twenty-five yards is an exceptionally long shot ; usually the hunter suddenly finds himself face to face with an animal that he may have been tracking for weeks. The animal seems finally to get tired of being so constantly followed, and deliberately waits in silence until its troublesome enemy stumbles upon it. In such circumstances, accurate aim at a vital spot is frequently impossible. The animal must be stopped in its tracks. For this reason a large-bore rifle (not less than a .450), with a charge that will halt anything from an elephant downwards, is essential.

As we walked along Hubback's verandah to the living-room, I counted two elephant skulls and one seladang head in the hall ; six more elephant skulls, three seladang heads and two mountain sheep lining the verandah itself. In the living-room were two mountain sheep, one moose, three rhino (Malayan), five seladang, five elephants' feet, fourteen fine tusks, three rhino feet and three seladang hooves. In Hubback's office, where he does a great deal of writing for Natural History Societies, there were three seladang heads, one banteng (Java wild cattle), two moose, one caribou, two mountain sheep, five seladang hooves and one moose hoof. These were the principal trophies ; and they indicated to anyone who knew the jungle the patience and persistent tracking of a great hunter.

Hubback told me that some years ago he had given up hunting and his particular hobby was the photographing of animals. He is also intensely interested in wild-life conservation and believes that hunters make the best conservationists because they know, from practical experience and contact with the animals, their habits and peculiarities. He told me that, after seven years of trying, he had just succeeded in securing some motion pictures of a tiger.

"Would I be correct in saying that these are the first such pictures ever taken in the Malay jungle?" I enquired.

"Absolutely," he answered. "Mind you," he added, "I fully appreciate that some magnificent flashlight stills of tigers have been made. But these are motion pictures taken in the day-time."

I had in mind the thrilling motion pictures I had seen on Broadway, of Malay tigers performing amazing feats such as fighting furiously with enormous snakes, springing up the trunks of trees at the intrepid photographer and struggling with domesticated water buffaloes. Such

pictures provide an excellent show, but, unfortunately, whether they want to be or not, audiences are educated, or should I say mis-educated, by such films. The average theatre-goer is accustomed to see his explorer-hero depicted with a heavy revolver strapped to his belt. He is convinced that the jungle is swarming with dangerous wild animals.

I lived for six years in the Malay jungle, but I never owned a rifle. As a greenhorn I did take an old-fashioned revolver into camp, but I was soon too ashamed to carry it. Theodore Hubback has lived in the Malay jungle for over forty years and here is what he has to say: "I often hear persons who should know better upholding the practice of carrying firearms in the jungle as a defence against unprovoked attacks by wild animals. As a cold fact, unprovoked attack by unwounded wild animals in the jungle is a myth, and it is quite unnecessary to make any provision for carrying firearms unless one is hunting." In other words, as Carl Akeley used to say: "No animals are wild unless you make them wild. The easiest way to make a lion wild is to shoot at it."

The reason that ordinary theatrical motion pictures cannot be taken in the jungle is the poor light. It is hard enough to take an ordinary snapshot in the gloom of a tropical forest and, even if the animals would come out and perform for the benefit of the movie director, the result would be much too tame for the spoilt movie fan. Consequently, Hollywood is compelled to catch the animals and then make them do their stuff in a specially prepared studio, made to resemble a real jungle. Such jungle studios are cheaply built in Malaya. In between acts, the animals rest while the heroic explorer goes back to his hotel for lunch. As for sound effects, not even the genuine sounds of the jungle can approach the noises made by the professional animal

imitator. That Hubback is able to succeed where Hollywood fails, is due, in the first place, to his intimate knowledge of the habits of animals and, secondly, to the fact that he is permitted to go to places which are forbidden to theatrical producers or hunters.

During his years of hunting, he had discovered certain natural salt-licks, which, for centuries, have been used by animals when they feel in need of a dose of salts. These might be called animals' corner drug stores. In such places the ground is impregnated with natural salts and nothing will grow. Consequently, a natural clearing is formed in the midst of dense jungle.

In order to secure photographs of animals, it is first necessary to construct a "blind," or "hide," with small openings through which the camera may be aimed. Weeks must be allowed to elapse between the construction of such a blind and an attempt to use it, because the scent of man takes a long time to disappear and the animals must be given plenty of time to become accustomed to the presence of the blind.

For several hours, far into the night, Hubback and I watched the screen, just as if it had been the actual salt-lick in the jungle. In the background was the darkness of the jungle, but in the foreground was an open space about the size of a tennis court, in the middle of which was a pool of muddy water.

"See," said Hubback. "That's the drug store. Watch."

The head and shoulders of a splendid sambur deer emerged from the edge of the jungle. For a moment the deer sniffed the air, then walked boldly towards the salt-lick. First it took a long drink, then it took a mouthful of earth, which it proceeded to chew. A moment later another deer entered the open space. This one was more nervous than the first. It could hear

the noise of the camera, but could not detect the scent of man. Several times the deer deliberately stamped its foot as it looked straight into the camera.

"He's trying to frighten us away," whispered Hubback.

Finally, having failed to stop the strange noise, the deer turned its white tail towards the camera and slowly stalked off into the darkness of the jungle.

The next visitor was a huge seladang, or wild bull. It must have weighed at least a ton.

"He's not afraid of anything," said Hubback as the animal gave one look around and then walked straight into the salt-lick and filled its mouth with mud. "See how his ribs are sticking out." Hubback explained that this animal was probably very old and badly in need of medicine.

A moment later still another seladang appeared at the edge of the salt-lick, obviously a much younger animal. He sniffed the air and tested it in every direction. What he discovered evidently gave him a fright, for suddenly he wheeled around and dashed back into the darkness, followed by the old bull.

"You see, that's what I suspected," said Hubback. "The old bull had bad eyesight and couldn't smell properly, so he brought the young bull with him to do his seeing and smelling for him."

When a seladang is in its prime no tiger would dream of attacking it. But when the animal begins to show signs of senile decay, the tiger will make friends with it. The seladang and the tiger can then be seen travelling about together in apparent friendship. But the tiger is only waiting for the fateful day when the seladang totters and falls, or perhaps is unable to struggle to its feet after resting. Then the tiger eats him. Hubback told me that a seladang knows when it is being watched

and that it is important not to stare too long at one, because the animal becomes alarmed and dashes away.

Hubback continued : " When an elephant has a baby, the mother elephant engages a nurse for it, and the baby is usually seen walking between two large females." Just as he spoke, along came three elephants, two large ones and a baby that could only have been a few days old. The mother was easy to identify on account of her distended breasts which, unlike the udder of a cow, are placed forward in an elephant. It was all the baby could do to keep up with the two adults. All three walked straight into the puddle of muddy water. Soon a big bull elephant came rumbling along ; it was interesting to observe how the two females placed themselves between him and the baby. Several times the bull tried to shove the females away, but they held their ground and refused to allow him to appropriate all the drug store for himself. Elephants like their medicine strong, so they continually stirred up the mixture with feet and trunks, and, by the time they left the lick, they had made such a mess of it that no animal would think of coming near the place for weeks.

The greatest thrill of all was to see a tiger suddenly appear on the edge of the clearing. His protective coloration was so good that Hubback had to describe its position to me before I could see it clearly. Evidently the animal had heard the noise of the camera or had noticed a slight movement inside the blind, for it froze in its tracks and for at least thirty seconds stood as still as a rock, staring straight into the camera. Not an eyelid flickered ; the tiger might have been carved from stone. Then the animal flicked its ears, shook its head and leisurely looked around. Satisfied with its inspection, it walked up to a tree and sniffed it. Then its attention was drawn to the clicking of the camera, but

instead of again freezing in its tracks, it walked toward the blind.

The picture came to a sudden end. "What happened then?" I asked. "Well," laughed Hubback, "that tiger continued to walk straight up to the camera, and I have an idea that someone stopped taking the picture and moved rather too suddenly, because the tiger saw me. He curled his lips, snarled, swung round very quickly and loped off in the direction he had come—this time with his tail well tucked in, and no signs of being at all pleased with himself. On the edge of the jungle he stopped a moment, stretched up a tree to clean his claws on the bark, and was gone."

The rocks in the vicinity of the salt-licks are usually polished smooth by animals wiping their mouths after drinking. This is not for table manners, but to wipe off a peculiar type of small leech which lives in sulphur salts. The rhinoceros, in particular, is bothered by these leeches and it is not surprising that a rock should become smooth and polished by centuries of rubbing with the bristly upper lip of a rhino.

That great numbers of rhinoceroses once roamed the Malay jungle is easily proved by examining one of their old trails that passes through the limestone country in the far north of Pahang. This trail passes between two huge limestone boulders, both of which are polished to a height of about three feet. The boulders rest on solid limestone which has been worn down several inches by the toe-nails of thousands of rhinoceroses.

In the Malay Peninsula, the rhinoceros is rapidly approaching extinction, as a result of the slaughter of the animals by poachers, for the sake of their horns and blood. Ever since the days of Marco Polo, and probably long before his time, magical properties have been attributed to rhinoceros horn. Drinking cups made of

the horn were sure protection against poisoning. When powdered and taken with a liquid, rhinoceros horn is said to be a powerful aphrodisiac; when the solid horn is placed against an aching stomach, the pain vanishes instantly. A deep-seated thorn immediately comes to the surface when the spot is rubbed with rhinoceros horn. Where the actual horn is not available, the next best thing is the blood of the animal. This is sold in the form of blood-soaked paper which fetches \$1 an ounce in Chinese drug stores. The powdered horn fetches a much higher price—\$10 per ounce and up, according to the strength of the particular specimen of horn.

To catch a rhinoceros alive is much easier than to shoot one. They are probably the most wily and difficult animals to hunt. Not only do they choose extremely inaccessible mountainous places in which to roam, but they also choose a certain kind of jungle that is full of terrible thorns and dangerous bamboo. Hubback once devoted forty days to tracking an old rhino. He heard the animal three times, was very close to him on several occasions, but never got a glimpse of him. When surveying the railway in the mountains between Pahang and Kelantan I came across rhino tracks frequently, but I never saw the animal.

The rapid slaughter of rhinoceroses in Malaya is due to the animals' habit of always walking along the same old trail. Chinese poachers dig deep pits in the middle of the trail, then cover the pits with branches and earth. The first rhino that comes along falls down the pit. Instead of avoiding the place, the other rhinoceroses merely walk around the pit and get back to the old trail as soon as they can.

It was three o'clock in the morning before Hubback and I went to bed. "I think I'd better confine my efforts on this trip to getting pictures of fish climbing up trees," I remarked as we wished one another good night.

Hubback laughed. He was so accustomed to seeing the thing that he had never bothered to photograph it.

"I can tell you where you'll find plenty of them—good big ones, too," he said. "Just go to Malacca and get hold of one of those old Portuguese fishermen. Tell him what you want, and I'm sure you'll have no trouble in seeing your fish. But photographing it is another matter."

Before going to bed, I took a bath in the good old-fashioned Malay way of dipping the water from a tall earthenware jar. As I did so, three fat toads hopped out to join me. They were very old fellows. They even allowed me to scratch their backs before hopping away into the night. I wondered. Twenty-five years ago I had three toads that used to do exactly the same thing. Hubback's house might even be on my old camp site. Perhaps they were the same toads. Who knows?

I couldn't sleep. My brain kept on working like a steam engine. What a precious possession true friendship is. How rarely do we find unselfish hospitality. I had travelled thousands of miles in the hope that, by some great stroke of luck, I might secure a few motion pictures of animals. It never entered my head that Hubback might give me some of his. I did not even know that he was still in Malaya. But of his own accord, he gave me some of his very best, including the tiger pictures.

I doubt if anything will ever induce Theodore Hubback to leave his home in the jungle of Pahang. He loves to hear "the distant call of the seladang, the far-away trumpet of an elephant, the moaning of a tiger and the wonderful call of the Argus pheasant."

My hope is that the peace and comfort that his appreciation of Nature has brought to him may never be disturbed by the dreadful drone of bombing aeroplanes coming down from the north.

CHAPTER 10

ACROSS THE PENINSULA TO PENANG

THE next morning at nine o'clock we bade good-bye to Hubback, piled into the same Malay dug-out and started downstream to Kuala Lipis. The river was swollen from heavy rain so that the current aided by our outboard motor sent us swiftly on our journey. In the old days the boat would have been allowed to drift along with the current because, in the eyes of the Malays, anyone who paddles or poles a boat downstream is crazy. However, I noticed that, when an engine did the work, the Malay steersman did not hesitate to step on the gas, even though we were going downstream. Every foot of the way was familiar to me, for I had gone up and down this part of the Jelai River dozens of times before the railroad was built.

Just below Hubback's house, a large steel bridge crossed the river at Kuala Tanum. I remembered surveying the banks of the river to find the best place for the railroad to cross. One of the Malays told us that a white diver had lost his life while working on the foundations of the bridge and that his body had been left imprisoned in one of the piers.

It seemed like a dream to be going by boat to Kuala Lipis after so many years. I vividly remembered the last time I had made the journey, because I was seriously ill with malaria and was on my way to the Lipis Hospital and thence to the old Gap Rest-house to recuperate.

At that time I had every intention of returning to my camp, but I never did. Instead, I was transferred to another part of the country and now, more than twenty years afterwards, I was on my way to the same place and still travelling in the same direction. I had been completely around the world and was on my second lap.

From the river, Kuala Lipis looked unchanged. Moored to the steep bank were rows of large house-boats that looked very familiar. Lining the top of the bank were rows of Chinese shops. It seemed absurd to think that this river could have risen over eighty feet and gone completely over the roofs of those houses, but it had.

As soon as we landed, Zetta and I set out to look for a certain Chinese grocery store operated by a man named See Loo. During the survey of the railway, See Loo had not only supplied all my food, but also tons of rice for the Malays. He had been obliging, and I was anxious to know what had become of him. We soon found the store and were delighted to notice the same name, See Loo, painted over the door.

"Yes, I am the son of See Loo," said a middle-aged Chinese. "My father is very old. He went home to China years ago, but this very day he returned to spend his days with us in Kuala Lipis."

I think that, of all the coincidences in my life, this was the strangest. See Loo and I had actually arrived back in the same place within an hour of one another.

"Tell the old gentleman that *Tuan Kreta Api* is back again, too," I said. *Tuan Kreta Api* means Master Fire Carriage. See Loo had never tried to pronounce Wells, but had given me the very apt nickname.

In a moment the son came out beaming. "My father remembers you. He will greet you in a moment." As I remembered See Loo, he had been a medium-sized

well-built Chinese, clean shaven and very polite and dignified. As he came toward me now, I saw a frail old gentleman with a long grey beard. He was using a walking stick and could only just manage to totter along.

"*Tabek Tuan. Tabek, Tabek!*" (Salutations, sir. Salutations again) he exclaimed. "What news? It is many years since I saw you last."

I learned that he had made a comfortable fortune from his business and had retired to China, where he had hoped to die in peace. But the Japanese had bombed his house and killed many of his relatives. The old man pointed to the north and said: "There is much wickedness there, sir. I do not understand it. The Japanese are killing the Chinese, and now my sons tell me that the white men are killing one another." No wonder the poor old fellow could not understand what had come to the world. No doubt, like so many other people, he thought that the little world in which he lived was in no way connected with the outside world with all its wars and revolutions. To him Kuala Lipis was sufficient. He did not meddle with the outside world, and so why should it interfere with him? See Loo was an isolationist. He would not have understood if I had tried to explain to him that Kuala Lipis affected the rest of the world, just as events in far-off countries affected Kuala Lipis.

As if to illustrate what was passing in my mind, an old Chinese miner walked into the store, carrying two coconut shells filled with what appeared to be black sand. One of the clerks took the sand away, weighed it and in return he gave the miner an assortment of groceries. That black sand was almost pure tin. See Loo bought tin ore. He was just a tiny cog in the enormous machine that supplies the world with the greater part of its tin. Upon the shelves of See Loo's store, I saw

goods from Pittsburgh, California, England, Norway, France, Germany, Italy and even Turkey. See Loo handles most of the fifty-seven varieties, Worcestershire sauce, marmalade and jams ; canned fish from Norway ; salad oil and wines from France ; several brands of German beer ; Italian vermouth and Turkish delight. Many other countries were represented on the shelves of this little Chinese store. Isolation would have ruined See Loo, even if he could have attained it.

Here in Kuala Lipis I ran into another man who was a link with the past. I had often wondered what had become of my old chief surveyor, Yorkshire. When I first came out from England, I had come straight to his camp near Kuala Lipis to be his assistant. It was from Yorkshire that I had learned so much Malay folklore. He had lived so long in the jungle that he had acquired the violent temper of those who have chronic malaria and many of the characteristics of a hermit, except that he shared his solitude with a pretty Malay girl. Yorkshire had employed so many different Malays that his name was a household word along the route that we surveyed. News that I was in town must have spread, because it was less than an hour before an elderly Malay approached me. He was one of Yorkshire's coolies and from him I learned some of the details of my former chief's tragic death.

To every Malay there is one great holiday of the year with which nothing is ever permitted to interfere. This holiday is known as *Hari Raya*, or the Festival. The festival comes at the end of the Mohammedan fasting month, known as *Bulan Puasa*, when the Malays fast all day and eat all night. During the day-time the fast is so strict that a good Malay does not even swallow his own saliva. It appears that a few days before *Hari Raya*, Yorkshire's survey coolies were due to receive

their pay. For some reason which I was unable to ascertain he told the coolies that he intended to punish them by withholding their pay. Whether he really intended to do this or not will never be known, because he was attacked by some of his men and literally cut into little pieces. Several of them were hanged.

"What became of the girl?" I enquired. "*Diabalek rumah*" (She went back home), was the simple reply.

She had had a son by Yorkshire. He was pointed out to me in Kuala Lumpur some days afterwards, working as a stoker on a locomotive.

To my mind the most extraordinary change that had come to the Malay Peninsula was the improvement in transportation. Formerly the journey from Kuala Lipis to Tumpat Kelantan took the best part of a week; nowadays it takes eight hours. The knowledge that we were in Kuala Lipis at ten-thirty in the morning but would have luncheon on the top of Fraser's Hill 4200 feet above the sea at one o'clock seemed fantastic.

Wonderful tree ferns were growing along the roadside as we climbed up the mountain. To a botanist there would undoubtedly be many other less noticeable changes in vegetation, due to the altitude and drop in temperature. Eighty-one degrees Fahrenheit is the highest temperature ever recorded at Fraser's Hill, while the lowest has been 53 degrees. But there is an even cooler spot in the Malay jungle that has been developed since my time; Cameron Highlands, a plateau between Perak and Pahang. There are several fine hotels and bungalows at Cameron Highlands 4750 feet above the sea, where the maximum temperature is 79 degrees and the minimum is 36 degrees, only 4 degrees above freezing.

It was amazing to find a nine-hole golf course at the

top of Fraser's Hill, in the very heart of the jungle, away up there in the clouds. As we walked around it, I noticed a number of monkeys in the trees. They did not appear to be doing anything in particular, just sitting and waiting for something. I've no doubt they liked to watch the people playing golf. The trees were their grand stand. Some of them had brought their children with them to watch the fun. The golfers had certainly not come there to look at the monkeys, but the monkeys looked as if they had come to look at the golfers.

I noticed another amusing thing about that golf course which may or may not have been accidental. The course itself was beautifully kept, but in several places along the edge there was quite a lot of sensitive mimosa. This interesting plant grows into a dense bush that bears pink flowers. I shall never forget my surprise the first time I attempted to pick some of them. The moment I touched the bush, the leaves closed up. Then the branches that carried the leaves folded down on the main stem and finally the whole bush lay down. Around the golf course this plant came in useful, because it was difficult to lose the ball. When it goes into the rough, the rough lies down.

There were no such things as dance halls in Malaya when I was there years ago, but nowadays the "taxi" dance is quite popular. We attended such a dance at the Majestic Hotel in Kuala Lumpur that night. Most of the girls were Chinese. A few were Malays, but one of the most popular dancers was a white girl. There is nothing wrong in earning a living by dancing, but it came to me as a shock to see a white woman hiring out her dances to all nationalities at ten cents a dance.

There was still one section of the Malay Peninsula which I was eager to see again, and that was the State

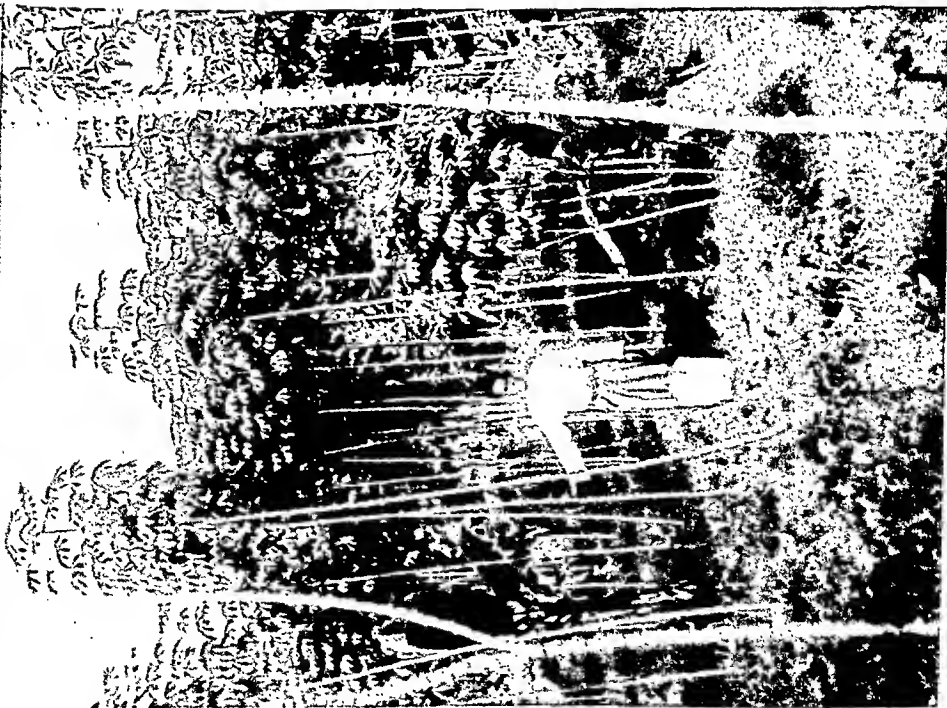


Photo by Zetta Wells

The root of this plant looks like a large sweet potato, but it is really tapioca.



Photo by Zetta Wells

This native thinks his thoughts while Latex trickles into a cup.
Later the Latex coagulates into pure rubber.



Photo by Zetta W

Penang's fine railway station sees no trains, for first you must take a steamer to the mainland.

Panang's ladies go in for quantity of clothing as well as quality.



of Kedah and northern Perak. It was in this region that I had surveyed so many roads, all of which had since been constructed. It was there that I had tried to find an elephant cemetery, but when eventually I had reached the spot, it turned out to be some hot springs. To judge from the tracks, there had been plenty of elephants, but instead of a cemetery I had discovered an elephants' spa.

Once again we boarded the night express and started north to Penang. At daybreak we reached Prai, where we embarked upon a steamer and crossed the narrow straits to the island of Penang. Officially the principal town on Penang is called Georgetown, but no one ever uses the name. Europeans call the city Penang, but the Malays and Chinese call it Tanjong.

What memories were revived as I stepped ashore and drove to the Runnymede Hotel, where once I had an apartment! The hotel was so altered I scarcely recognized it. I had left half a dozen trunks containing all kinds of things, from clothing and old family photographs to binoculars and valuable drawing instruments, in the check room in 1918. A flower garden was planted where my trunks had been stored. When I mentioned the matter to the room clerk, he thought I must be crazy and even volunteered with some finality that the flower bed had been there as long as he had.

"How long is that?" I enquired.

"Nearly ten years," he replied.

"But my dear fellow," I explained, "I left those trunks here twenty-two years ago!"

It was no use to continue the conversation. He did not even know the name of the old Dutch proprietor, who had given me the job of strengthening the sea-wall that protected the lawn of the hotel and prevented it from sliding into the sea. The wall looked fine, but the clerk thought that I was just a little bit off.

The last time I was in Penang for any length of time was in 1918, when I spent two weeks in the hospital. I shall never forget my embarrassment when, having undressed and got into bed, the nurse accused me of having dirty feet. I protested that my feet were stained dark brown from wading through swamps. She did not take my word for it, but tried, without success, to wash them herself. Fifteen years later I received a telephone call at my hotel in Providence, Rhode Island, where I had been lecturing.

"I don't suppose you remember me," said a lady's voice. "I am the nurse who tried to wash your feet in the hospital in Penang."

Penang is a beautiful city with a population of over 170,000. Like Singapore, the city now has an excellent water supply, and water may be used straight from the tap without boiling or filtration. In the centre of the island is a peak that rises to a height of 2722 feet above the sea, but a little lower down, at 2400 feet, there is a lovely hotel known as The Crag which used to be reached by means of sedan chairs carried on the shoulders of Indian coolies. Nowadays, a funicular railway has been completed and the journey from the city to the top of the mountain takes only about twenty minutes. Bicycle taxis are kept on the mountain so that marvellous drives can be enjoyed through the jungle, with lovely views of the city and the distant shore of the Malay Peninsula.

Not even Bermuda or Honolulu can compare with Penang when it comes to flowers. At least sixteen distinct varieties of bougainvillea are here, besides great bushes of the multi-coloured lantana which grow wild throughout Malaya. White, pink, mauve, yellow, orange and scarlet are the commonest colours of lantana, but frequently several colours are upon the same bush.

Around the Crag Hotel is a lovely rose garden, and while a visitor may sometimes feel a little lonely up there, especially since the outbreak of the war, there are always plenty of monkeys. The monkeys love the lantana blossoms. They usually pull off the whole bunch of tiny flowers and suck the sweet nectar which collects at the base of the petals.

That night at the Runnymede Hotel Zetta and I dressed for dinner as usual. The ball-room and dining-room combined was simply huge and beautifully decorated. There was a good orchestra and an abundance of waiters, but we were the only people in the dining-room. The war had hit Penang hard, and the hotel was losing money every day.

The famous old Eastern and Oriental Hotel, which used to be Penang's swankiest place to dine and dance, has now taken second place to the Runnymede. No longer can you watch Mr. Sarkies, the famous proprietor of the E. and O., waltz around the ball-room with a large whisky and soda balanced steadily on the top of his bald head. Sarkies has passed on to his reward, and with him has gone all the old glamour of the E. and O. Shortly before I left the Malay Peninsula in 1918, I was in business as a civil engineer in private practice. My contract with the Government having expired, I started surveying rubber and tapioca estates. I should never have done such work after being invalided out of the service, but I loved the jungle and I also loved the people. My *mandor* (head man) had worked for me for several years, and so had a number of my chain-men and other coolies. But when I was suddenly ordered to get out or die, I had to let them go. I placed my office in charge of a partner, but, once I left Malaya, I never heard of him again. We had a fine office with all kinds of valuable surveying instruments. My college diplomas

adorned the walls, and we were proud of the carpet in our reception room.

I felt I had to find that office, so off we went in rickshas to Beach Street, one of Penang's busiest sections. Yes! there was the office. The building was exactly the same, but standing at the door that once carried a fine brass plate bearing my name was an Indian shopkeeper.

"Won't you step inside and see my ivories?" he suggested.

The ground floor had been converted into a large silk store and was filled with miscellaneous Indian merchandise.

My private office had been upstairs on the first floor. "I'll buy something from you, provided it comes from the first floor," I said.

"We only use that as a store-room," said the salesman, wondering what on earth we wanted to go upstairs for. But the chance of a sale was not to be lost. He led the way up the stairs and into my sanctum. I had hoped that, by some chance, my diplomas would still be on the walls. There was no sign of them, but the whole room was stacked with all kinds of things from brass trays to elephants. Finally I bought an ivory tusk that had been carved into a series of elephants holding on to one another's tails. Then I told the Indian why I was so interested in his room. But it was too many years ago for him even to think about. So far as he knew, the silk store had always been there.

The waterfront of Penang had not changed. Hundreds of Chinese barges and junks were tied up to the wharfs. Steamers rode at anchor not far from the shore. Sampans with brightly painted eyes on the bow floated about waiting for someone to hire them. Great stacks of rubber were piled high at the water's edge; thousands and thousands of blocks of tin were stacked in long walls

of glittering metal, warehouses being already filled to the roofs with cargoes that were long overdue in some distant port of Europe or America. The seas had not been cleared of German raiders and vessels feared to sail.

I remembered the same situation had existed in 1914, but there was one difference. On October 28th, 1914, a Japanese cruiser had been at anchor at Penang, together with the Russian gunboat, *Zhemchug*, and the French destroyer, *Mousquet*. Suddenly the Japanese boat sailed. Shortly afterwards, the German cruiser, *Emden*, disguised by a dummy funnel, boldly steamed into Penang. With one broadside she sank the Russian gunboat, which turned turtle and disappeared. Shortly afterwards, but too late to be of any assistance, the Japanese boat came back to port. We often marvelled at the stroke of luck that enabled that Japanese cruiser to avoid a battle.

North of Penang about seventy miles is the border of Siam. Japanese planes using Siamese territory could make the journey in a matter of minutes. North of Penang three hundred miles is the famous Isthmus of Kra, which the Japanese would dearly like to cut by means of a canal, thus ruining the trade of Singapore. Six hundred and forty-four miles north of Singapore is another danger spot which used to be regarded as a safeguard rather than a menace. But with the collapse of France, French Indo-China, with Saigon as a base, is like a dagger pointed at the heart of Singapore. Less than the distance between New York and Bermuda, Saigon to Singapore is an easy jump for the modern bomber.

It was the Feast of St. Michael when we left Penang for Alor Star, the capital of Kedah. Attached to the rear of the Bangkok Express, which was awaiting us at Prai, was Jeff's saloon car. Joining him, we once more

started for the north in the greatest style and comfort. Previously we had travelled on the East Coast Railway, which crosses the Siamese border at Golok ; but this time we were on the West Coast Railway, which enters Siam at Padang Besar, one hundred and six miles north of Prai.

Unlike that on the journey through the wilds of Pahang and Kelantan, the scenery through Kedah was highly civilized. Rubber estates lined the railroad for miles, one of the largest being an American estate called "Harvard."

Arriving at Alor Star on a Friday, there was nothing to do but stay at the rest-house, because Friday is the holy day of Mohammedans. But the following day we set out on a journey to a small village called Sik, the terminus of a road I had surveyed. The starting point of the road was at Gurun, a town at the base of Kedah Peak, the magnificent mountain so clearly visible from Penang. As we arrived in Gurun, my thoughts flew back to a morning in September, 1918, when I had stumbled into Gurun after completing the survey. The job was done, but I had been so sick in Sik that I had made up my mind to go into Penang and consult a private doctor.

At that time I was so thin that I wore a cushion in the seat of my trousers so I could sit down without wounding myself. Once again it was September, but instead of weighing only 105 pounds as I did in 1918 I tipped the scales at 195 pounds.

Driving over a road just for the sake of seeing it, especially when you have created the road yourself, is one of the most thrilling experiences imaginable. The road we were on strikes off into the heart of the jungle and comes to an end at Sik ; there is nowhere else for it to go except still deeper into the wilds, I became

more or less of a hero in Zetta's eyes as I related the exciting experiences which had befallen me in this particular jungle. I compared the ease with which we were flying along the well-paved road with the difficulties I had been compelled to overcome single-handed. I had had to swim that river and cross the next by means of a slippery log. Blondin was a piker compared with me as a conqueror of rapids and ravines. But when, eventually, we came to a broad river I was relieved to see that boats were available for us, although there was no ferry for the car. However, I knew that an enterprising Chinese used to run a ramshackle old jalopy on the far side of the river, so we crossed by boat and hired his car.

My dismay may be imagined when the next river we encountered had to be crossed by means of a very long slippery log which swayed in a most disconcerting manner. I suddenly realized that this was 1939, not 1918. I tried to walk across, but collapsed with one leg on one side of the log, and the other leg on the other. There I sat and swayed for a few moments; then, very slowly and painfully, struggled across the log astride, a few inches at a time. Zetta managed to walk the log with the aid of a stick. The real trouble with both of us was that we had vivid imaginations. It is one thing to walk a log that is lying on the ground, quite another to walk the same log when it spans a swiftly running river in which there are a few crocodiles. From then onwards I did not do any more boasting.

Soon we came to a tiny village called Bigia. I had come across a large Siamese Wat, or Buddhist monastery, in the jungle here. To save it from destruction I had deviated the road survey, and this had won for me the friendship of the chief monk, who was known as the Tok Sami of Bigia. We walked into the jungle and

found the monastery, but the monks had rebuilt the old Wat still farther back from the roadway. The Tok Sami was dead, but the monks remembered me and loaded our car with green coconuts and pomelos.

The most striking evidence of the change that had come over this part of the world was at Sik. In 1918 when I had arrived there I had told my boy to let the head man know I was in town and would like to see him. Soon he came along with several of his friends, bringing a few chickens as a present, for which I paid nevertheless. In 1939 I again told my boy to find the head man and tell him that the engineer who had surveyed his road was in town and would like to see him. The boy came back with a note written in English to say that his hours were from nine to five, and he would be pleased to see me at his office.

And so we motored from one place to another, joy-riding through the jungle. To me the most thrilling drive was from a town called Kulim to another called Parit Buntar. It was the survey and construction of this road that had been my last job in the Malay Peninsula as a Government engineer. I had built a bungalow at a place called Terap, where a series of misfortunes had befallen me. An enormous python had eaten most of my chickens ; a centipede had bitten my cook and he died in the hospital ; the new cook swore my house was haunted and used to cut watermelons in halves, at my expense, and scatter them over the garden to drive away the evil spirits. I was bitten by a poisonous snake on my right ankle and for weeks suffered agony. A king cobra invaded the garden and, when he had been disposed of, his mate came along looking for trouble. I developed colitis, which is best described as a perpetual stomach ache, except that the ache is rather higher up than usual. Terap had been my hoodoo, but when we motored

through in 1939, the jungle had been cut down and a pretty little village had sprung up. My bungalow had disappeared, but in its place was a rather smart-looking police station and barracks.

It was time for dinner when we arrived at the rest-house at Parit Buntar.

"Boy!" I yelled. "*Bawa makanan.*" (Bring food.)

In walked the rest-house boy; he took one look at me and started jabbering Malay with great excitement. He remembered me and I remembered him. Both of us were delighted, and, no doubt, for the same reason. It is nice to be remembered after a lapse of over twenty years. The next day was Sunday. When I looked in my pocket for money, I found I did not have enough to pay the rest-house bill; and I needed much more to continue my journey. Friday had been a holiday for the Malays and the bank was closed. Saturday was a holiday for everyone. Sunday was a holiday for the white people and again the bank was closed. That Chinese boy's pleasure at seeing me must have been genuine; he offered me twenty-five dollars, which I gladly accepted and repaid with interest. There was an example of why people like the Chinese. He was faithful, generous, trusting and trustworthy.

Our next destination was the town of Kuala Kangsar, home of the Sultan of Perak. The Tungku Mahkota (Crown Prince of Johore) had given me a personal letter addressed to the Sultan of Perak, but when we arrived in the town it was evident that something unusual had occurred. The station platform was thronged with Malays dressed in their brightest sarongs, but when I noticed a white band attached to every hat, I knew that someone of importance had died. It turned out to be the Sultana of Perak. Only that morning she had died of typhoid fever and was to be given a State funeral the

same afternoon. Throughout Malaya it is customary to bury a person the day he dies. It gives you a queer feeling to know that by nightfall you may be in your grave. The Chinese do not observe this custom, but often keep their dead for several weeks until an auspicious burial day has been determined. Only the very substantial design of Chinese coffins makes such a custom possible.

Sultans, Tungkus and Rajahs from all over the Peninsula had been hastily summoned to the funeral. All day long they kept arriving by car and special trains. Never have I seen such wonderful colours as were worn by the Malays who invaded Kuala Kangsar that day.

I could not use my letter of introduction to the Sultan of course, but I secured wonderful colour movies of the funeral of the Queen. Usually Malays object to being photographed, but on this occasion I must have been regarded as an official photographer, because a policeman cleared a space for my camera and stood beside me all the time.

The procession must have been half a mile long. There were no carriages or motor cars. Everyone walked. Bright yellow umbrellas were held over the heads of certain mourners. The coffin itself was carried in a large yellow palanquin, borne on the shoulders of many Malays. The sides of the palanquin were open, so that the coffin could easily be seen. Sitting around it were eight Malay women, whose long black hair was hanging wildly down their shoulders, purposely not combed to denote that they had been tearing it in wild despair and grief.

Every house in Kuala Kangsar, including the rest-house, was filled that night with Malay notables. But with customary shyness, they kept to themselves and had

their meals in their bedrooms. However, I noticed their servants looking at Zetta with a great deal of interest, probably because of her blonde hair. They undoubtedly carried word to their master because he eventually strolled on to the verandah of the rest-house, dressed in his very best sarong and wearing a yellow velvet *songkok*. He was very handsome, about forty years of age. I had already found out from the rest-house boy that he was the Tungku Klana of Selangor and that he had come all the way from Klang to attend the funeral.

When I introduced myself to him in the Malay language, the Tungku replied in perfect English and, to my delight, showed the greatest interest in what we were doing. He informed me that he was in the movie business himself and that he owned the motion-picture theatre at Klang. He and Zetta got on famously together and I left them swapping stories while I retired to my bedroom to load my cameras for the next day's work. Suddenly I heard a commotion as if tables were being overthrown and a violent struggle was going on. Rushing to the verandah, I saw Zetta and the Tungku standing on chairs and tables trying to catch those little house lizards that have a habit of running around upside down on the ceiling. Zetta had a butterfly net in her hand, trying to scoop the lizards off the ceiling. To avoid the net, the lizards would fall to the floor, where the Tungku grabbed them before they could recover from the shock of falling. Time after time, he would exclaim: "Now I've got one," but when he opened his hand, all that was left of the lizard was its tail. The floor looked like a battlefield, with mutilated lizards running in one direction, while their tails ran in the other. I timed the tails and discovered that they wiggled for ten minutes after being separated from their owners. Apparently this is the only means of protection

that the lizard possesses, but he only uses it when threatened with capture. Some of them are able to withstand greater shocks of fright than others, for when the chase was over, the Tungku had succeeded in capturing six lizards whose tails were still attached to their bodies.

These were popped into a box to wait until daylight when they were destined to become actors in an unusual motion picture. It was simple to make a small studio with bed sheets, so that the little actors would show up nicely on a white background. When all was ready the Tungku released the lizards and Zetta tried to catch them. One by one they discarded their tails in just the right place until I was able to photograph three tails dancing a trio together. I think that if we had invited him the Tungku would have thoroughly enjoyed our next adventure, but travelling with a prince might not have been such a simple matter, so we wished him good-bye.

Our pictures were gradually materializing, but I still had to find some *Sakais* (Malayan aboriginals), and get them to capture a live plandok, Malaya's perfect little deer.

CHAPTER II

SEA SNAKES AND TREE-CLIMBING FISH

THERE are three races of mankind who have inhabited the Malay Peninsula for a very long period of time. The aborigines are the Semang, small Negritos with woolly hair and almost black skins, who appear to have been the original inhabitants of southern Asia. Then there are the Sakai, who are much more civilized than the Semang, but savages compared with the ordinary Malay. The Sakai are light brown in colour, about the same height as the Malay, and have fine wavy hair. Last come the Malays, a highly civilized race, who call both the Semang and the Sakai "orang-utan," or jungle men. It is not so long since the Malays used to organize regular hunts for these jungle men, whom they enslaved. Even in my time, while surveying in the upper reaches of the River Tanum, I saw a large boat-load of Malays, dressed in their gayest clothes, being poled upstream by one husky Semang pygmy. He was doing the work of two Malays.

Kuala Kangsar is within easy reach of the Kinta district of Perak, where both Sakai and Semang are found. This region of the Peninsula is of great interest to geologists, on account of the gigantic limestone pinnacles that dot the country. Some of these spectacular white cliffs have vertical, or nearly vertical, faces from 1500 to 2000 feet high. In many cases the cliffs overhang considerably for heights of hundreds of feet.

It was within sight of such cliffs as these that Zetta

and I drove to Sungei Siput, then struck out for ten miles into the jungle until we reached a river called Sungei Korbu. There was a little Chinese trading store close to the river, to which the Sakai and occasional Semang come with jungle produce, which they barter for such luxuries as sugar or kerosene oil. The floor of the store, which, by the way, was just the plain ground, was piled with what appeared to be all kinds of junk which the wise old Chinese had obtained from the jungle men. There were packages of damar, a yellow resin that is produced by certain jungle trees. Some of this he would export to China, where it would be used for surfacing paper, but the inferior qualities he would use to manufacture torches, which he would sell back to the native, thus making two profits on the same substance. Another strange jungle product was dragon's-blood, a bright red resin that is formed on the fruit of a jungle rattan palm, somewhat like Malacca cane. Dragon's-blood has several uses, but the most interesting is in the manufacture of varnish for good violins. Gutta-percha is another product of the Malay jungle, which the jungle folk collect and use in trade. Unlike rubber, gutta-percha is not elastic, but it has the useful property of softening when heated and hardening when it cools. It is the latex, or sap, of a large tree which bleeds when wounded.

While I was examining the various items in the little store, a man entered, dressed in European clothing. He was not a white man, yet he did not look like a Malay. When he left I enquired about him and learned, to my astonishment, that he was a Battak missionary from Sumatra. He was living with two other Battak and was trying to convert the Sakai to Christianity. This, perhaps, was the most remarkable change I found in the whole of the Malay Peninsula. Who had originally

converted the Battak, I did not like to ask. I knew that the Battak were cannibals, but cannibalism and barbarism do not necessarily go together. In certain respects the Battak are remarkably civilized. They are literate, and even use letter-boxes at cross-roads. They live in two-storied houses and understand pottery, weaving, jewellery, ironwork and the manufacture of gunpowder. But at the same time they have a habit of eating their relatives alive, especially their grandparents. They make images of their ancestors from soft stone. These images are often hollow so that they can be provided with a soul. The soul is in the form of soup made from the body of the ancestor and poured into the image. I was naturally surprised to find one of these fearsome natives of Sumatra preaching the Gospel to the Sakai in the Malay jungle.

We were on our way into the jungle on foot when one of the Battak met us and invited us to visit his hut. He did not speak English, but his Malay was fluent. He must also have been able to speak the primitive language of the Sakai, because we found quite a crowd of them around his hut. For Sakai, they were well dressed, wearing cheap Malay sarongs around their waists. The usual dress of a Sakai is a piece of bark-cloth, worn more like a belt than a garment.

Prominent among the Sakai girls was one in very fine clothes. Silk sarong, *baju* (jacket), beads, ear-rings and heavy gold bracelets around her ankles comprised her costume. Her hair was carefully brushed and she wore a red hibiscus behind her ear. I observed that her manner towards the Battak missionaries was unlike that of the other Sakai.

"*Itu perempuan jahat, la*" (That woman is wicked), remarked the eldest of the three Battak.

Apparently she was the mistress of a white man who

was making an ethnological study of the Sakai. Nothing that the missionaries had to offer her was as acceptable as the gifts bestowed upon her by her scientific boy friend. She obviously loved to flout her prosperity in the faces of the unfortunate Battak, who were living in the greatest poverty for missionaries. I could not help thinking of the fine houses of missionaries I had seen in other parts of the world and comparing their mode of life with that of these three Battak converts who believed so strongly in Christ that they had settled down among some of the most primitive and degraded human beings in the world in order to save their souls.

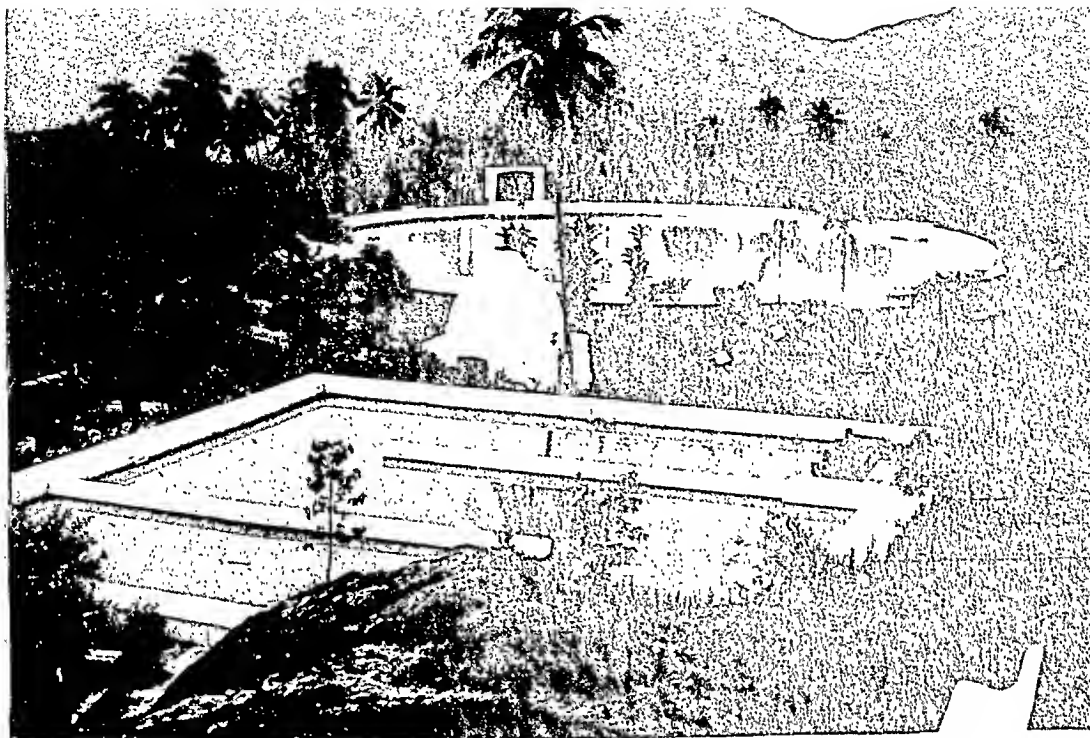
After taking movies of the Sakai, we continued into the jungle, following a narrow trail between walls of dense undergrowth. So narrow was the path that two people could not pass unless one stopped and pressed against the undergrowth to make room for the other. It was quite a surprise for both parties when we came face to face with three Sakai, an old man accompanied by two youths who were probably on their way to trade at the Chinese store. All three had long blow-guns, but the old man was using his to carry a modern-looking yellow tin trunk. He had thrust the blow-gun through the handle of the trunk and then had slung the trunk on to his back. All three had bamboo quivers filled with poisoned darts about a foot long.

Immediately they saw us, they shrank against the side of the trail to let us pass. The old Sakai was quite genial and could speak Malay, but the young ones looked as startled as wild animals.

"*Dudok sedikit*" (Sit down awhile), I remarked smilingly.

"*Tuan*" (Master), murmured the Sakai as he placed his trunk on the ground.

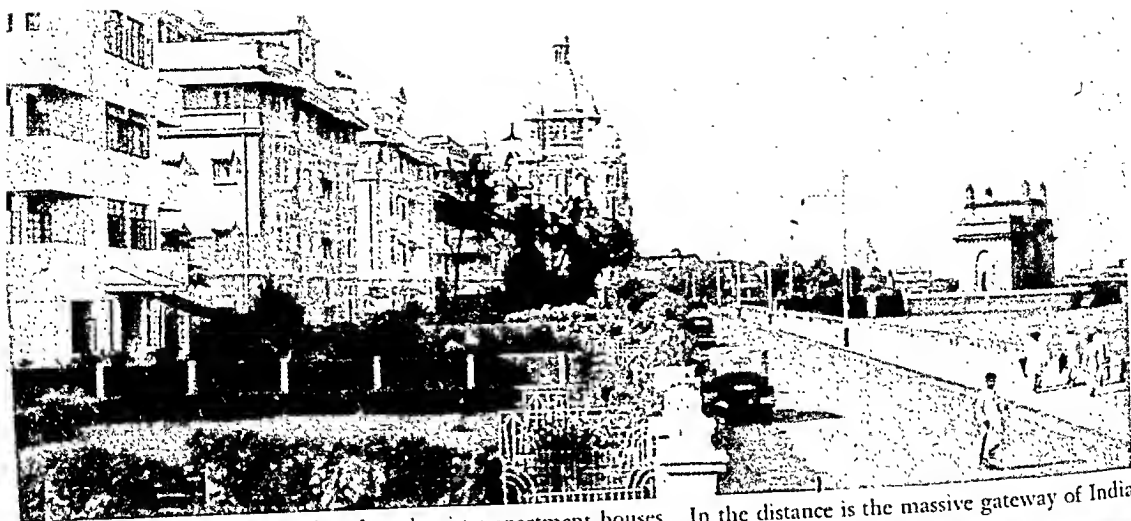
I offered the old man a cigarette, but he refused



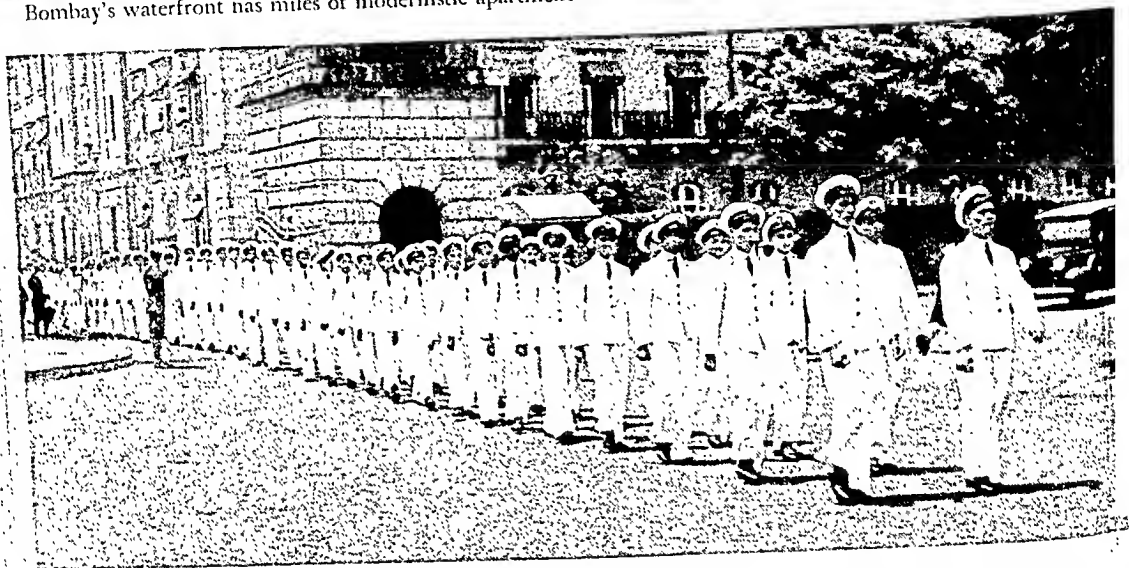
This looks like a potentate's garden, but it is really the source of Panang's water supply.
In other words, the reservoir.

No Malay in his right mind would venture out in a boat that does not have eyes painted in the bow.





Bombay's waterfront has miles of modernistic apartment houses. In the distance is the massive gateway of India



Indian naval cadets.

Bombay is known for its brass, and this merchant sells it to you—for as much as he can get.



because it would have made him cough! "The white man's tobacco is too strong for me," he said. Then, taking from his pouch a nipa leaf, he rolled his own cigarette, using tobacco as black as ink.

"I'm surprised to see you using matches," I remarked. "Where is your *gobek api*?"

The Sakai looked very much amused at my mentioning a *gobek api*, or fire piston, and said: "That was long long ago, Tuan."

It certainly seemed long ago, but the last time I was in camp with some Sakai, they made fire by means of compressed air. The apparatus consisted of a small cylinder of buffalo horn, about three inches high, with a bore about one-quarter of an inch in diameter. Fitting into the cylinder was a piston, which could be pushed in and withdrawn by hand. The stroke of the piston was two inches. It fitted loosely until it approached the bottom of the cylinder. Then it fitted so perfectly that the air was compressed, making a cushion which caused the piston to spring back when suddenly thrust into the cylinder. A small depression had been scooped from the end of the piston; here a bit of tinder was placed. The piston was then driven smartly into the cylinder with a blow of the fist. It was instantly removed with the tinder alight. This ancient way of making fire embodies the principle of the Diesel oil engine.

I have one of these fire cylinders, but my stock of tinder ran out years ago. Thinking I might find some, I asked the old man if I might examine the contents of his pouch. Almost the first thing I found was a box of tinder.

Our meeting with this old man was very fortunate, because from him we learned that we would probably find some Semang pygmies in the neighbourhood of a place called Grik. As the crow flies, Grik was about

forty miles north of where we were standing. By road it was about double that distance, but we made it by car in a little over two hours. When I was in the Malay Peninsula in 1914, Grik was one of the most inaccessible places, but the name was a household word among Government officials because it was at Grik that Hubert Berkeley lived.

Berkeley was one of the old school of Malay Government officials. His name will doubtless go down in the annals of the peninsula with those of Sir Frank Swettenham and Sir Hugh Clifford. In some respects he must have been similar to that other famous Britisher, Rajah Brooke, who carved for himself a large slice of Borneo and founded the Brooke dynasty which rules in Sarawak to-day. For years before a motor road was built to Grik, Berkeley lived in solitary majesty as the ruler of a large area of Upper Perak. Officially, he was a regular district officer, no different from many others whose job was to act as magistrate and generally administer the affairs of their district. Unofficially, he governed his district as if he were its rajah, but he was so beloved by the Malays and so successful in his administration that he was left alone by the Government. He lived in the style of a rajah, with numerous elephants at his disposal. The construction of a road and the advent of the even more unwelcome telephone spoilt Berkeley's splendid isolation. Finally he retired to England and another era in Malayan history came to an end.

There are still plenty of elephants to be had at Grik and it was on elephants that we eventually set off into the jungle. Zetta's elephant was not accustomed to carrying white people. It was always a little shy when she mounted, but, once she was on board, the huge animal started off at a surprising pace. It was fortunate that both Zetta and I were good sailors, otherwise we

would have had six meals a day—three down and three up.

Not far from Grik we met a party of Semang out hunting. There were seven of them, but I could have placed the complete wardrobe of all seven in my trousers pocket. Except for the usual G string, they were naked—but quite respectable.

Through one of our drivers, we were able to arrange for them to catch a plandok for us. He had some difficulty in explaining that we wanted a live animal and not a dead one.

I wish I could have gone with them and watched their method of catching the little deer, but to have done so would probably have resulted in their not catching anything. In all probability they used a net, because when the deer arrived in camp it was uninjured except for a bit of skin which it had rubbed off the end of its nose. It could not have weighed more than three pounds; it was considerably smaller than the one we had photographed in the Tungku Mahkota's zoo.

The plandok, or chevrotain, or mousedeer, as it is sometimes called, is the hero of Malay folklore. In many ways it takes the place of the fox in our own folklore. Unfortunately, since it is subject to foot-and-mouth disease, its importation into the United States is forbidden. I presume that special arrangements with regard to quarantine could be made, but the dainty little animal is very delicate and, in order to succeed in bringing home one alive, it would probably be necessary to import several in the hope that one might survive.

With the photographing of the plandok, our work was nearly complete. But we still had to secure pictures of fish climbing trees; so remembering Hubback's advice to look for our fish at Malacca, we returned to Kuala Kangsar and thence to Kuala Lumpur.

Distances are so short and transportation so good in Malaya that it was a very simple journey to Malacca, which is by far the most historic town in Malaya, if not in the whole of the Far East. Strangely enough, its founding in 1378 is connected with the plandok.

There is a famous legend that the Rajah Iskander Shah was hunting near the sea coast when one of his dogs discovered a plandok. Instead of running away, the little animal stood its ground and actually drove the dog into the sea. Whereupon, the Rajah is said to have exclaimed: "This is a fortunate land where even the deer are full of courage." He decided to settle on the spot and since he happened to be resting beneath a Malacca tree, he named the new city Malacca. The present crest of the city shows a Malacca tree and a plandok, thus perpetuating the legend.

One hundred years before the first colony was founded in America, Malacca had become a large city that was already attracting the envious eyes of the Portuguese. In 1511, after a furious battle in which the Malays were led by their Sultan mounted upon an elephant, the city was captured by Alfonso D'Albuquerque. While the Portuguese fought with cannon, the Malays used blow-guns and poisoned darts. Many of the Portuguese were slain, but the case of the Malays was hopeless from the start. They had made the fatal mistake of being unprepared and assuming that a nation that did not interfere with other nations was safe from invasion.

To celebrate his victory, Albuquerque erected a church upon a hill that overlooks the city. This remarkable old church is not only the oldest church, but the oldest European building in this part of the world, having been erected ten years before the discovery of the Philippine Islands by Magellan. Its great age is not its only claim to fame. When St. Francis Xavier

came to Malacca, he realized that a town of its size needed a good school. He therefore arranged for one to be built beside the church and named it St. Paul's School. Thereafter the old church, which had been known only as the Church, took its name from the school, as did also the hill upon which both were built.

As an Old Pauline myself, having gone to St. Paul's School, London, I was extremely interested in the history of St. Paul's School, Malacca. Doubtless Americans who have attended St. Paul's School, Concord, will be as interested as I was.

It was in the sanctuary of St. Paul's Church, Malacca, that the body of St. Francis Xavier was buried on March 20th, 1553. It was exhumed on August 15th of the same year and found to be "fresh and incorrupt." This is not so miraculous as might at first appear, because the coffin was filled with lime when the Saint died on December 2nd, 1552, on the lonely island of Sancian, China. But a great miracle took place when the body of the Saint arrived back in Malacca on board the *Santa Croce*. Previously, the city had been silent and deserted because of plague and famine, but, as the body was carried in procession to St. Paul's Church, followed by the whole population of the city, the plague ceased and every person who was sick recovered. After its exhumation in 1553, the body was placed in a magnificent coffin and on December 11th, 1553, it was taken on board a ship bound for Goa, India, where it arrived three months later and was placed in the Cathedral. The Saint's body is still intact. In 1922, when it was again exhumed, a piece of the sole of the foot which had first stepped on the shore of Malacca was cut off and sent to Malacca.

One of the most interesting facts about Malacca is that the descendants of Albuquerque's principal captains are still living there. Thexeira, Nunez, De Souza, Fernan-

dez and Gomez are well-known Portuguese names in Malacca to-day. But, just as the Portuguese had seized Malacca from the Malays, so eventually, in 1641, did the Dutch seize the city from the Portuguese. The Dutch managed to hold on until 1824, when Malacca was ceded to Great Britain in exchange for territory in other parts of the world.

The survival of the Portuguese in Malacca is one of the most remarkable tributes to that race. For two hundred years the Dutch did everything they could to wipe out them and their religion, without success. To-day, of the Malacca Portuguese, about one quarter have Dutch names, all are Catholics, and none speak Dutch. Almost all of them speak Portuguese when they are at home, but theirs is the language of Albuquerque. Priests sent out from Portugal cannot understand a word of Malacca Portuguese and have to start their labours by re-learning their own language.

Hubback had mentioned Portuguese fishermen as being most likely to help me get my pictures of climbing fish. I had no difficulty in finding them, because the Government of the Straits Settlements have built a special Portuguese settlement on the seashore where, for the very modest rent of \$1 (American) per month, these descendants of the old conquerors of Malacca can remain in peace on the land that once belonged to their ancestors. We directed our chauffeur to drive to the seashore at Ujong Pasir, where stand a number of small wooden bungalows, built at Government expense for the Portuguese. The car was loaded with cameras, tripods, knapsacks and a long-handled round fishing-net.

It was low tide when we arrived at the seashore and great expanses of mud were exposed. The prospects of photographing fish looked pretty dirty in more senses than one. Fortunately, I had anticipated this and we

were both dressed in long trousers, rubber boots, puttees and sun helmets. I had been told that there was a small creek running into the sea close to Ujong Pasir and that this would be a good place to find my fish. But before lugging our heavy cameras on a wild-goose chase, Zetta and I decided to make a reconnaissance of the shore.

At the first step we sank into filthy mud up to our knees, but we floundered along until the mud grew firmer, and after about a hundred yards reached the shoreline where little waves were tumbling on to the mud. Thousands of tiny hermit and fiddler crabs were scampering over the mud, the latter gaily waving their bright-coloured large claws to their lady loves, while their small claws were tucked away close to their sides. (The fiddler crab has one luridly coloured claw that is about ten times as large as the corresponding claw, which in other crabs would be the same size.)*

I have never known it to fail that the most unbelievable things happen when a person leaves his camera behind. We had good reason for having left ours in the car, because we were trying to find the mouth of a creek with trees growing on its banks, where, as far as we could see, there was nothing but muddy seashore. I now comfort myself with the thought that I did not possess a telephoto lens. If I had had such a lens and had not left my camera in the car, I could have recorded the best fish story in the world.

We had become accustomed to the antics of the fiddler crabs when suddenly two fish, about seven or eight inches in length, came out of the water and walked several feet on to the land. They then faced one another and, having raised the fins on their backs, proceeded to

* Many animals make use of colour to attract their mates. Such are called "courtship colours" as distinguished from "warning colours"; there is no doubt about these crabs waving to the females, or why they do it.

fight exactly like a couple of roosters. These were not the climbing fish that I was seeking, but entirely different fish, with two distinct dorsal fins, one situated behind the other. The fight continued for about thirty seconds. Then they must have seen us watching them, for they suddenly scampered off into the sea and disappeared.

"Let's go back and get our cameras," I exclaimed in disgust. So once again we ploughed through the sticky mud to our car, arriving there looking like a couple of mud-larks and drenched with perspiration.

Two Portuguese fishermen were standing by the car.

"How's the fish business?" I enquired in Malay.

The enquiry set them off on their woes. The war had ruined them and the Government's one dollar a month rent was iniquitous.

"How about doing a little fishing for me to-day?" I asked.

The men looked at one another doubtfully. "It's low tide, Tuan. Our boats are in the creek and we cannot get them out until the tide rises."

"What creek? Is there a creek around here with trees on its banks?"

"Yes, but it is some distance from here."

Before setting out on any more goose chases, I asked them to sit down and discuss the matter with me. Meanwhile, a little Portuguese boy had joined the group, and, had it not been for his bright young mind, our quest for climbing fish would have been a failure.

All that the two grown-up fishermen could think about were the fish they were accustomed to catch for market. They had given up long ago paying any attention to other kinds of fish.

"The kind of fish I am looking for," I exclaimed, "climbs trees. It has large eyes and, when it swims, it keeps its head out of water and looks where it is going."

The two men looked bewildered, and I was about to give up in disgust when the boy remarked: "*Ada, Tuan. Baniak ada.*" (There are, sir. There are plenty.)

"Where?"

"In the creek!" was the reply.

By this time it was almost midday and we could hear thunder rumbling in the distance.

"Hurry. Let's go to the creek. I'll pay you well if you find those fish."

The two men suddenly became aware that they, too, knew all about that fish. But who would ever have thought that I meant such worthless fish as these? "If I get those fish, you can take a holiday for a week," I said. Soon they caught my enthusiasm, and I knew that we would find the fish if there were any in the neighbourhood.

"Are they big ones?" I enquired.

"*Besar sangat!*" (Very large) shouted the boy.

For at least a half-mile we ploughed through mud until we reached a clump of low bushes. Beyond the bushes we saw a creek about thirty feet wide, in which several fishing boats were anchored. Ahead of us ran the boy, while we followed along the bank of the creek in a direction away from the ocean.

"Take care, sir," shouted the boy. "There are many snakes."

Suddenly I noticed a snake swimming along the creek, close to the shore. It had in its mouth a small fish.

"The snakes live on the fish that *Tuan* is trying to find," explained one of the fishermen. "We never see the snakes at high tide."

I was glad I had thought of wearing puttees. The creek was alive with the ugly reptiles. I took a lot of motion pictures of them, including the one with the fish in its mouth.

Suddenly the boy beckoned us to be cautious. He had spotted one of the fish. I was so excited that I fumbled about with my camera as if I had never handled it before. I could see the fish distinctly as I hurriedly set up the tripod and thrust the legs far down into the mud. But the fish saw me, too, for he gave a quick flip of his tail and jumped off the tree into the water with a splash that denoted he was no baby. Instead of swimming on the surface, he disappeared.

I knew he could not stay down long, because these fish breathe air through their gills, and the gills must be wet. All of us watched for it to return. Suddenly Zetta gave a shout. She had seen it slide out of the water and come to rest on the bank, with its tail in the water. Snatching up her fishing-net, she started ploughing through the mud. But there was another individual as interested in the fish as she. A snake about three feet long must have been watching the fish from the bushes and was gliding quickly towards it.

Zetta was between the snake and the fish when I shouted. But her feet were stuck in the mud and she was unable to move nearly as quickly as the snake, which was making a bee-line for the fish. Why the fish didn't swim off into the water, and why the snake apparently took no notice of Zetta, I have never been able to understand. Zetta screamed and thrust her fishing-net down on the mud between her and the snake.

Then a most alarming thing occurred, which illustrates how unwise it is to generalize about the habits of animals. According to the authorities, sea snakes have flat tails and are practically helpless on land. But this snake was not helpless. It reared up and began to dance around on its flat tail, darting repeatedly at Zetta's legs, yet it did not behave at all like a land snake. There was no ominous withdrawing as a preliminary to striking.

The dance would have been quite comical had it not been so frightening.

"Keep that net in front of it," I shouted, "while I get a few pictures."

"Darn the pictures," yelled Zetta. "I'm stuck in the mud and the snake is trying to get at my ankles."

All this happened in much less time than it takes to describe it. The little boy saw the snake as soon as I did, and with a terrific swipe of his parang, he cut the reptile in two.

What excitement! It took all my strength to pull up the legs of my tripod, so that I could well imagine Zetta's feeling of helplessness when she tried to make a quick retreat through that deep, sticky mud.

Climbing fish were plentiful. One of the men, who had gone off by himself, returned with at least a dozen in his sarong. I told him to release them on the ground some distance from the water so I could photograph them as they hopped, skipped and jumped towards the bank. Any other fish that were thrown on the ground would have flopped about helplessly and died. But these took one good look around to see in which direction the water was, then set out towards it, keeping their large eyes on us all the time. In a few minutes several of them were walking on the mud, while others were climbing slyly up a log that was floating in the water. Finally, with a wonderful stroke of luck, one of the fish remained stationary on a low branch of a tree long enough to let me set up my camera within ten feet of him.

I started taking his picture in Kodachrome movies, wishing to goodness he would do something besides watch me. Colour film is expensive, and here I was using it like waste paper on a fish that had decided not to move an inch. But once again luck was with me.

Heavy drops of rain began to fall. The fish looked up at the sky, winked at me and jumped off the branch into the water.

Hurriedly I packed up my camera and films. If only they came out properly, I would be able to show my lecture audiences that my "fish" stories were not so fishy, after all.

Then down came the rain in sheets. Thunder and lightning came almost simultaneously as we ploughed our muddy way back to the car. The rain stopped as suddenly as it had begun, and as I proceeded to get out my money, the Portuguese waited and wondered how much their day's pay would net them.

I was in a generous mood, and was about to pay them when I remembered an anecdote I had heard about Caruso.

A redcap was carrying Caruso's bag when suddenly he asked the famous singer: "'Skuse me, sir. But how much money do you make?" Caruso smiled. "How much do you get paid?" he enquired. "Thirty dollars a month," replied the coloured man.

Caruso unbuttoned his overcoat, loosened his collar, took a deep breath and in his lovely tenor voice sang: "Tra, la, la, lali, la."

"There goes six months of your salary!" remarked Caruso as he rebuttoned his overcoat.

And as I handed six dollars to each fisherman I remarked: "There goes six months' rent!" They looked at the American dollars doubtfully, but when I explained that they would receive two Straits dollars for each American one, they were delighted.

That night, the general manager of the Federated Malay States Railway gave us a dinner party, and we gave him a picture show, using our colour movies of Bermuda. We said our good-byes at the dinner party,

and we were quite unprepared for the wonderful send-off that was given us when we left Kuala Lumpur on the sleeping saloon express for Singapore. No king ever had a more royal farewell. Zetta was given a magnificent spray of rare orchids. I felt repaid for all the years I had spent tramping over mountains and wading through swamps when I saw the group of railroad officials who had come to wish me "*salamat jalan*," or "Safe journey." Standing together were the general manager and Mrs. Smart, the chief engineer and the traffic manager. Behind them were other officials whom we had learned to call affectionately the F.M.S. boys. Then, also, I noticed the station-master and in the background, looking very much as if he were attending a funeral, was our faithful boy, Ali.

The next morning, as the train pulled into Singapore, I saw the American eagle on the funnel of an ocean liner tied up alongside. I knew that it must be the boat on which we were to sail for the United States, the *President Polk*.

Waiting for me at the station was a friend. "Get your pictures on board the *President Polk* at once. An order has just come through to prevent the export of any undeveloped films."

Not a moment was to be lost. The dock gates were within a stone's throw. It was only seven o'clock in the morning and, no doubt, too early for any officials to be at the boat. I reached the gangplank with my baggage unmolested and, within fifteen minutes, my precious films were in the ship's refrigerator and under the Stars and Stripes.

What a wonderful feeling it was to be once again on an American boat! I had just sworn to myself that nothing would make me get off it until we were safely on our way, when Zetta came up to me and, without

even asking me if I wanted to go, said: "Come on. We're going down town." Nothing that I could say or do would persuade her to tell me why.

On and on we went until soon we were in the very heart of the native shopping district of Singapore. My heart sank as we stopped in front of a large bird shop. What on earth could she want with a bird? Especially a tropical one, when we would be arriving in New York in mid-winter.

The shop was full of different kinds of birds, chiefly parrots and tiny parroquets. Evidently Zetta had been here before, because she swept past all these and walked into the rear of the store where a single cage was hanging. In it was a poor little bird still covered with the yellow fluff of infancy. The moment we approached he opened his mouth wide and kept it open while Zetta pushed down large quantities of boiled rice and red peppers.

"It's a baby mynah!" Zetta exclaimed joyfully. "You told me yourself what a valuable bird a mynah is, especially if it can talk. We can teach this one from scratch."

There was no use arguing. She bought the bird, and off we rushed back to the boat with a huge cage containing a very small jungle bird.

We called the bird Raffles. To tell the whole story of Raffles would mean writing another book. But Raffles can now talk much more clearly and intelligently than any parrot. He can whistle "The Star Spangled Banner" beautifully and says "Hello, darling!" to every girl he meets. Already he has appeared professionally in theatres at Ridgefield, and New Canaan, Connecticut, and Rye, New York, not to mention a benefit performance in aid of "Bundles for Britain." Raffles is our affectionate link with the jungle of Malaya.

CHAPTER 12

HOME ON AN AMERICAN TREASURE SHIP

IF ever a treasure ship sailed the seas, it was the *President Polk* when she left Singapore homeward bound with a perilous voyage of ten thousand miles ahead of her. In addition to the usual dangers of the sea, there were the added dangers of floating mines and torpedoes. The Neutrality Act had not then become law, so that we were bound for the Mediterranean and several ports which have since been closed to American shipping.

Both Great Britain and Germany had published long lists of what each nation considered contraband, and it was apparent that our cargo contained plenty of forbidden things. Few people ever have an opportunity to examine the manifest of an ocean liner. On a vessel like the *President Polk*, the manifest is a large volume containing hundreds of pages, each of which is as big as a full-sized sheet of drawing paper.

The following is only a partial list of the more unusual items that were on board:

Several million dollars in gold bars	Briar Roots
Tons of Tin in blocks	Olive Oil
Tons of Rubber	Cinnamon
Tea	Nutmegs
Rattan	Cloves
Henna Leaves	Pepper
Many kinds of Gums	Copra
	Coconut Oil in drums

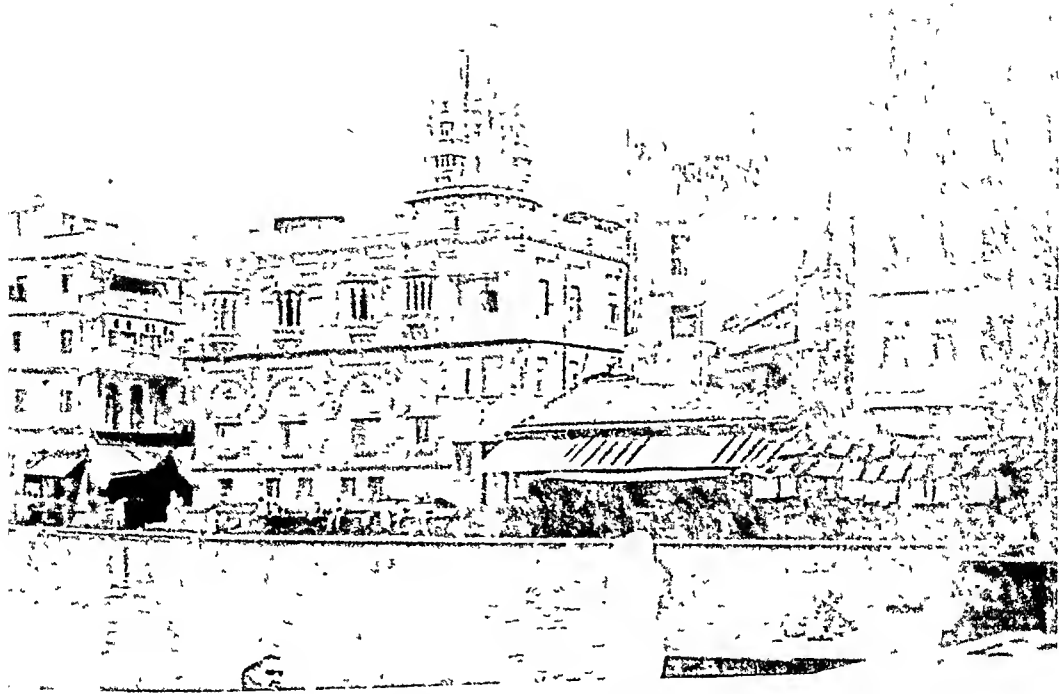
Hides	Pineapples
Rice	Rare Ores
Teakwood	Spanish Chestnuts
Malacca Canes	Dragon's Blood
Tortoise Shells	Tapioca
Green Snail Shells	Sago
Crocodile Skins	Marble
Snake Skins	Cutch
Cashew Nuts	Gutta Percha
Coconuts	Silks

One of the strangest cargoes was a large quantity of American pennies and nickels, which were being shipped home to banks, because they had no foreign exchange value.

The sea was calm and strangely deserted as we sailed up the west coast of the Malay Peninsula. Not even any Malay fishing boats seemed to have ventured out. But the great sea eagles that circled overhead told that the sea itself was by no means deserted. Several large turtles floated lazily past; shoals of small flying fish would suddenly flash out of the wave the steamer made and skim through the air several hundred yards before tumbling back into the water with a splash. Suddenly one of the eagles dived towards the water and cleverly seized a snake that had been basking in the sun, forgetful of the danger overhead.

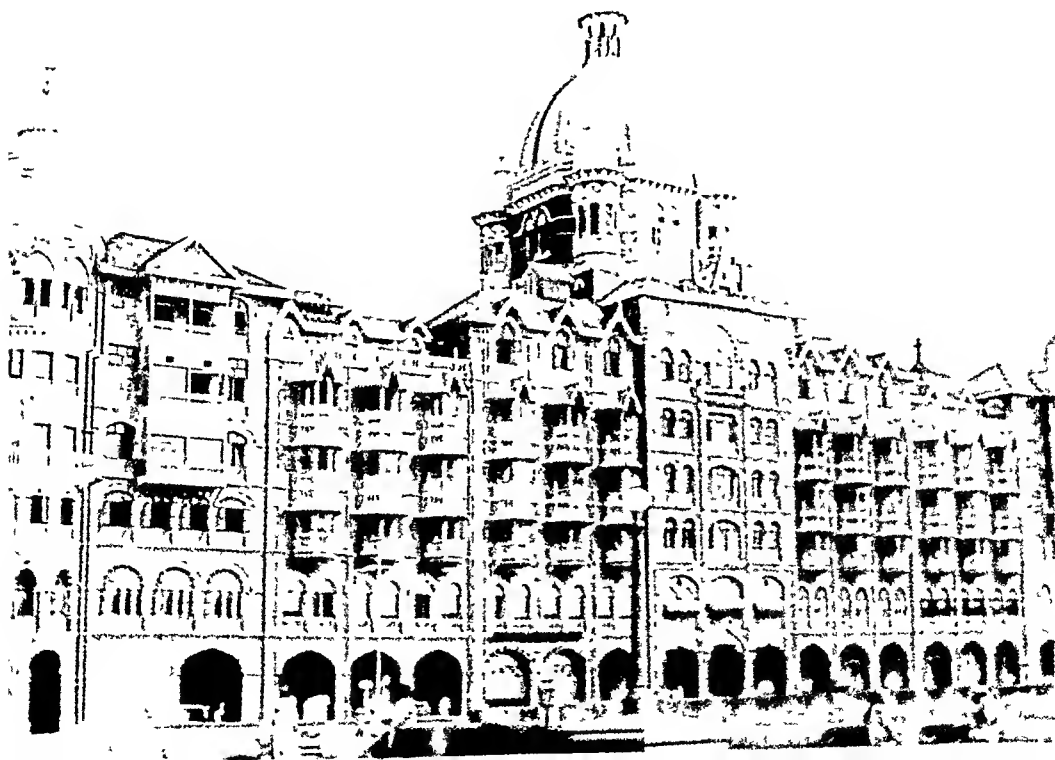
The best place on a boat to observe sea life is in the very tip of the bow. There I would stand and watch the water just ahead of the ship and marvel at the narrow escapes of some of those turtles from being cut in two by the sharp prow of the vessel.

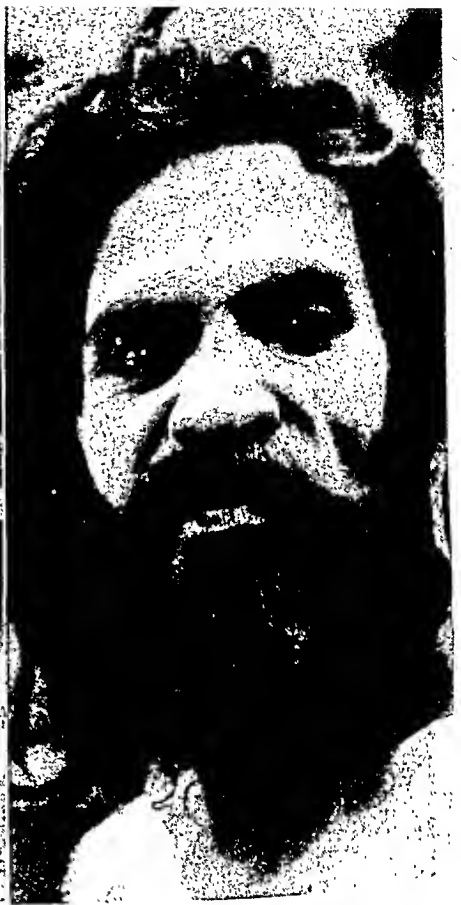
Thirty-four hours after leaving Singapore, we arrived in Penang and tied up alongside a wharf which was piled high with rubber and glittering ingots of tin. In Singapore it had seemed impossible to stow any more



This is a holy lake in Bombay. Natives believe that anyone who bathes here goes to heaven, and are not deterred by the fact that garbage is collected from the lake daily.

Bombay's Taj Mahal Hotel





On the surface Bombay looks like the most modern of cities,
but men like this still deliver most of the milk.

Eastern holy men impose not the slightest
restriction on their beards.

The *President Coolidge* is the flag-ship of the American President Lines.



go away, but in Penang the deck itself was loaded still more.

At ten-thirty we landed and drove to the Runnymede hotel, only to find the ball-room deserted and the orchestra playing American dance music to an audience of glum-looking waiters standing beside empty tables. The ill wind of war which had brought such gaiety to the Singapore had obviously brought stagnation to the desolate Penang.

Again we set sail on a deserted sea for Ceylon, but four days later, when we approached Colombo, the excitement began. Warned by radio not to arrive at Colombo by night, the boat glided lazily along with her speed arranged so that we should arrive promptly at eight o'clock in the morning. Slowly we approached the land, and just as we were admiring the colours of the mountains, a fast motor boat raced towards us, circled and came close alongside our bridge.

"Stop! before the shore batteries open fire!" shouted an officer through a megaphone.

If you have ever been on a liner that is going half speed ahead when suddenly her engines commence going full speed astern, you know what it feels like. I thought the *President Polk* was going to rattle herself to pieces with the tremendous vibration that the sudden reversal of her engines caused. It wasn't necessary to say "Stop" twice when those big guns were trained upon us.

Apparently, someone on shore had slipped up on his business, because, except for being ordered to arrive by daylight, no other special instructions had been received, and the Captain naturally entered Colombo as he had done many times before. American flags on strange vessels mean little to gunners who remembered the last war, when the German cruiser *Emden* was in the habit

of disguising herself, flying the British flag and entering enemy harbours. We had apparently crossed the dead line without knowing it and had it not been for the presence of mind and instant action of the Captain, our treasure ship might have gone up in smoke and then down to the locker of Davy Jones.

It was an unfortunate beginning of the day, and it should be remembered that in October, 1939, the United States was by no means in the mood of co-operation with Great Britain that she is to-day.

British naval officers next boarded the ship and very politely requested that the Captain hand over to them a certain mail bag (one of several hundreds that we had on board). Maintaining his right as a neutral to carry this mail, the Captain refused to deliver the offending bag. "Then we'll take all the mail," said the naval officers. And they did.

When I think of the present policy of extending every help to Great Britain short of war, I marvel at the change that has come over the majority of our people since the Fall of 1939. To judge from the indignation that was caused among some of the passengers by the removal of those mail bags, one might have thought that America was about to join up with Hitler.

Twenty years had brought great changes to Colombo. Gone was the enormous sky sign advertising Lipton's Tea. Even the people in the streets looked different. The Cingalese used to wear their hair done up in a bun around which was placed a large tortoise-shell comb. I looked in vain for a single man dressed in the old style. Many of the men appeared to have taken their styles from Hollywood and were dressed more like Clark Gable. The harbour was crowded with steamers, but all of them were British and painted black or dark grey. But Queen Victoria still looked down from her pedestal

in the lovely Victoria Gardens, and snake charmers still entertained the guests in front of the Galle Face Hotel.

At night Colombo was completely blacked out, although business was carried on in the stores behind shuttered windows. However, black-outs are not observed by Ceylon's weaver birds. These interesting birds build separate nests, one for the male and the other for the female. As soon as the male bird has finished its nest, it collects some mud in its beak and plasters it in a small patch on the outside of the nest close to the entrance. The bird then catches some fireflies and, having placed them in the mud, provides himself thus with a little lamp outside the front door. The female weaver bird incubates her eggs in a separate nest, but without the blessing of a light on the porch.

Although close to the mainland of India, Ceylon is very different in many respects. Most of her inhabitants are Buddhists instead of Hindus, and from the standpoint of scenery, Ceylon looks more like the Malay Peninsula than India.

Our steamer's appetite for cargo seemed insatiable. A whole day was spent taking on tons of hides destined for Boston's shoe factories. But finally we were led out of the harbour by a naval vessel and as we sailed away I saw the same vessel carefully closing up the entrance to the harbour with a huge submarine net. The next day we passed the southern tip of India and I noticed the red soil and the mountainous character of the country. The sea was still as smooth as a mill-pond and for hours we ploughed our way through millions of sky-blue jelly-fish. For three dreamy days we sailed through the Arabian Sea within sight of the coast until we sighted the magnificent skyline of Bombay, another of those numerous islands which Great Britain has collected in the course of Empire building.

Bombay was ceded to England by Portugal in 1661, as part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza on the occasion of her marriage to Charles the Second. Having no particular use for a tropical island eleven and a half miles long and three miles wide, Charles leased it to the East India Company at an annual rent of fifty dollars. To-day Bombay, the Gateway of India, has a population of one and a quarter million and has become one of the greatest cities on earth.

As the *President Polk* entered the Basin, where she eventually tied up close to one of the main streets of the city, we noticed four P. & O. liners and one Blue Funnel liner that were being rapidly converted into cruisers. Each vessel mounted eight 6-inch guns and 2.3-inch anti-aircraft guns and in all probability other armaments which were concealed. Hundreds of British sailors in white duck shorts and shirts were strolling about the docks. Several of them looked so longingly at us, as we lounged in our deck chairs, that I beckoned to them to come aboard.

They did not need any urging, but in a few minutes were sitting on the deck around us, smoking cigarettes and drinking ice-cold soft drinks. There were eight of these sailors, and the oldest was only eighteen years old. "Wouldn't my old mother like to see me now?" remarked one of the younger boys with a strong Cockney accent. "She thinks I'm on a training ship in Southampton." Less than three months before, this young fellow had been in high school, little dreaming that he would so quickly be in the Navy, still less in far-off India. It was two o'clock in the morning before those sailors went back to their ship, delighted and profusely grateful for the hospitality they had received. Except for the activity on board ships in the harbour, Bombay showed no sign of war. I know of no place on

earth where so much can be seen and done in a short time. The streets were jammed with strange-looking people dressed in brightly-coloured costumes. In a few minutes I saw the following unusual sights: sitting on the sidewalk was an Indian being shaved by an itinerant barber who carried all the water he required in a small bottle and wiped his razor on his wrist. Then along came a holy cow, being led by a man who carried a large basket containing small bunches of grass which people bought and gave to the cow. On enquiry I was informed that the man was a farmer who had taken an oath that his cow should never do any more work, not even graze. This meant that for the remainder of the cow's life the man had to cut grass for it. The owner of the cow evidently made quite a good living as a result of his oath. The next sight was a grand piano being carried through the streets on the heads of eight men, all of whom had to trot in perfect unison, otherwise the piano would have crashed to the ground. Just then I happened to peep through an open gateway into a courtyard in which I saw half a dozen funeral pyres. On one, the corpse had only just been placed on the pile of wood and the fire was about to be started. Another was blazing away furiously while the rest were dying down, not a vestige of any corpse being visible.

Down a narrow alley we walked until suddenly we came to a temple in front of which was a lake of filthy green water. Wading about in the water was an Indian, salvaging the garbage that was floating on the water and placing it in a canoe. Close by was a fakir sitting on a bed of nails and apparently not interested in us or anybody else. Then we came to a small sea beach on which were stretched hundreds of yards of brightly-coloured cloth, drying in the sun. As for markets, they seemed to be everywhere. In one market-place there

was a particularly holy cow with five legs, one growing out of the middle of its back. The horns and hooves of the animal were coloured red and around its neck were garlands of flowers. And so it went, one strange sight after another.

Bombay's most gruesome sight cannot be witnessed by anyone, although there is ample evidence of what is going on behind the screen of trees that hide the famous Towers of Silence from prying eyes. There are several of these towers, on the top of which are exposed the dead bodies of the Parsees. Sitting around the edge of the towers and in the trees near them, are dozens of ugly vultures who live entirely on human flesh. Within fifteen minutes of placing a body on the tower, not a vestige of flesh remains. The bones are thrown down a deep pit in the centre of the tower, where they rest on a thick layer of sand and charcoal. Gradually, under the influence of the weather, the bones disintegrate.

However, accidents do occasionally happen, if I am to believe a well-known Bombay resident. It appears that she was giving a garden party one afternoon when suddenly out of the clear sky came a human leg, right in the middle of the table where the sandwiches were being served. Some greedy vulture had broken the rules of the Towers of Silence and was taking home the leg for a midnight snack, when something occurred to make the bird change its mind.

Mahatma Gandhi was in Bombay while we were there, but from what I could gather from Indians as well as British residents, he is much holier in the United States than in India. To the educated Indian, Gandhi seemed to be regarded as a clever politician rather than a holy man.

The *President Polk* sailed from Bombay at 5 p.m. on October 24th, bound for Suez, and for the next four

days we ploughed our way across the Arabian Sea towards Aden. The last time I had crossed this ocean had been in the month of May when the monsoon was blowing a continuous gale. Huge waves were rolling from Africa to India and I vividly remembered seeing the steamers which were travelling in the direction of Africa, bucking these great rollers and being smothered with spray. From the very tops of the masts to the decks, they were covered with salt so that they looked as if they had been bucking a blizzard.

But at this time of the year, the sea was calm and there was a wonderful moon. The first day out, I noticed a small brown owl perched among the bottles in the bar. But he was not the only hitch-hiker on board, for I also saw several sparrows, swallows and other small birds which I could not identify. The swallows spent their time flying round and round the ship catching flies, but the other birds contented themselves with perching on the ropes and just enjoying a free ride.

At night they perched in pairs, always choosing some spot that was sheltered from the wind. I think that they must have had some definite idea of their destination, because they made no attempt to fly to the first land they saw. The little birds which I could not identify looked like small green finches, and they became quite tame as the voyage proceeded.

As we entered the Gulf of Aden the Captain received orders from the British Navy to keep at least forty miles away from the coast of Aden, and at eight o'clock that night we entered the Red Sea. It was pitch dark when suddenly we saw a light blinking in the dot-and-dash style of the Morse Code. It was a British destroyer challenging us.

"What's your name?" "Where are you from?"
 "Where are you bound for?"

Then followed a few minutes' suspense while our vessel answered the questions.

"Proceed." "Good luck"—came the answering flashes, and once again we went full speed ahead for Suez.

To other vessels we must have presented a beautiful sight with all our lights full on and floodlights illuminating the flags at the mast and on the sides of the hull.

But it gave us a ghostly feeling when suddenly out of the darkness there loomed a huge liner with not a glimmer of light showing. She was so close that she must have been able to see all our passengers strolling along the decks in evening dress. The weather was terribly hot so that even with all our portholes open, it was difficult to sleep. But what must the conditions have been on that other liner with every porthole boarded up?

I had just remarked that it was strange that our birds had made no attempt to reach the shore when suddenly a large hawk appeared from the land and started chasing our hitch-hikers. The two little finches were terrified, but they quickly made up their minds that I was less dangerous than the hawk, for they deliberately perched on my arm as I sat in my deck chair. Until the hawk grew tired and returned to the land, those little birds hopped about from one deck chair to another with the greatest confidence.

Nine days after leaving Bombay, we reached the port of Suez at the southern end of the Suez Canal. Quite a large fleet of merchant vessels were at anchor waiting for permission to enter the canal. In peace-time vessels go through the canal at all hours of the day or night, but war-time regulations required a ship to make the complete passage of the canal in daylight. This necessitated

remaining at Suez all night and then starting the passage of the canal the first thing in the morning.

Ferdinand de Lesseps, who failed in his attempt to build the Panama Canal, was the builder of the Suez Canal, but the engineering difficulties were far greater in Panama than in Suez. However, de Lesseps was not the originator of the idea at all. In the thirteenth century B.C., Pharaoh Rameses the Second commenced the building of a canal from the Red Sea to the River Nile. But it was not until 487 B.C. that the canal was completed by Darius I, King of Persia. This ancient canal fell into disuse. Napoleon Bonaparte intended to dig a canal from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, but he never got started. In 1859 the present canal was actually commenced by de Lesseps and it was opened for business ten years later. During World War Number One, the Turks attempted to capture the canal, without success, and the remains of the barbed-wire entanglements used at that time were clearly visible at several points along the canal.

That the Suez Canal was considered to be one of the most important strategic places in the present war was evident when we arrived in Egypt. As soon as we reached Port Said, having made a record trip through the canal in ten and one-half hours, officials came aboard and went through the ship's company with a fine-tooth comb, before anyone was allowed on shore. American citizenship was by no means a guarantee that a person would be permitted to land. First, these Egyptian officials examined your passport and then, if they liked the look of you, they would nod. In quite a number of instances, especially among members of the crew, the Egyptians did not like the look of the Americans. They just shook their heads and there was no use arguing about one's rights as a citizen. One man tried that and

found himself suddenly hustled off the boat between a couple of husky Egyptian soldiers. Whether it was coincidence or design I cannot say, but the Americans to whom objection was taken were all naturalized Russians or Germans. Egypt was on the watch for Fifth Columnists long before we were.

As soon as landing formalities were over, some British naval officers came aboard and requested to see the ship's manifest. Just as was the case with the mail in Colombo, these officers knew exactly what they wanted. They even knew the page of the manifest which they desired to examine. No time was lost wading through the rest of the papers.

"I see you have a large cargo of coconut oil on board, Captain," remarked one of the officers very politely.

"That is consigned to Switzerland," explained the Captain.

But the fact that the coconut oil was consigned to a neutral country did not explain why Switzerland was importing about ten times as much coconut oil as usual. Such oil was a valuable food which might very easily find its way to Germany.

"Sorry, Captain," remarked the British officer. "Unload the lot."

"But I'll have to unload half the ship in order to get at the oil," complained the Captain, who had expected to land the oil at either Italy or France.

"Then unload the ship," was the unrelenting answer. "We want every drop of that oil."

I could not help thinking of a remark that had been made by Litvinoff to our American Relief officials when they desired to feed the starving Russians without any discrimination between Communists and non-Communists. Litvinoff insisted that under no circumstances would Russia permit her enemies to be fed by anyone.

To the horrified Relief officials Litvinoff bluntly remarked: "Don't you understand? Food is a veppon (weapon)."

Food certainly is a weapon. To feed the enemies of England in the present struggle may well be as fatal to her as was Mussolini's stab in the back to France.

That night we landed in Port Said and proceeded to find a gala-gala man, which is the local name for a magician who performs a confidence trick with a day-old chick. It is just another version of the famous three-card trick where you try to find the "Lady," or the thimble-and-pea trick so popular on certain race-tracks. The magician places three thimbles on a table and then very deliberately places a pea underneath one of the thimbles. The confident simpleton who pits his wits against those of the magician bets on the location of the pea, but invariably loses. In Egypt they use three fair-sized cups and a day-old chick.

I have never seen anyone succeed in locating the chicken. Twenty years ago, the trick was performed by a well-known magician, but nowadays, instead of doing the trick himself, the magician has trained a small army of little boys, many of them not more than five years old, to do the trick as well as he does. These youngsters all work for the same man, who reaps a small fortune. In one café alone we saw four gala-gala boys performing and we lost a dollar to one just for the fun of demonstrating our own foolishness.

When we returned to the ship and found her in the process of unloading the forbidden coconut oil, we decided to proceed to Cairo and then catch the boat when she came round to Alexandria. News of our intention to hire a car evidently leaked out, because when morning came there was a whole gang of Egyptian chauffeurs waiting for us. The tourist business in Egypt

had already ceased completely, so that these men literally fought one another for our business. Eventually one of the men emerged from the *melée* with a torn collar and a bloody face, but with a smile of victory. We left Port Said at 8.30 a.m. and travelled over that most interesting road that follows the canal to Ismaila and then along the banks of the Little Nile which carries the water of the Great Nile from Cairo to Port Said.

Cameras were forbidden and our car was searched seven times between Port Said and Cairo. Although Egypt had not formally declared war on Germany, she was making every preparation for war. Trenches and barbed-wire entanglements had been placed in public parks and at road intersections. Sand-bags were piled high against public buildings and, as for the Pyramids and the Sphinx, they were the centre of an enormous military encampment that stretched into the desert for miles.

Soldiers were pouring into Egypt from different parts of the British Empire. I saw Indians, English and Highlanders. Australians and New Zealanders were expected. Permanent barracks had been built in the desert and, as we motored from Cairo to Alexandria, we saw every kind of mechanical equipment lined up in great numbers.

Armoured cars, tanks, cannon, aeroplanes, ambulances—all were in readiness for instant action. Large swimming pools had been built in the desert for the soldiers and long drinking troughs for the horses. Whether the water came from artesian wells or from the Nile, I do not know, but there seemed to be an abundance of water everywhere.

Every mile of the road from Cairo to Alexandria was patrolled by troops and there was no doubt about the

fact that Egypt was ready for trouble. As we approached Alexandria, once again the military encampments spread out into the desert. But getting out of Egypt was far more difficult than entering, and eventually, after two hours of rushing from one department to another, signing various documents and answering many questions, we arrived back on board the *President Polk*. The first thing I noticed was that our bird friends had gone ashore and not returned. Perhaps they had deliberately taken that ride from India to Africa. I hoped they had, but I comforted myself with the thought that if their voyage had been involuntary, there was nothing to prevent them from taking the next boat home.

The harbour of Alexandria looked very warlike, filled with naval vessels, tankers and transports. Outstanding among them was the flagship of the British Mediterranean Fleet, H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth*.

Once again the submarine nets had to be withdrawn to permit us to enter the Mediterranean. At that time Italy had not entered the war, but from our conversations in Egypt she was expected to. I had an amusing talk with a naval officer who had been stationed at Malta. He told me that, soon after the war started, they suspected that Italy was keeping a large number of submarines much closer to Malta than a neutral country should. One day a British destroyer suddenly commenced anti-submarine practice and dropped a depth bomb. Italian submarines started to bob to the surface in all directions, frantically proclaiming their good intentions.

Then the same officer remarked with a smile: "As a matter of fact, we don't need depth bombs to locate Italian submarines. All we have to do is shout 'waiter,' and a submarine immediately comes to the surface."

As soon as we started through the Mediterranean, the

Captain gave orders for two huge American flags to be painted on the deck of the boat, fore and aft. From then on, life-boat drill was more frequent and was no longer regarded by some of the passengers as a nuisance, as it had been.

I have travelled in Italy at four different times. The first was before the days of Mussolini, when it was customary to say: "Smell Naples and die." The next time I visited Italy was shortly after an Irish lady had shot Mussolini through the nose with a revolver. At the time of my third visit, Mussolini had cleaned up Italy, but a great deal of its charm had vanished with the smells. Large paintings of the Duce were daubed on walls and the sides of buildings. He was the most popular man in Italy. Even the policemen consciously or unconsciously aped the dictator by adopting the poses and facial expressions of Julius Cæsar, as they stood on street corners.

But in November, 1939, the whole atmosphere of Italy had changed. People were obviously afraid to talk freely to one another, still less to an American visitor. The only pictures I saw of Mussolini were the almost completely faded ones of years ago, and not many of those. As we entered the Hotel Excelsior in Naples, the first thing that attracted our notice was a large sign prominently displayed in the lobby: "It is forbidden to discuss politics or high strategy."

"What's the idea?" I asked the room clerk.

"We are most anxious not to be drawn into the war," he replied.

"Why, I thought you people loved the Germans," I remarked, knowing perfectly well that the average Italian loathes them.

The Italian gave an exclamation of disgust. "Must-friends!" he said. "We Italians will never fight on the

side of Soviet Russia. We don't want to fight anybody." Then he added anxiously: "What about America?" I must admit that I could not help disobeying the commands of Mussolini and discussing politics. At that time, of course, I had no idea that America would be anything but strictly neutral; but I could not resist indulging in a certain amount of prophecy which has since come true. The Italian's face grew gloomier and gloomier as I told him that the United States would certainly take the very actions that she has since taken.

In spite of the dictator's injunctions, I found that certain classes of Italians were quite willing to discuss politics, but they were invariably members of the proletariat such as chauffeurs, conductors and waiters with whom we came in contact. It was quite unnecessary to speak Italian, because they could speak English, and in every case they had learned the language in the United States and were eager to tell us that they had been in Chicago, Boston or New York.

It was the middle and upper class of Italians who shut up like clams the moment we tried to find out anything about the feelings of the Italian people towards the war and Mussolini. I may be quite wrong, but it seemed to me that Mussolini's popularity was waning and that of the king rising.

Both in Naples, Rome and Genoa, there was a strange scarcity of motor vehicles. Gasoline was one dollar a gallon and scarce at even that price. Many cars had as many as three large cylinders of gas (not gasoline) attached to the roof and were running on this less-expensive fuel.

The current anecdote in Rome had to do with the attempted assassination of Hitler, which had just failed when a bomb exploded too late.

Every morning when he came to his office, a certain

Italian business man would eagerly seize the morning paper, scan the headlines on the front page and throw the paper down in disgust.

"What is it you are looking for so eagerly?" enquired his secretary.

"I'm just looking at the death notices," he answered.

"But," said the secretary with surprise, "you won't find the death notices on the front page."

"The death notice *I'm*-looking for *will* be."

While we had travelled overland from Naples to Genoa, the *President Polk* had sailed ahead to meet us, and although we had only lived for two days on Italian food, we were only too glad to get back to the splendid food and luxuries of that American liner.

The harbour of Genoa is always crowded with vessels, but on this occasion it seemed to be jammed with steamers of every nationality under the sun. There was no black-out nor were there any apparent warlike preparations. But what a tremendous contrast this was to Marseilles, where we arrived early one Sunday morning. For the first time since we had left Hongkong, the day war was declared, we experienced some of the minor inconveniences of a nation at war.

Naval officers came aboard and gave instructions for the ship to be totally blacked out at night. Not only was every porthole to be covered, but no illumination of the American flag was permitted. No Americans of German birth were permitted to leave the ship, no matter how many years they had been naturalized.

Many of the passengers helped the crew to cover windows, doors and portholes with heavy brown paper; but even that was not deemed sufficient precaution against any escaping light, so the fuses were removed from the switchboard. When night came, it seemed



Snake charming still thrives in India in the familiar patterns. Snakes kill about ten thousand Indians annually but no Indian will kill a snake.

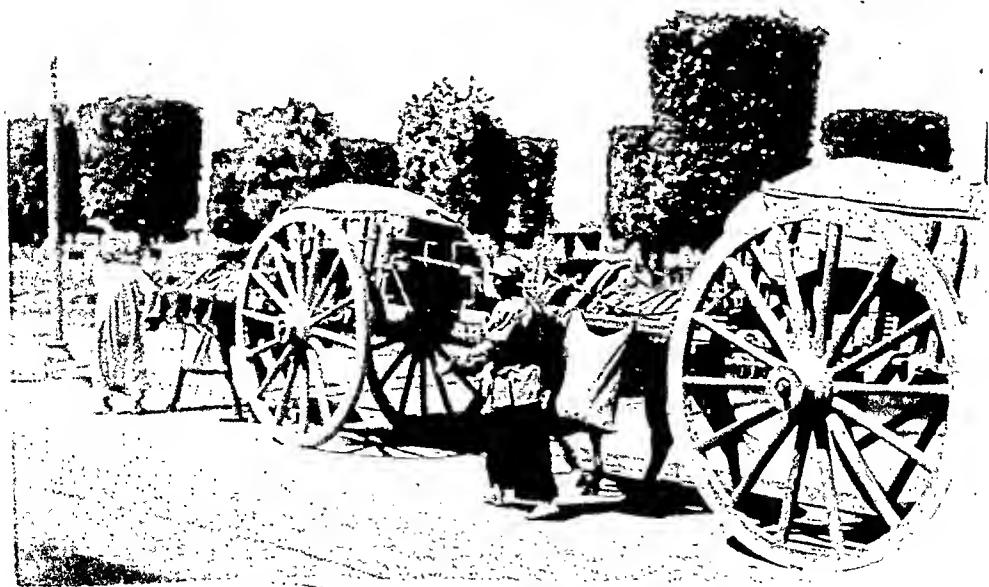
Elephants in Ceylon are docile and cooperate with each other as well as with white men.





Egyptian women still cover up in public. Ceylon glamour girls consider this their most fetching pose.

The Egyptians put big wheels on little wagons so that heavy loads can be pulled by light animals.



utterly impossible that we could be in an immense city like Marseilles. Not only was the darkness complete, but from our position on the boat, the silence was as perfect and oppressive as the darkness.

The next day as we motored from the docks to the city, I noticed painted in red on the walls and sides of buildings the Soviet emblem. Not once or twice, but many times as we motored about Marseilles did we see the Hammer and the Sickle. When I pointed them out to the driver of our taxi he merely shrugged his shoulders and exclaimed: "*N'import.*"

Until we reached France, the *President Polk* had been a peaceful ship, full of fun, and passengers who had been so long together that they were like a large family. But peace flew out of the windows at Marseilles when we took aboard a motley crowd of refugees of various nationalities, who apparently represented every imaginable shade of political opinion, including Communists, Anarchists, Socialists, Syndicalists and Liberal-Reformists. Knowing the restrictions that are placed on certain types of immigrants, I wondered how many of these foreign agitators would be permitted to land in the United States. They all came in.

Before the boat sailed, several fights had occurred and the French authorities came aboard the ship and actually arrested two American citizens whose passports showed that they were Germans of very recent naturalization.

For two hours after sailing time, the Captain delayed the vessel to give these German Americans a chance of catching the boat, and at six o'clock, just as the gangplank was being pulled in, a taxi arrived with our two American citizens in charge of the police, who led them to the gangplank and released them.

Two days later we passed Gibraltar in the night and were just congratulating ourselves at having sneaked by

without any interference when a searchlight shot out of the darkness and remained steadily upon the ship. Once again we reversed our engines and the vessel came to a stop in a heavy sea. Soon a small naval vessel could be seen approaching, rolling and tossing about in a terrifying manner. But they managed to launch a boat and we watched it by the light of the searchlight as it climbed to the crest of one wave and then disappeared into the trough of another. Very slowly it approached, rowed by only four sailors. Soon it reached the side of the ship and in a few moments a young officer dressed in oilskins scrambled up the side by means of a rope that was thrown to him. He wished to examine the passports of everyone who had boarded the ship at Marseilles, and after thirty minutes' delay the young officer saluted, and as he went over the side he shouted: "Good luck! Cheerio!" At last we were out of the Mediterranean and there was nothing between us and the Statue of Liberty except the broad Atlantic.

All the way from Singapore to Gibraltar, I do not think that we met more than half a dozen vessels at sea, so that the excitement on board can be imagined when the next morning we saw a large convoy of twenty-two steamers, escorted by three destroyers. One destroyer was leading the convoy, another was in the rear, while the third appeared to be dashing round and round the vessels, on the watch for submarines. The vessels must have been ten miles off when we first sighted them and although our ship was clearly marked with American flags all over it, the leader of the convoy wasn't taking any chances.

Suddenly we saw the destroyer change its course and head straight for us at full speed. Mountains of spray were flung up as she dived straight into the waves and rapidly approached us. Soon we could see her guns

trained upon us. She gave the impression of a savage dog racing towards us with every intention of doing all the damage possible.

However, when less than a mile away, she was apparently satisfied that the *President Polk* was a harmless vessel, because she suddenly turned in a wide circle and dashed back to her position at the head of the convoy.

While passing through the Azores, we picked up an S O S from a liner named the *Roth Castle* reporting that she was being shelled by a German submarine. Shortly afterwards a Shell Oil Tanker reported that she was being attacked by two submarines and a raider; then suddenly the messages ceased. Not until we were within three days' sailing of the American coast did the distress signals from other vessels cease.

Since we had left the United States we had survived typhoons, floods, pestilence and the dangers of war. Above all, we had accomplished our purpose. We had brought back to America a record in coloured motion pictures of our journey, including indisputable evidence that fish climb trees and wink their eyes when they climb them.

But if anyone ever doubts that Truth is far stranger than Fiction, let him do as we did and tramp through the jungles of Malaya, North of Singapore.

APPENDIX

GEOGRAPHY

MALAYA

MALAYA is situated in the southern portion of the Kra Peninsula, being the south-eastern corner of Asia between India and China. It lies between a latitude of 1° and 7° north and a longitude of 100° and 105° east. Its neighbours are Siam on the north, the Netherlands Indies, Sarawak and North Borneo on the west, south and east. It comprises the Colony of the Straits Settlements, the Federated Malay States and the Malay States of Johore, Kedah, Perlis, Kelantan and Trengganu on the mainland and Brunei in Borneo, with an area of 53,240 square miles, being a little bigger than England (without Wales), and a population in 1937 of 5,137,470 or one-tenth that of the United Kingdom. Half the population are Malays, one-third Chinese, the remainder are principally Arabs, Europeans, Indians and Japanese. English and Malay are the general languages, "Bazaar Malay" being the *lingua franca* of the larger towns and in frequent use between Chinese from various provinces.

A. STRAITS SETTLEMENTS

The Straits Settlements comprise the four Settlements of Singapore including Christmas Island and the Cocos-Keeling group, Penang including Province Wellesley, Malacca and Labuan, with an area of 1,357 square miles and a population in 1937 of 1,310,969 persons, of whom Singapore accounts for over one-half.

Singapore is an island about 26 miles long by 14 miles wide, containing, with the adjacent small islands, an area of 220 square miles. It is separated from the southern extremity

of the Malay Peninsula by a narrow strait about three-quarters of a mile in width, across which a causeway for road and railway has been built.

The seat of the Government of the Straits Settlements is the city of Singapore, at the southern point of the island.

Christmas Island is situated in the Indian Ocean about 190 nautical miles south of the western extremity of Java. The island, which is densely wooded, has an area of about 60 square miles, and contains extensive deposits of phosphate of lime.

The Cocos or Keeling Islands lie about 700 nautical miles south-west of Batavia. The largest is 5 miles long by a quarter-mile broad. There are large coconut plantations, and copra, oil and nuts are exported.

Penang is an island about 15 miles long and 11 miles broad, containing an area of 110 square miles. It is situated near the west coast of the Malay Peninsula, at the northern extremity of the straits of Malacca. The chief town is officially styled George Town, but is generally known as Penang.

On the opposite shore of the mainland, from which the island is separated by a strait from 2 to 10 miles broad, is Province Wellesley, a strip of territory 11 miles in width, and extending 31 miles along the coast, with an area of 290 square miles, the chief town being Butterworth.

Malacca is situated on the western coast of the Peninsula, 154 miles by road from Singapore and 347 miles by road from Penang, and consists of a strip of territory about 43 miles in length, and 27 miles in breadth. A recent revisionary survey shows that the total area is about 640 square miles. At one time it gave its name to the whole Peninsula, which is still known to the French as the *Persqu'île de Malacca*.

Labuan is an island about 35 square miles in area, lying six miles off the north-west coast of Borneo, and distant about 725 nautical miles from Singapore. It has a fine port, Victoria Harbour, safe and easy of access. The offices of Government are at the town of Victoria.

B. FEDERATED MALAY STATES

The Federated Malay States comprise the four States of Perak, Selangor, Negri Sembilan and Pahang, with an area of 27,540 square miles, or slightly more than half the area of Malaya, and a population in 1937 of 2,052,729.

PERAK

Perak is the northernmost of the three Federated States on the west coast of the Malay Peninsula. It comprises 7,980 square miles. On the north it borders with Province Wellesley (Straits Settlements), Kedah and Siam; and on the east it is separated from Kelantan and Pahang by the main range of granite mountains that form the backbone of the Peninsula. The Perak River (170 miles long) is the principal river of the State. On the north the Krian River is the boundary with Kedah and on the south the Bernam River separates the State from Selangor. The highest mountain is Korbu (7,160 feet). Taiping is the capital of the State. Ipoh, situated in the rich tin-producing Kinta Valley, is the largest town, with a population of 56,915. The seat of Government is at Taiping. His Highness the Sultan resides at Kuala Kangsar, situated between Taiping and Ipoh.

SELANGOR

The State of Selangor lies on the west coast of the Malay Peninsula and has an area of 3,160 square miles. It is bounded on the north by the State of Perak, on the south by the State of Negri Sembilan, on the east by the State of Pahang and on the west by the Straits of Malacca. For the greater part it consists of a fertile alluvial plain, but inland, approaching the Pahang boundary, rises rapidly into the main mountain ridge of Malaya, where tin deposits abound.

The capital, Kuala Lumpur, situated inland on the main road and rail routes from Singapore to Penang, is the seat of Government both of the State and also of the Federation. This fact, coupled with its central position, has made it the most important town in the Federated Malay States.

His Highness the Sultan resides at Klang, situated between Kuala Lumpur and Port Swettenham, the principal port of Selangor, at which ocean-going steamers of most of the major shipping lines visiting Malaya call regularly.

NEGRI SEMBILAN

The State of Negri Sembilan, the smallest of the four Federated Malay States, lies on the west coast of the Malay Peninsula to the south of the States of Selangor and Pahang.

The area of the State is approximately 2580 square miles. It is bordered on the south by Malacca and Johore, on the north by Selangor, on the east by Pahang, and on the west by the Straits of Malacca.

The main mountain range of the Peninsula ends in Negri Sembilan, and the watershed between the east and west coast in the southern part of the State is no longer mountainous. The highest mountain is Telapak Burok (3915 feet). There are no large rivers, and the State does not suffer from disastrous floods which sometimes affect the large river valleys of Malaya. The seat of Government is Seremban. His Highness the Yang Di-pertuan Besar resides at Sri-Menanti.

PAHANG

Pahang lies entirely on the eastern side of the main range and has 130 miles of its eastern border on the China Sea. It comprises 13,820 square miles, or about half the area of the Federation. The major portion of the State is fairly flat though interspersed with low hills, but on the south-west, west and north-west there is a mountainous chain separating Pahang from the States of Selangor and Perak and rising to a height of over 6000 feet in the area known as the Cameron Highlands. On the northern range separating it from Kelantan and Trengganu, the highest peak is Gunong Tahan, reaching to an altitude of 7186 feet. The country is fairly well intersected with rivers and streams, the longest being the Pahang River which, as the Telom, takes its rise in the hilly regions of the north-west and, fed by many tributaries, the largest of which are the Tembeling, Jelai and Lipis, flows first in a southerly direction through the middle of the State, and

thence in an easterly direction, and has its outlet at Pekan on the east coast. The State includes the Island of Tioman, lying about 25 miles off the coast in the China Sea. The seat of Government is at Kuala Lipis. His Highness the Sultan resides at Pekan, near the mouth of the Pahang River on the China Sea.

C. UNFEDERATED MALAY STATES

The Unfederated Malay States comprise the States of Johore, Kedah, Perlis, Kelantan, Trengganu and Brunei, with a total area of 24,347 square miles and a population in 1937 of 1,773,776.

JOHORE

Johore lies at the extreme south of the Malay Peninsula. It is bounded on the north by Pahang, on the north-west by Negri Sembilan and Malacca, on the west by the Straits of Malacca, on the south by the Straits of Tebrau, and on the east by the China Sea. Its area is approximately 7330 square miles. The interior is in great part covered with jungle. The country is less mountainous than any other part of the Peninsula. It is rich in cultivation, the main products being rubber, palm oil, pineapples, areca nuts and coconuts. It is connected with the island of Singapore by a causeway over which run a road and the main railway line between Singapore and Bangkok. The seat of Government is at Johore Bahru, where His Highness the Sultan also resides.

KEDAH

Kedah lies on the north-west coast of the Malay Peninsula. It is bordered on the interior by the Siamese States of Sangkhla and Patani, and by the State of Perak; it extends northwards on the sea coast to the river Sanglang, its boundary with its northern neighbour the State of Perlis; and southwards to the Muda River, its boundary with Province Wellesley in the south; thence the State extends east of Province Wellesley to the northern bank of the Krian River, which forms its boundary with Perak.

The State includes the Island of Langkawi and a number of adjoining islands, of which Pulau Dayang Bunting is the

largest. The mainland of Kedah is about 101 miles in length, and at its widest part is about 64 miles in width. Its area, including the Langkawi group of islands, is about 3660 square miles. The two highest peaks of the mainland are Gunong Jerai—better known as Kedah Peak (3978 feet)—and Bukit Perak (2823 feet). Gunong Raia on Langkawi Island is 2888 feet high. The southern and central areas of the State consist mainly of undulating land broken up by ranges of high hills. This area is occupied principally by large rubber plantations.

The northern and coastal belt contains the finest rice-growing area in Malaya: over 246,315 acres were planted last year with wet rice. The eastern area along the Patani border is still largely undeveloped and contains reserves of well watered land in small valleys between ranges of limestone hills, suitable for small holdings.

The capital of the State is Alor Star, which is also the residence of His Highness the Sultan.

PERLIS

The State of Perlis is about 310 square miles in area and lies on the north-west coast of the Malay Peninsula. The coast line, which runs north-west and south-east, is approximately 13 miles in length. On the west the State is bounded by a range of mountains running north and south, which separate it from the Siamese Province of Setul.

On the east the boundary is with the Siamese Province of Nakhon Sridhammaraj and the Malay State of Kedah. On the south it is bounded by the State of Kedah. Padang Besar, on the main trunk line to Bangkok, is the frontier railway station between Siam and Malaya. The coastal plain, which is suitable for rice growing, extends inland for a distance of about 14 miles. Striking features of the landscape are the isolated limestone hills which rise abruptly from the plain, and in one of these, at Chuping, there is a remarkably large cave which is much visited.

The Perlis River is the only river of any size in the State and this is navigable by small craft as far as the town of Kangar, which is the capital of the State. His Highness the Raja resides at Arau.

KELANTAN

The State of Kelantan lies on the eastern coast of the Malay Peninsula, and is bounded on the north by the China Sea, on the east by the China Sea and the State of Trengganu, on the south by the State of Pahang, and on the west by the State of Perak and the Patani district of Southern Siam. It has a greatest length from north to south of 118 miles and a greatest breadth from east to west of 88 miles, the total area being 5750 square miles. The State Capital is Kota Bharu, situated about 6 miles from the mouth of the Kelantan River, containing 14,843 inhabitants according to the 1931 census, which is also the residence of His Highness the Sultan. Kuala Krai is the headquarters of the southern, and Pasir Puteh of the eastern, administrative districts.

Behind a low sandy coast line of some 60 miles in length lies a fertile plain of about 1000 square miles in area, densely populated, and closely cultivated with rice, coconut and fruit trees. South of this plain the country is hilly and broken, the highest hills being those of the main range of the Peninsula, which forms the boundary with Perak, and the Tahan range on the Pahang border, many peaks exceeding 6000 feet in height. This part of the State is thinly populated, but contains the bulk of the foreign-owned rubber estates.

TRENGGANU

The State of Trengganu lies on the east coast of the Malay Peninsula. It is bounded by Kelantan on the north and north-west, by Pahang on the south and south-west, and by the China Sea on the east. Its inland boundaries follow the watersheds of its biggest rivers—the Besut, Trengganu, Dungun and Kemaman. The area of the State is computed to be about 5050 square miles, its length being about 133 miles and its greatest breadth about 77 miles. The western and inland half of Trengganu is mountainous and almost uninhabited. The population is concentrated on the rivers and along the coastline. The highest peak is Gunong Batil (4985 feet). The three principal administrative centres are Besut in the north, Kuala Trengganu in the centre and Kem-

aman in the south. The seat of Government is at Kuala Trengganu, which is also the residence of His Highness the Sultan.

The country is divided into sixteen river basins. All these rivers flow into the China Sea, and the Trengganu and the Kemaman can be entered at favourable stages of the tide by coasting steamers. The other rivers, though some of them are of considerable size, are open to small craft only, on account of the sand-bar at the entrance.

The Perhentian, Redang, Kapas and Tenggul islands belong to the State. These islands are inhabited, though sparsely, and Kapas offers good anchorage in the north-east monsoon.

BRUNEI

The State of Brunei, which is situated on the west coast of the island of Borneo, has an area of some 2247 square miles, with a coastline of about 100 miles. Brunei Town is distant by sea 758 nautical miles from Singapore.

Prior to 1910 it was entirely disposed upon nibong piles in the river, but a permanent township is now established on the mainland and the pile-built dwellings only remain as the poorer class of habitation.

The principal products of the State are mineral oil and gas, rubber, cutch, jelutong and sago, in that order. The seat of Government is in Brunei Town, which is also the residence of His Highness the Sultan. Kuala Belait, at the south-western end of the State, is the only other important centre of population, being the local headquarters of the British Malayan Petroleum Company, Limited, and the oil-field now being worked at Seria, about 8 miles along the coast east of Kuala Belait.

MINERALS

A new five years' agreement for the control of production and export of tin came into force on January 1st, 1937.

The importance of Malaya as a tin producer is shown by the figures given below of the standard tonnages allotted by

the International Tin Committee to the seven signatory countries:

	<i>Long tons tin</i>
Belgian Congo . . .	13,070 (approximate)
Bolivia . . .	46,120 (approximate)
French Indo-China . .	3,000
Malaya . . .	71,940
The Netherlands Indies .	36,330
Nigeria . . .	10,890
Siam . . .	18,500
Total . . .	199,850

The potential output of Malaya, with present equipment, is in the region of 100,000 tons per annum.

The dressed tin-ore of Malaya is of a high grade averaging 75.5 per cent tin content.

Other minerals and metals mined in Malaya include gold, iron, galena, coal, tungsten ores, manganese ores, phosphate of lime, china-clay and arsenical ores. Bauxite, a rock containing aluminium, is mined in Johore.

Oil and gas and certain other mineral products are worked by the British Malayan Petroleum Company, Limited, under leases which at present cover about 80,950 acres in extent. The Company has also a prospecting licence over areas extending to about 150 square miles. Gross oil production amounted to 598,855 tons, and the actual amount of natural gas produced was 2,830,000,000 cubic feet.

AGRICULTURE*

The total area of land in Malaya alienated for agriculture is about six million acres, of which about five million acres are under cultivation. Rubber is by far the most important crop grown, the planted area being about 3,302,000 acres. Of export crops, coconut products rank second in importance, the area cultivated being about 610,000 acres, the greatest part of

* Authority:—Director of Agriculture, Straits Settlements and Adviser on Agriculture, Malay States.

which consists of small holdings. Oil palm products and pineapples are also of considerable importance as export crops. In addition, there are a number of crops, such as tapioca, areca nuts and sago, the exports of which are not inconsiderable. The rice lands of Malaya cover about 740,000 acres, and in 1937 supplied about 36 per cent of the requirements of the country.

The net exports of agricultural products, excluding rubber, have increased steadily in the past few years, and in 1937 reached 328,500 tons, valued at \$42,470,000, while in that year rubber net exports were 468,172 tons, valued at \$341,183,175.

Agricultural enterprise in the Straits Settlements is largely concerned with rubber cultivation—there are 335,500 acres under this crop—coconuts 72,000 acres, and rice of which there are 69,000 acres, situated in Province Wellesley, Penang and Malacca. Pineapple canning is an important industry in Singapore, where there are 4700 acres and four pineapple canning factories, which draw their supplies not only from this area, but also from the neighbouring State of Johore. No large extension of agricultural enterprises can be expected, as most of the suitable land has already been alienated and planted or is earmarked for other purposes.

In addition to rubber, of which there are 1,623,000 acres, there are several other agricultural activities of importance in the Federated Malay States. The planted area of coconuts is 251,000 acres, rice 186,000 acres, oil palms 35,000 acres, besides smaller areas under such crops as tapioca, coffee, fruits, areca nuts, tobacco. The development of Cameron Highlands, a hill station at between 4000 and 5000 feet altitude, has opened up possibilities of the cultivation of other crops, of which tea, at the moment, seems to be the most promising.

The area of land available for agricultural development is rather restricted in the plains, except possibly in the State of Pahang where there are large areas of unalienated land.

In the Unfederated Malay States, and especially in the State of Johore, the agricultural industries are more diverse than in other parts of the Peninsula. Development has also been at a slower rate than elsewhere and there should be possibilities of considerable extension of the planted area in almost all States. Agriculture in Johore has developed along

many lines. Rubber is the most important crop, but coconuts, pineapples, oil palms, tapioca, sago, areca nuts, and fruits are among other crops of importance. The rice area is at present unimportant in this State. The State of Kedah and the neighbouring State of Perlis are not only important producers of rubber, but have very extensive areas under rice. Kelantan and Trengganu are less developed, but there are important areas under the rice crop in the former State. Until recent years difficulties of communications have proved an obstacle to the agricultural development of these States. This objection has been overcome since the completion of the railway system through Kelantan.

PRINCIPAL FRUITS OF MALAYA

POPULAR NAME	BOTANICAL NAME	
Chiku or Sapodilla	<i>Achras sapota</i>	Looks like a potato. Russet brown, rough skin. Contains a sweet brown pulp.
Cashew Nut	<i>Anacardium occidentale</i>	A very acid tasting fruit that looks like a Bartlett pear with a kidney bean growing outside at the end opposite to the stalk. The bean contains the cashew nut of commerce.
Pineapple	<i>Ananas sativus</i>	Some Malayan varieties grow to an enormous size.
Soursop	<i>Anona muricata</i>	Large green fruit of various shapes. Green skin sparsely covered with sharp spikes. Contains a soft white pulp with a sweetish acid taste. Very refreshing. Makes excellent ice cream. Some specimens weigh as much as three pounds.
Custard Apple or Sugar Apple	<i>Anona squamosa</i>	Pale green fruit about three inches in diameter, covered with short warty scales. Contains a soft creamy pulp. Delicious.
Jack Fruit	<i>Artocarpus integrifolia</i>	An enormous green fruit which usually grows out of the trunk of the tree. Often much larger and heavier than a watermelon. Green and covered with little knobs. Scratch the skin and a sort of rubber latex exudes. Under the skin the fruit looks like a pineapple, minus the juice. Embedded in the fruit are large seeds that look and taste like chestnuts. Fruit is eaten either raw or roasted.

Rambai	<i>Baccaurea notleyana</i>	A round buff-coloured fruit about an inch in diameter. Grows on strings often two feet long and bearing thirty or forty of the fruit. Thin skin. Usually three seeds covered with a pleasant tasting jelly. Some are sweet, others acid.
Papaya	<i>Carica Papaya</i>	The Malay tree is usually branchless. Fruit is often called a tropical melon. The leaves of the tree will make the toughest meat tender, merely by wrapping the meat in the leaves. Skin of the fruit when scratched produces a milky fluid from which Papain is obtained. Papain is a vegetable form of Pepsin and cures indigestion.
Lime	<i>Citrus acida</i>	Several varieties of limes. All are edible, but one variety, known as <i>Lima susu</i> , is very large. Used for washing clothes.
Orange	<i>Citrus Aurantium</i>	Malay oranges are ripe when they are green. They do not turn yellow.
Pomelo	<i>Citrus Maxima</i>	Looks something like a large grapefruit. Has a thick skin. Fruit not so juicy as a grapefruit but has a much sweeter taste and more delicate flavour. Sometimes yellow inside, sometimes pink.
Durian	<i>Durio Zibethinus</i>	Large green fruit covered with strong conical spikes. Sometimes weighs as much as fifteen pounds. Should never be picked but allowed to drop off the tree. Contains variable number of seeds, covered with a yellow cream.
Mangosteen	<i>Garcinia mangostana</i>	Good mangosteens are two and one-half inches in diameter. Fruit looks something like a violet-coloured orange, but has a husk rather than a skin. Inside the husk is what appears to be a little white peeled orange, with from five to seven sections. Said to be the most delicious fruit in the world. Scratch the husk and gamboge is exuded. Auburn hair dye is extracted from the husk.
Langsat	<i>Lansium domesticum</i>	Very much like rambai in appearance but better flavoured.
Rambutan	<i>Nephelium lappaceum</i>	Bright scarlet and sometimes bright yellow fruit covered with what appears to be hair of the same colour. The word "rambutan" means hairy. Fruit is usually about the size of a plum. Inside the shell is a juicy semi-transparent fruit with a seed in the centre. Delicious.

There are many different varieties of bananas, from very small ones with over a thousand to a bunch, to *Musa cornuta* which has only one banana on a stem, but large enough to provide a meal for the hungry men. The most popular is known as *Pisang Mas*, or Golden Banana. This is a small banana with a very thin skin.

There are many other kinds of fruit in Malaya, but the above list is a fairly complete one of the most popular and better known kinds. With the exception of the durian and the fruity part of the cashew nut, all these have taste that anyone would enjoy. Mangoes grow in Malaya, but the varieties taste too strongly of turpentine to suit most people. The best mangoes are imported to Malaya from other places.

THE END

MAHARANA BHUPAL
COLLEGE,
UDAIPUR.

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